THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Alice Duer Miller—George Weston—Nina Wilcox Putnam—Hugh MacNair Kahler
Ben Ames Williams—Richard Connell—J. P. Marquand—Richard Washburn Child

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"COUNTING HIS PENNIES"

ADLER COLLEGIAN CLOTHES

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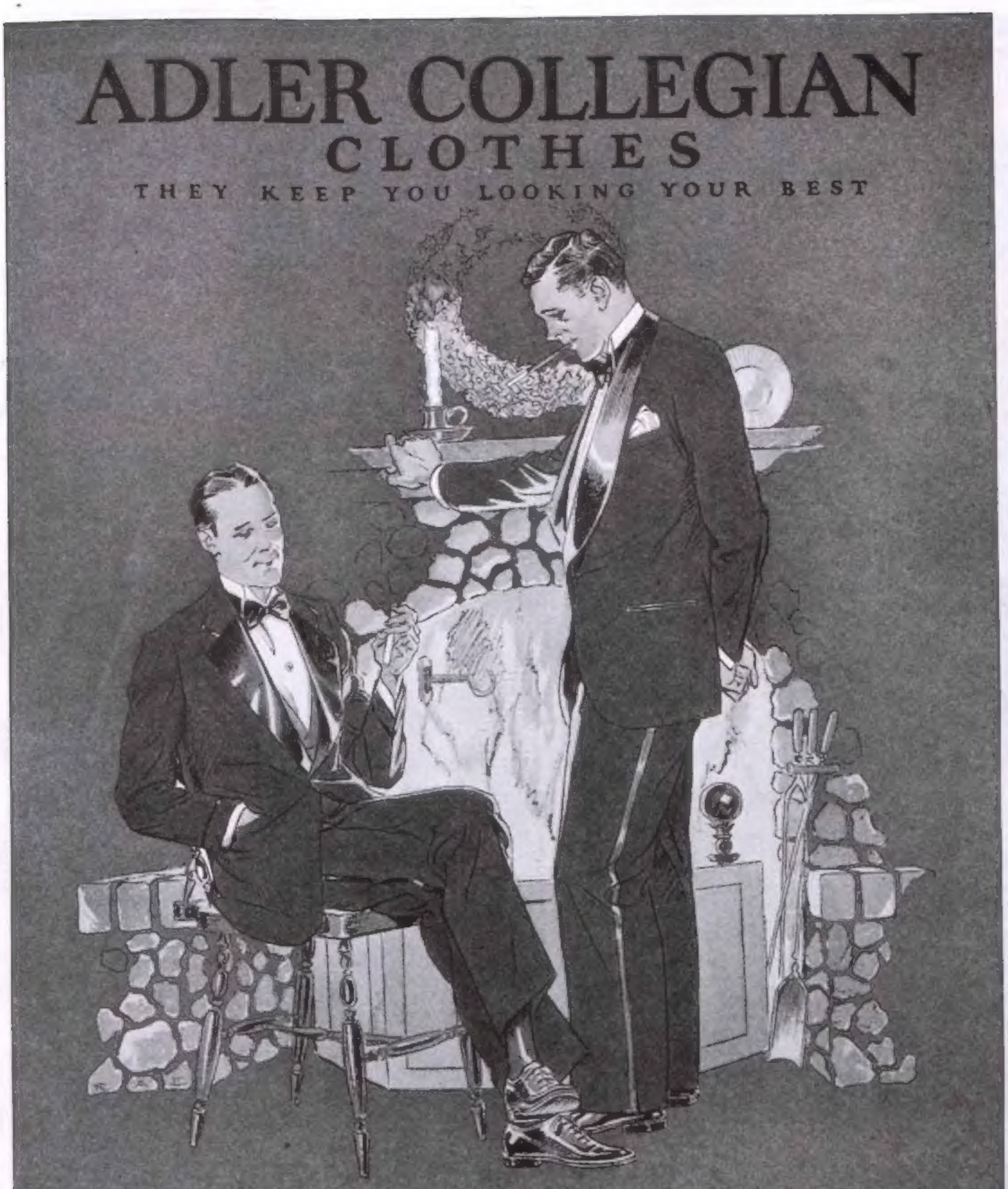

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THE LAST NIGHT

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"The Only Tears That Will be Shed are Shed Here Before Me—So Much Better Than Oceans Shed After the Event"

WELL, Casley thought, as he folded his long spare body into a seat in the front row of the balcony, it came to this: If a man could not feel any emotion at the first night of his first play, he might as well die. Much of his six feet of height came between his knee and his hip; the railing of the balcony was uncomfortably close; he crossed his legs with difficulty and leaned back, folding his arms.

"Isn't it thrilling?" murmured his cousin Gertrude, laying her hand for a moment on the hard muscles of his forearm.

He did not answer her at all. He had realized from the first that it was a mistake to bring Gertrude. He had not, as a matter of fact, invited her to go with him; she had simply assumed that it would be a comfort to him to know that she was beside him in a crisis. Besides, she believed that there was a certain intellectual prestige in attending first nights; and she cherished a secret ambition to be the center of a literary group, which, as she was handsome, well off and not very intelligent, was both natural and possible.

He had said to her several times in the slow clear drawl that his lecture rooms knew so well, "It will bore you, Gertrude. It bores me." But Gertrude had laughed with the manner of one well able to take a joke, and had bought an emerald-green silk wrap with a corn-colored lining, which seemed to her the correct garment for the beautiful inspiration of a successful playwright to wear on the production of his first play.

But Casley had not been joking. One of his crosses in life—or perhaps one of his sources of secret satisfaction, for people gain comfort from strange causes—was that no one ever could tell whether he was in fun or not. His play bored him; worse than that, he hated it—hated it as a man hates a woman to whom he remains bound in some horrible drudgery of daily life long after he has ceased to love her. Like most creative minds, his interest was only in creation, and to be kept working at his play in a manner wholly routine, technical and uncreative filled him with a sort of mental nausea.

At thirty-three he was a full professor of history in a small but respected college. His specialty was the Tudor period, his book, "Owen Tudor: A Parvenu," having been widely read even outside of academic circles. In fact, he was a conspicuous success, except for the fact that he had discovered that he hated teaching and that from the point of view of his own enjoyment of life his choice of his profession had been mistaken.

One day two years before, he had been lecturing to his class and had found himself saying: "The life of Catherine Howard, the fifth wife of Henry VIII, is lacking in the political significance of that of her cousin, Anne Boleyn, his second wife, but is as tragic and more dramatic. The miniature beauty of the great house of Norfolk, while still a child, inspired an eternal passion in the heart of a buccaneering young relation; was married by the king when she was eighteen and beheaded when she was twenty, under circumstances ——"

He thought suddenly, "Why shouldn't I write a play about her and get out of this infernal drudgery—teaching history, about which none of us knows anything, to a lot of young barbarians who don't want to know anything? After all, if Drinkwater has made the historical play possible, this is more romantic material than any he has used."

He felt an interest in the idea such as he had not felt in anything for years. That very night, for he was a man in whom thought and action were closely connected, he set to work.

He wrote the play in three weeks, and for a third of that time—the first third—he had been almost happy. Then his confidence in it had begun to decline. His clear, unegotistical mind saw that it was not a good play. Nevertheless, he had sent it off to Wilfred Weyburn, the most likely of any of the producers to accept it; and it had been accepted. No one was more surprised than Casley. It was characteristic of him that he mentioned the whole incident to nobody, and the first knowledge that came to the faculty and president of Boonton College was when a picture of Casley in cap and gown, walking beside a police dog, appeared in the Sunday papers, with a flattering caption about the youthful professor and his favorite pet and his new play. The photograph was years old and the dog belonged to one of the students—who was suspended subsequently because the dog attacked the night watchman—but the publicity of the Weyburn office was not famed for its accuracy so much as for its continuity and grace.

The president, meeting him the next morning on the campus, called out jovially—for the modern president likes to think he has a variety of creatures in his faculty, "What's this, Casley? I did not know I had a playwright on the staff."

"I doubt if you have," answered Casley with his slow, sad, crooked smile.

But the thing had moved on. Contracts had been sent to him, had been signed, a check had reached him, and finally the stage of rehearsals and rewriting had come. For just a few moments, when he heard the play first read by the company, all Casley's confidence in it had returned. Sitting at a bare rickety kitchen table, on an empty stage lit by one tall relentless electric light, the company had fluttered the pages of their small oblong part books and stumbled a little in reading, with many "Oh, is that mine? The typing is so bad ——" But even so, the first sound of trained actors pronouncing aloud in their clear authoritative accents those lines which heretofore had vibrated only in his own mind gave the words a new and more vivid meaning. For a few moments it seemed to him not only good but great.

This happy phase, however, had passed by the second rehearsal. Weariness and disgust had succeeded, until now, on the opening night, Casley felt that nothing would have brought him there at all except a certain wearied loyalty to Wilfred Weyburn, who had been steadily kind and encouraging, and who had spent a sum on the production the interest on which would have paid Casley's salary for the rest of his life.

The critics were beginning to come in—sure sign that the rising of the curtain was not far off. Casley was so remote from theatrical life that he did not even know them by sight, did not guess from their entrances and from the position of their seats that they were critics. Gertrude, however, pointed them out—the great height of one of these, his bulk increased by his flapping overcoat. Casley caught a glimpse of his profile as with a quick characteristic droop he slipped his hat under his seat and sat down in one long motion; the finely modeled nose and the queer contradiction between the tragic slant of the eyes and the fixed slight smile of the mouth, as if the face were divided between the masks of tragedy and comedy; another, treading the aisle as a horse turned out to grass treads spring pastures.

Gertrude settled into her place and with a wriggling movement of her shoulders shed her green wrap.

"Oh, look, Benedict!" she whispered. "There's Mr. Caldecott, of the Weekly Sphere. He's a great friend of mine—at least I've met him. I'm sure he'll give you a good notice. Isn't it nice he came?"

"Unlike us, Gertrude, he is obliged to come," answered Casley.

A new and disagreeable thought had come to him—namely, that Weyburn would want the whole play rewritten the next day in accordance with all the criticism. He covered his eyes with his arched hand; that, it seemed to him, was simply impossible to face. When people told him how to rewrite his third act—and everyone who had been at the dress rehearsal except himself seemed to be in possession of the knowledge of how this should be done—he cut them short; not, as they supposed, because he felt insulted at the implied criticism, but simply because it is impossible, as psychologists tell us, for the mind to concentrate on anything that possesses no interest.

An idea occurred to him. If he did not see the play perhaps his mind would come fresher to the task tomorrow.

"Gertrude," he said, "I assure you this is a dull play. Across the street there is a farce which everyone says is entertaining. Suppose we slipped away ——"

"Benedict, you're delicious," said Gertrude.

Very slowly the lights began to sink, silently, to borrow from the poet, as the darkness comes when the day is done—silently except for the audience, which, having been standing outside and in the back of the theater, now, with faint murmurs of surprise at this indication that a play was to take place, began to crowd the aisles in a concerted effort to get to their seats all at the same instant.

The curtain rose on the offices of the great house of the Duke of Norfolk at Lambeth. Here Catherine Howard, the daughter of a younger brother of the duke, was being brought up, or rather was growing up, utterly neglected by the old dowager duchess, who was at the moment entirely occupied with the good fortune of another step-grandchild of hers—Anne Boleyn, who had just upset international relations, home politics and the Catholic Church in England by marrying the king.

Little Catherine seemed unlikely ever to be of the least importance to anyone, and was allowed to run wild under the nominal charge of one of the old duchess' waiting women. Before she was fourteen she had fallen into the power or under the influence of a musician called Manox, who taught her to play on the virginals, and seems to have made love to her in the best tradition of music teachers. From the clutches of this wicked man, Casley showed her rescued by the hero of the piece, Derham, a distant relation of the house of Howard, a soldier in the duke's train, a brave man and certainly a loyal and devoted lover. He supplied the neglected girl with all the little luxuries of dress, for which her beauty must have been eager, especial mention being made of an artificial flower called a French fennel, which she was unable to wear as the gift of Derham, but which a lady of the household was induced to say

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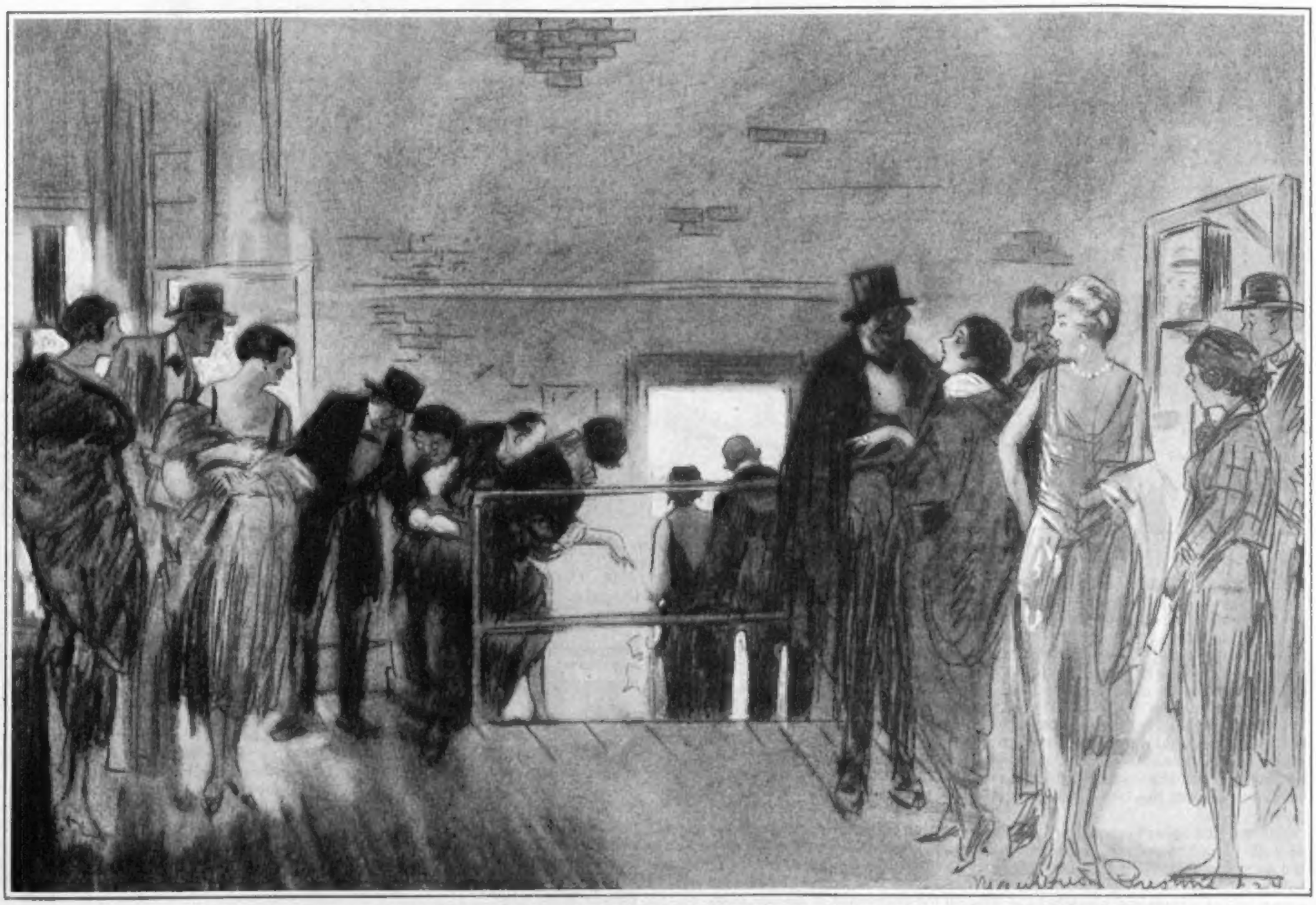


The Past Wives and Present Sweethearts of Members of the Company, Bank Presidents and Poets and Ladies of Fashion All Swept By

Sssssssssshhhh!

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

An Adventure of Larry Carraway, Journeyman Reporter

As Larry Moved Along Main Street He Became Aware That It Was Different From Other Small-Town Main Streets, After All

IT WAS at Billup, Ohio, that Larry Carraway saw the mysterious stranger with the large freckled ears.

Peering from the train window, Larry was wondering why trains stopped, or even hesitated, at Billup. Then he spied the mysterious stranger. To view those extraordinary ears—that must be the reason for the train's halt, Larry decided. Not that Larry cared where or why the train stopped, or how or when; it was taking him away from New York—that was the important thing. He had a ticket, but offhand he could not have told the destination printed on it; perhaps it read to Butte, Montana, or Boise, Idaho, or Bisbee, Arizona. It mattered not to Larry.

The night before he had pulled the rubber tent over his typewriter in the city room of the New York Lance and had walked forth into the cool evening, no longer a star reporter, but a nomad. Six years of thrilling, gruelling work Larry had done in New York.

"Must have a change," he said—"a sabbatical year."

So, being an impulsive young man, he took it.

"Now to see the world without joining the Navy," he remarked as he strolled down Park Row. To a taxi man he said, "Please take me to a railroad station."

"Which one, buddy?" asked the driver, who at heart was a democrat.

"Use your own judgment, sir," replied Larry, sinking back on the seat and feeling the luxurious abandon of a man on the brink of new adventures. At the railroad station Larry opened a wallet in which were one one-hundred-dollar bill and one fifty-dollar bill—his last week's salary on the Lance. He poked the yellow hundred through the ticket wicket.

"Give me a ticket, please," he said.

"Where to, Jack?" asked the ticket seller, another democrat.

"I'm not fussy, sir," answered Larry. "Just a hundred dollars' worth of ticket on the next train out."

And the ticket seller, being a typical blasé New Yorker, born and raised in Escanaba, Michigan, sold him a ticket and put him down as a lunatic or an embezzler, which are too common in New York to merit comment.

So now the train had halted at Billup, and there on the platform was the man with the freckled ears, staring fixedly at Larry, while Larry stared no less fixedly back at him. Then the man on the platform did a peculiar thing. He suddenly gripped the lobes of his ears with two large, knuckly and not overclean hands, making earrings of his fists. Fastening an intent, expectant gaze on Larry, the man began to flap his elbows up and down—once, twice, thrice.

"This," said Larry to himself, "seems to prove the theory that there are more cuckoos than clocks."

He of the freckled ears stopped his cryptic gestures. Another native was approaching along the platform, a puffy, pinguid man with a neck like a plate of waffles. The puffy one, with great gravity, saluted the freckled one. Larry saw the waffle-necked man grasp his ears and flap his elbows—once, twice, thrice.

"More than one city editor has told me I'm a bit mad," mused Larry Carraway. "Perhaps I am or I wouldn't have turned itinerant reporter. Well, if I am loose upstairs, I'll certainly feel at home in Billup. Perhaps there's a newspaper here—the Daily Padded Cell. Might as well start my career here as anywhere."

So Larry Carraway, demonstrating once again that he was a young man whose guiding principle in life was Obey That Impulse stepped off the train and into the town of Billup.

The waffle-necked man was gone, but the freckled-eared one was still there, draped over a packing case. He unfolded his lean length as Larry approached. Once again he made that strange sign—fists gripping ears, elbows flapping, once, twice, thrice.

"When among nuts," said Larry to himself, "be a pecan."

So he grasped his own ears and flapped his elbows, once, twice, thrice. The freckled one glanced hastily, furtively about the deserted platform. Then in a low impressive voice he addressed Larry:

"The sun riseth in the east."

Larry nodded.

"Yes, and it sitteth in the west," affirmed Larry.

"East is east," declared the man, in a whisper.

"West is west," said Larry.

"North is north," whispered the stranger.

"South is south," whispered back Larry.

The stranger held out his hand, his little finger crooked. Larry seized the hand and shook it firmly. The stranger pulled away as if he had been stung by a bee. A dark disturbed look rushed over his face.

"Where is thy grip?" demanded the stranger.

"Right there," said Larry. "That old pigskin bag. You can take it up to the best hotel—if there is one."

Alarm and suspicion were written large on the face of the owner of the ears. He recoiled from Larry. Then he turned and fled up the main street of Billup. Larry watched his long-legged figure till it vanished. Then he picked up his bag.

"Yes," decided Larry, "I'm going to like Billup."

Main Street, Billup, did not exactly stand out. To Larry it looked very much like the main streets of Eagle Grove, Iowa, Dowagiac, Michigan, Bamberg, South Carolina, and other small towns where journalistic missions had taken him. There was a drug store full of cardboard maidens inviting the passer-by to drink Pep-U-Up, a bulky bank building, a department store with bolts of calico in the window, the Happy Hour Movie—Today—Her First Sin—Today—and then, down the street, a careworn frame structure with a sign on it that made Larry turn his steps in that direction. The sign read:

THE BILLUP PALLADIUM-INTELLIGENCER

Roscoe Legg, Ed. and Prop.

As Larry moved along Main Street he became aware that it was different from other small-town Main Streets, after all. The difference was to be felt rather than seen. It wasn't that the natives glanced curiously at Larry's city clothes and blue collar; that was to be expected. But they also glanced with strange sidelong glances at one another.

He saw two men, obviously old inhabitants, pass each other. Larry could have sworn that they were brothers—twins, even—but they did not speak. Instead they fixed on each other baleful glares and contempt twisted down their mouth corners. Larry sensed a feud. Certainly there was none of that loud neighborly familiarity one noticed in Eagle Grove, Dowagiac or Bamberg. In Billup there were no hearty salutations ——

"Hello, Jake! How are your beans getting along?"

"Hey there, Elmer! I hear you was to Buckeye Lake Sunday."

"Hello, Luke, you old son of a gun!"

"Morning, Matt. How's the boy?"

It seemed to Larry that some cloud, some self-conscious sullen cloud, hung over the town. It weighed down on Main Street, and was even perceptible in the rather pretty side streets.

In the office of the Billup Palladium-Intelligencer, Larry discovered a man who clearly was Roscoe Legg, Ed. and Prop. Mr. Legg was plump and unkempt, a smallish man with ink on his ears, thumbs and shirt. His askew hair was white and he had bright genial eyes. He was engaged, when Larry entered the office—which looked as if a tornado had just left it—in answering the telephone, taking a want ad about a stray cow, bawling directions to an invisible printer, chewing gum and trying to keep the wind from blowing some galley proofs out of the window. Larry heard him saying:

"Yes, I got it. Spotted heifer—answers to name Geraldine—hang this wind—Bill, set that shoe ad in upper and lower, do you hear?—reward if returned to Amos Pratt—yes, yes—spotted heifer—shut that door, please—Bill, come a-running with the proof of that editorial about

(Continued on Page 153)

OUR FOREIGN POLICY

By Richard Washburn Child

EVEN at solemn European conferences, where supposed prizes of diplomacy are at stake, moments come when some delegate in an informal atmosphere takes the screens of discretion from truth.

Said one of them to me on such an occasion: "If I may express myself with your American forcefulness, Europe and your own country have suffered less from any hard-boiled reluctance in your foreign affairs than from those who counsel various forms of soft-boiled foreign policy."

Even if close contacts with our American foreign policy might prejudice a diplomatic officeholder, voluntary retirement from an ambassador's post gives some measure of detachment and opens the way to telling, as one American would tell another before the open fire, how much he had seen of the workings of our foreign policy, and how much is gross nonsense out of all the nonsense we have heard about it.

I assume that we all have the same point of view. We wish to preserve our own peace and contribute to any working plan to preserve universal peace that is really a workable plan. Furthermore, we all wish to preserve the legitimate interests of the United States and prevent encroachments on those interests whether they concern the safety of Americans or their property abroad or at home. To the full extent of our power we desire to contribute to friendly negotiation and peaceful settlements of disputes provided we do not become unwelcome meddlers and busybodies in other nations' affairs. We have every wish to coöperate—all of us. The first piece of gross nonsense therefore—and everyone has heard it from those who go reckless in words—is that a part of us, from some villainous or stupid motive, are trying each day to avoid fulfilling America's duty to the world. Whenever a group arises which disagrees with the foreign policy of the United States, represented by those who are conducting it as they have been instructed to conduct it by the great majority of the American people, then out from baffled wrath and from those whose suggestions are not taken come streams of accusations of moral, intellectual or emotional delinquency. Anyone with diplomatic or foreign experience, and without any political partisanship in our foreign affairs, knows well enough that flood of phrase making and how by adding those phrases into a grand total the sum is exactly the double zero of nonsense.

The European diplomat was right; our danger and the danger to the general welfare of the world comes from those who are agitating for various and diverse forms of foreign policy—soft-boiled.

It would be absurd to say that our present foreign policy is 100 per cent wise and perfect. Any administration, no matter how wise it may be, fails to seize every last advantage or to foresee every emergency. In my own corner of the game I can see now that I made mistakes, sometimes by concessions and lack of persistence, sometimes by failure to concede and to conciliate. I learned constantly something more as time went on, and one of the things I learned in Europe was that the foreign policy of a nation, particularly our nation, does not consist merely of adopting a scheme or signing a paper, as some of our sentimentalists would have us believe.

A Ridiculous Charge

FOREIGN policy first of all is made up of active international dealings of great variety, done on good principle and on the basis of sound morals. Therefore the first example of the nonsense spread about by those who have some new scheme or international program not yet accepted is the accusation that the United States, because it has not adopted the scheme, has no foreign policy. If anyone doubts the nonsense of this, let him go to Downing Street, where British foreign policy is conducted. The British, for instance, are members of the League of Nations; but the moment you went to the British Foreign Office and stuck your nose inside the door you would know that the League of Nations is not the whole of British foreign policy, that it occupies even at the best but a small fraction of time and interest in the great press of business of British foreign policy. If you went to the Quai d'Orsay in Paris and took a second look you would see that the League of Nations was not all or half or a quarter of French foreign policy.

If you go to Europe and browse around in the capitals and read the newspapers and go out to dinner with the distinguished and the humble, you will hear and see less of the League than you will see and hear among agitators in the United States. You will hear a great deal about other phases of foreign policy of other nations—you will hear of Italy's treaty with this country, of England's Russian policy, of French policy and occupation of the Ruhr, of the Dawes Commission plan, of conferences, of reciprocal arrangements as to trade, travel, usages and all that weaves one nation's life into that of another.

The conduct of such business, nation with nation, and the principles on which this business is done constitute foreign policy. No single plan or program, no scheme or proposal, no experiment or Utopia, no matter how inspired or blessed by good will, or even by practical sense, has displaced the usual old-fashioned conduct of foreign affairs—the international business of the world, the relations of one nation with another. Who would say that the British would have no foreign policy were it not for the League of Nations? Who would say that if it were not for membership in the League the French Foreign Office would close its doors? These questions show how ridiculous it is to say that the United States has no foreign policy. One might as well say of a restaurant that served no huckleberry pie that it had no food.

As time has gone on, this talk about a lack of foreign policy and about isolation has grown increasingly vehement and silly. I have waited until after a national election to show how silly such phrases are, because I desired to avoid the phrase of "partisan politics" so often directed at those who express the will of the majority by those who have met opposition in the presentation of some minority plan. I agree with them that there should be no petty partisanship in our foreign policy, though I cannot see why the determination of vital questions in our foreign policy should not rest upon the well-educated verdict which often may only be reached after sincere intense partisanship, just as the verdict against the League was accomplished.

The Strength of Our Position

BUT if I have any political partisanship, certainly it is not of the kind that masks itself under religion and righteousness in order to undermine the reputation and efficiency of my country's foreign policy; if I set forth anything here that may be called partisan, I trust it will be founded upon facts, upon the realities of a world as it is, and not upon fads—upon plans that are based only in an imaginary world as we might wish it to be. I will try to confine my example to those matters of United States foreign policy with which I have had intimate contact. I will try to show that among all America's moral obligations, one of the first is to be intelligent, and that intelligence and achievement have taken us much further toward fulfillment of our duty to the world than merely running after phrase makers and impractical idealists until our tongues hung out.

Long before the Armistice was signed I made speeches and wrote articles suggesting that the United States might stay away from the Peace Conference when that conference took place. Habit—thinking of mankind was all against that idea. Who ever heard of a war when any victorious nation in it failed to come to a peace table? Nevertheless, in June, 1918, I urged my idea upon some of the advisers of President Wilson. I received some sympathy from the friends of a man who had kept us out of the war, and had given as one reason that it was our duty to keep at least one powerful nation in the position of detachment, so that the war-ridden world could turn to that nation for unprejudiced guidance. Wilson, having apparently lost that position of arbiter when we made a belated entry into the conflict, had an opportunity to regain it by staying away from Paris.

In June, 1918, I said before the Council of Foreign Relations in New York:

"Our greatest usefulness to the world will be in the service we may render as a judge when we are asked for that service. It is folly to throw that position away by becoming a party to the suit. It is not necessary to attend a peace conference to make known our views or even to protect ourselves, and our power of moral persuasion will be much greater rather than less if we keep free from the intrigue and conflicts which are foreign to our interest until we are asked for our good offices in adjusting these disputes.

"The moment our delegates appear in the position of offering suggestions or of forcing our moral views upon others they may depend upon meeting counter proposals that we enter unnecessary embarrassing entanglements. These counter proposals will either be framed so that we cannot accept them and therefore appear as unwilling to accept responsibility, or they will be framed to lead us into the snarl of European politics so that we may be the cat's-paw for one nation to use against another in selfish and sordid causes."

I had the painful experience in Paris during the Peace Conference of watching the fulfillment of my fears and the tragedy of lost opportunity. Out of that whirlpool of intrigue came a broken man. Out of it came a treaty of peace which future generations may say was a betrayal of armistice unequaled in the history of the world. So far as protection of our interest was concerned, it is only necessary to point out that our State Department has been busy ever since reminding other foreign offices that our association in the war gave us certain rights which we will claim.

So far as wisdom of settlement is concerned, the result was principally an adjustment of indemnity so unworkable that its constant revision has ever since occupied and disturbed every government and kept armies of occupation moving backward and forward and maintained a running sore of economic disturbance vexing conquerors and vanquished alike. Secondly, it was a Balkanization of European states, which has erected a new European diplomacy no less fretful, no less dangerous, no less freighted with racial animosities than the old. Thirdly, it was the source of false hopes, based on the glow of prospectus and faith in high principles, but now so baffled by the failure to provide foundation that the saddest experience I had in Europe was to find everywhere cynicism and distrust of all new suggestions.

After all, as Mussolini says repeatedly, "The want of the world is not for plans and programs and policies, but for daily action and constancy in getting things done." We all may have a tender regard for the goodness of intention and warmth of heart of those who seek short cuts to guarantee peace or design new institutions for international coöperation. But in the meantime the realities of international relationship face our State Department, and it is actual performance according to principles and not mere prospectus which makes a foreign policy. On that basis rather than by the test of phrase making our foreign policy under Hughes has been the most vigorous and has achieved more than any other in the memory of living Americans.

When the Disarmament Conference was called by Harding in Washington, I had already gone to my post in Europe; but through my contact and talks with the President I knew what was in the mind of the Administration as to that conference. I found two opinions among the statesmen and people in Europe. One was that the United States called the conference from selfish motives in order to put something over; and the other opinion was that a set of impractical idealists had forced the President to hold a conference and present to the Old World a moral preachment and another set of false hopes, probably doomed to be rejected if fortune was good or to be accepted if destiny had decreed another excursion conducted by American dreamers up a blind alley. Secretly, foreign governments and foreign thought regarded this American leadership with alarm.

Two Constructive Achievements

A SHREWD statesman of the newer school who has conducted a small European power through the troubled waters left by the Peace Conference said to me:

"I assure you, nothing will happen. Those who are innocent as to the true workings of international conferences do not realize, as those of us who have had experience realize, that conferences are merely show windows. What is vital is never decided in the open at conferences, and nothing is easier to break than a conference. One great European power, as you know, has developed the utmost skill in strangling conferences. It never can be made to appear in the show window with its hand on the throat of the conference, but it has developed the perfect technic of throwing doubt, despair, suspicion and weariness into an assembly of nations, and yet appear all the time as ardently desiring the success of the enterprise. There is only one way to defeat these tactics; it is necessary to have a definite demand for action, and the very moment the conference is opened to hit everyone square on the nose with that demand."

Hughes did exactly that; he did it when the average statesman was convinced fully in his secret heart that the conference at Washington would be a harmless feast of discussion, yielding no particular nourishment and no dangerous indigestion. There were forces of other kinds present to give out suggestions as to disarmament, but nothing ever surprised European diplomacy more than the Hughes declaration delivered at the outset and in effect requiring the conferees to sign on or say no.

Let us not forget that the two postwar steps of practical idealism, the two important examples of international coöperation weighed in terms of results and not in terms of talk, have not come from the leadership of the League or the inspiration of the League, or from the foreign policy of any other power, but from the United States. The first was the

Washington Disarmament Conference, the second was the adoption of the Dawes plan and the refinancing of Germany.

In each case, as my neighbor the farmer said to me the other day, speaking of our foreign policy, it was shown that "the show counts for more than the billboard pictures." In each case, as another man has said, "We did not attempt to teach vegetarianism to tigers by a correspondence course."

As to the accomplishment of the Dawes plan, there are innocent and gullible persons who will be taken in by those who say that America should have taken the step officially. Nothing could be more amusing to those who know, as I do by close experience with conferences and foreign offices, business men, common people and diplomats in Europe, that the whole hope of success in straightening out the reparations question depended on taking that question as far as possible out of politics.

Issues Removed From Politics

I HAD not been an ambassador a year before I was writing to President Harding and to Secretary Hughes that the great obstacle to settlement was in the fact that premiers and foreign ministers, delegates to conferences and diplomats were all looking over their shoulders at their own parliaments; that so long as reparations, collections and occupation remained political questions in political hands, nothing could be done. It was so dangerous a subject to politicians that even the League never blinked an eyelash at moving armies in the Ruhr. I was certain that no governments could make loans to Germany, that no single group of national bankers could do it. Any clear thinking would show that only where a security could be issued which would sell to men and women on the streets of several countries was any settlement in sight. And there was no chance of arriving at this business solution in the atmosphere of politics where every official was affected by the attacks in his own parliament, chamber or congress.

The accomplishment of the American Government, after nearly three years of planning and waiting, in taking the settlement out of politics and putting it, as far as possible, into the hands of business men, was a tremendous achievement of diplomacy. The critics who say that we should have insisted on taking official action are merely saying that we should have insisted on dragging the settlement deeper into politics, backward not forward. We had spent tedious years in raising it as far as possible out of that mud. Those who now complain that we did not jump into that wallow from which we were trying in all good conscience to extricate our sorely troubled friends appear to me as somewhat green in practical international affairs.

I only know that when I found Owen D. Young in Paris on my way back to the United States, and realized that a man whose ability as a conciliator and whose resourcefulness are not exceeded in any man I ever knew was there on European soil, before my eyes, representing the desire of America to help, and had come free of all political tags and ties, I threw up my arms in celebration. Dawes, Young and Robinson represented the nonpolitical influence and power, without which I had learned the old sores of reparations and occupation would never be healed. Hughes had won a long, hard, quiet game, played straight through the petty clamor of those who were babbling that he had isolated America—by those who once having been drunk on phrases demanded phrases as sots demand their liquor, who even now prefer to have America beat herself on the chest rather than to have her intelligent and to have her get results. It is a curious fact that a deeper appreciation of the services of the United States in maintaining peace and as a friendly conciliator is to be found in Europe than is to be found in the people of our own country. During my three seasons in Rome few weeks went by when I did not talk with a fellow diplomat of some smaller European nation or of some South American republic on the subject of the services we were rendering or would be requested to render as a friendly arbitrator.

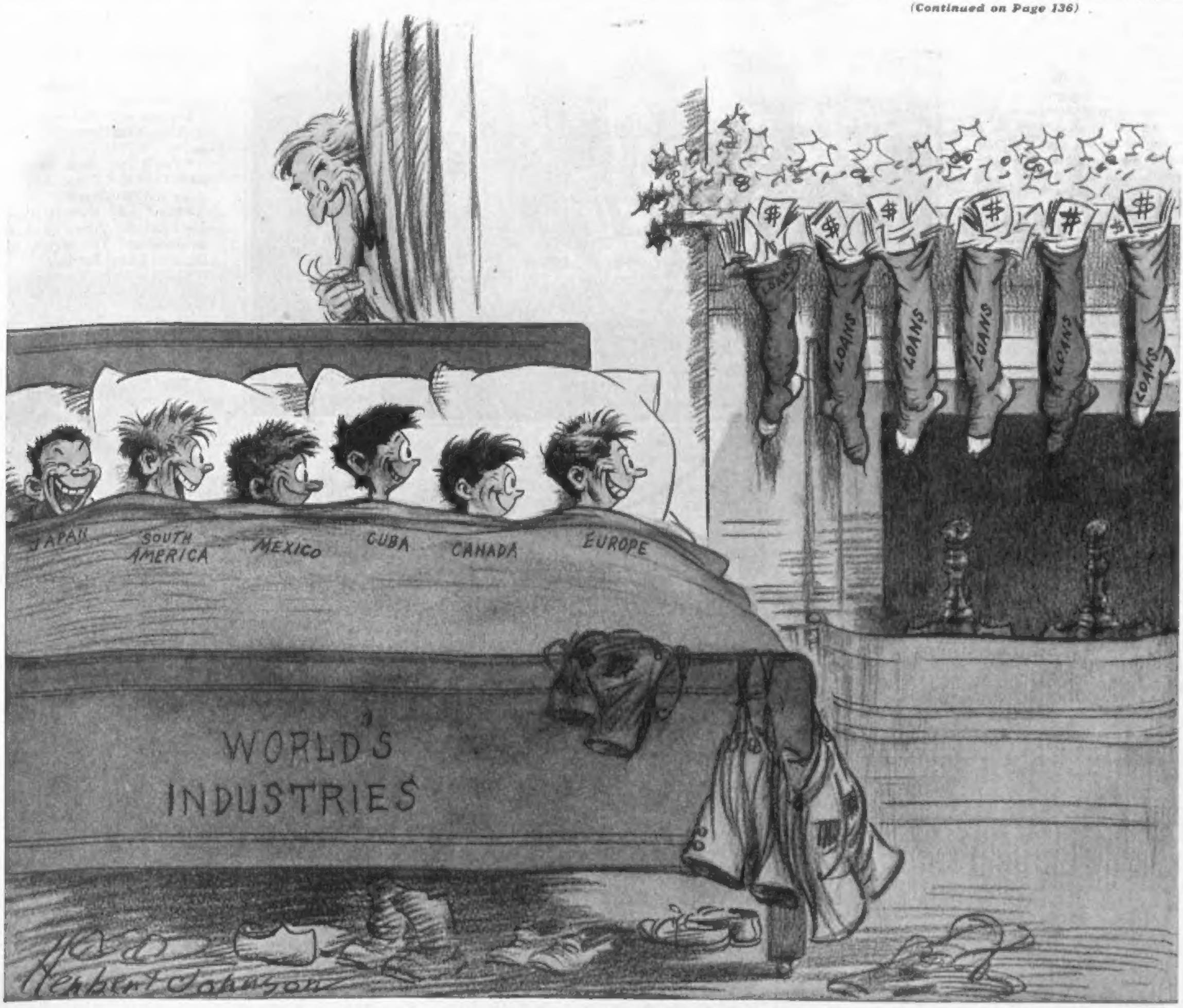
What the Far East Wondered

I BELIEVE there is no indiscretion in saying that I was consulted as to the possibility of obtaining an American arbitrator in the Memel dispute long before the League of Nations set forth this European arbitration in its show window. I was asked as to the qualifications of the American—Mr. Norman Davis, who later became the successful representative in the settlement of this dispute. At the Genoa Conference more than one proposal was made to me that important arbitrations should be undertaken by America or her representative.

One evening when my friend, the learned, wise old minister of Siam at Rome, was dining with me, he turned to me with his dry Oriental smile and said, "We are wondering in the Far East whether the United States could have brought Japan and China to a full settlement of the Shan-tung and other questions at Washington if the United States had not maintained her detachment from the pooling and intrigue of international bodies."

Far away, across the world from his hemisphere and mine, the minister of one of two South American republics

(Continued on Page 136)



YES, THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS!

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

WHEN Everett Jenkins finally worked his way through college by driving a delivery wagon for the University Laundry Company, the George Hollingsheads, who took a polite interest in what the village people did, were naturally impressed.

"Really it's remarkable," said Mrs. Hollingshead.

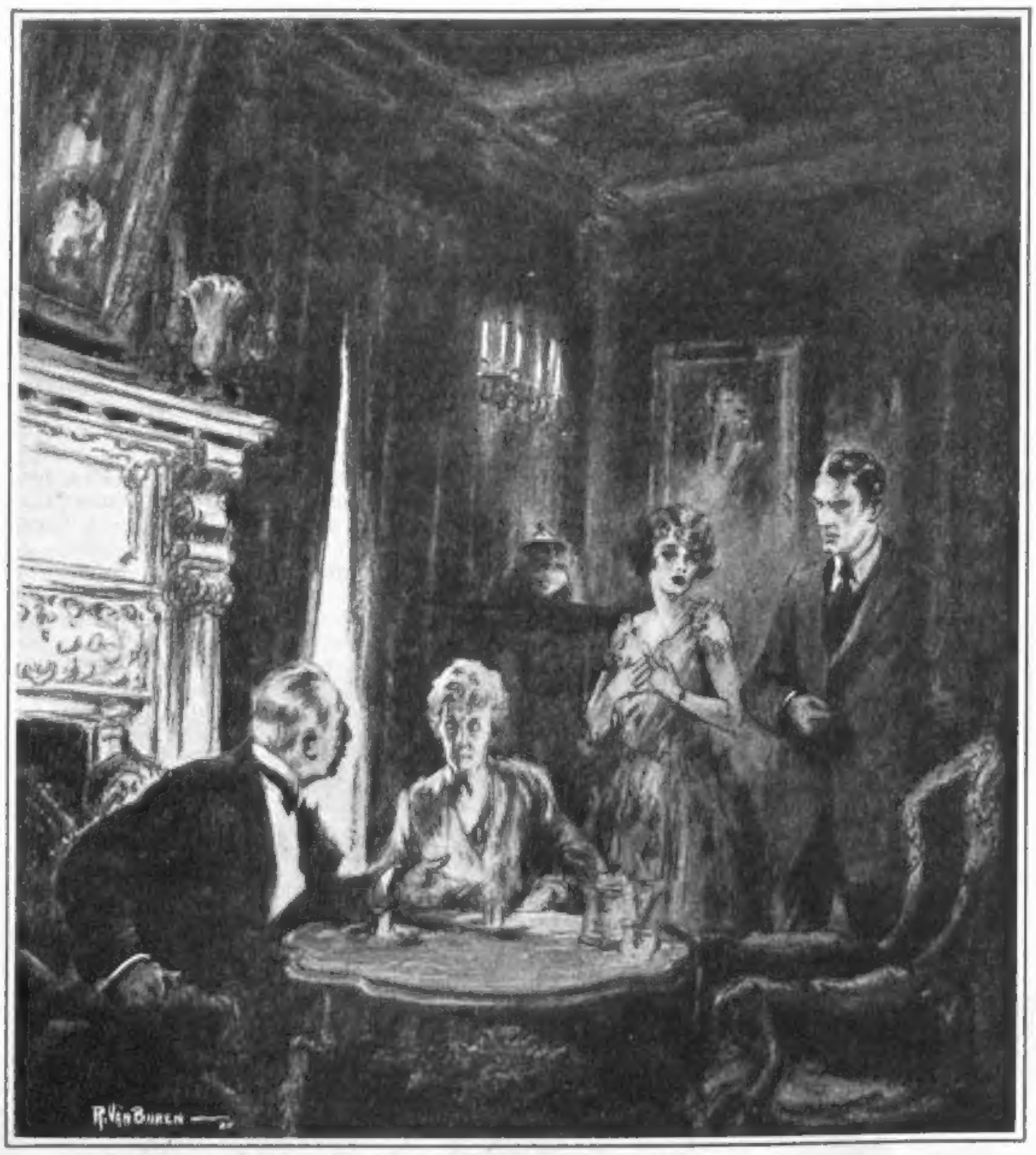
She was seated at the time in a twisted-gold armchair in the drawing-room at Hollingshead Hill. Like the upholstery and the hangings, she had a slightly faded look; but, like them too, she still possessed an undeniable distinction.

"He was always such a peculiarly quiet boy," said Mrs. Hollingshead. "Sometimes—of course, it can't be true—but sometimes one might almost think that he disliked us."

That was all that Mrs. Hollingshead thought, and she knew it was just a fancy, for she knew too well that no one could actively dislike the Hollingsheads. New people, vulgar brokers in new clean stucco villas, Westerners—all sorts of eager climbing folk—who were beginning to throng to Southwest Inlet, did their best to meet her. It was growing hard to keep them in their place; but no matter what altered in a changing world, the Hollingsheads were still the Hollingsheads, something apart, to be admired, but never actively to be disliked.

Why is it the things we have forgotten, those little slurred-over affairs of life, have a way of cropping up? Little did Mrs. Hollingshead know that it was she and she alone who had inspired Everett to drive a laundry wagon to pay for an education. Yet that is the way it was. Without knowing it, with hardly a word, she had even changed his taste for fiction and caused him to drop Horatio Alger's stories for more realistic works.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hollingshead, "it really is remarkable, considering all his handicaps. Do you know, George, sometimes I've thought that even his eyesight was not quite good."



Mr. Hollingshead Shrugged His Shoulders. "My Dear Fellow," He Said, "There Come Times in the Best Regulated Lives—You Understand?"

Mr. Hollingshead set down his teacup gently. The way he handled delicate china was always a pleasure to watch.

"Why, what the deuce? What do you mean, my dear?"

"I mean," said Mrs. Hollingshead, "that when he is in the village he never seems to see us."

"Now that's odd." And Mr. Hollingshead permitted himself to smile. "Maybe—look here, maybe he's cutting us."

Of course it was absurd. Sometimes he did say the absurdest things. He was always so correct—quite perfect. Even though he had been doing without his man all summer, never a flaw marred his dress, and never the slightest irregularity of speech or gesture interfered with his manner. It all made it the more amusing when he chose to be ridiculous. There was no wonder that Mrs. Hollingshead smiled also.

"George," she said, "do you know, sometimes you're tremendously amusing."

"Thank you, my dear," said Mr. Hollingshead; and then, for some reason, he turned and looked out of the French windows—the first French windows that Southwest Inlet had ever seen. The sun was growing low and was lacing soft rays of gold light across the garden path outside and gilding a row of iron statues and the roof of a summerhouse. Mr. Hollingshead's father had laid out the garden, and people used to drive to see it on Sundays.

"I'm glad you find me so," he added in a slightly altered tone, "when things aren't quite so amusing as they used to be."

II

ONE has to go back to those more amusing times to reach the beginning, as far back as when Everett Jenkins was a caddie at the Inlet Country Club. Though it's something less than twenty years, it seems very long ago. There was a swish of dresses then, a patter of hoofs, a billowing of sleeves, and a decorous regard for form which has somehow gone from life. It grows increasingly difficult to think that only a fraction of a lifetime has passed since it was incorrect for anyone of Angela Hollingshead's years to go to the Inlet Country Club unaccompanied by a governess. Only a fraction of a lifetime, but that was before the Inlet was grown as commuters know it now.

Angela discovered her opportunity to get away when Miss Jay was looking for Geoffrey, who had disappeared previously from a starting point somewhere between the jig-sawed gingerbread summerhouse—even then the Hollingshead grounds were becoming slightly stuffy—and a cast-iron deer that stood beside an arbor-vitæ hedge. She was a little girl then with a frilly dress and spotless white slippers and socks, and straight brown hair that hung halfway down her back. To look at her, she seemed much too young to perform one of woman's commonest functions—bringing bitterness and disillusion to the world of man.

From the door of the caddie house that afternoon came such a wild bellicose sound of little boys busy matching pennies that Everett Jenkins, who had just lost all his own, was the only one who perceived Angela with her golf bag in her hand. Though he had never spoken to her before, he knew who she was, for everyone knew the Hollingsheads. He was even shocked, as anyone would be, to see Angela venturing near such a vulgar place.

"Caddie," said Angela, "come here and take my bag! Don't you see I want a caddie?"

"Golly!" exclaimed Everett. "Does—does anyone know you're here?"

"Of course they don't," said Angela. "Well, what are you waiting for?"

"Don't you think," said Everett, as though some premonition prompted him, "if they don't know you're here, you oughter be going home?"

Angela turned and looked at him. For a moment she said nothing, but her silence was more eloquent than speech. Everett became aware for the first time in his career of a social gap that had to do with his bare feet, his peeling nose and his unbrushed sandy hair.

"No, I don't think," said Angela at length, and somehow it seemed to Everett that there was nothing more to say.

There was a significance in Angela's remark which was lost upon her then. She never thought at all of Everett's silence, but continued to speak with the clear-eyed frankness which belongs to youth.

"I wish," she said "we had someone to play with sometimes."

"Golly!" said Everett. "Don't you?"

"Of course we don't," said Angela.

"Golly!" said Everett. "I don't see why."

In those days there were lots of things that Everett did not see.

"You'd look quite nicely," said Angela, "if you had on shoes and stockings."

"Say," said Everett, "you don't call the things you have on stockings! You oughter see the ones I wear Sundays."

"If you weren't a common little boy," said Angela with a little sigh, "I suppose I could play with you sometimes."

Everett's mouth fell open in sheer and innocent astonishment.

"Say," he answered, "I'm not common!"

"Oh, yes, you are," said Angela; "nearly everybody's common. Give me my brassie, please."

Was he common? Try as he might, he could not get over the matter-of-fact way she had said it. It kept turning in his mind, lingering, growing as they walked across the turf, altering to a dull pain every time she spoke. From the sixth tee Angela sliced her ball. As they went after it together toward a patch of trees, Everett led the way moodily and poked his toes beneath the grass. What was it that was growing in his mind? He wished that he could show her that he was far from common.

"Oh," said Angela suddenly, "what is that round thing on that bush?"

Everett turned in the direction she was pointing.

"Don't you know?" he asked wonderingly. "Haven't you ever seen a hornets' nest before?"

"Why, what a funny thing!" said Angela. "Give me my mashie, please."

"Your mashie?" echoed Everett.

"Don't be so stupid," said Angela. "Don't you see?—I'm going to hit it."

"Do you want to get stung?" cried Everett. "Say, hornets are bigger'n bees, I guess. They're bigger'n ——"

"Are you going to give me my mashie?" asked Angela.

Everett's back stiffened with sudden resolve.

"No, I'm not," he said.

Angela ought to have known better then, but it was like the Hollingsheads never to know. Instead of thinking, she brushed impatiently at a strand of hair that strayed across her forehead.

"You don't know who you're talking to!" she cried, and snatched a club from the bag on Everett's shoulder.

"Hey!" shouted Everett. "Don't hit it!"

He didn't believe she would, but she did. Her club went crash, clean into the hornets' nest, and just as she struck he heard a voice.

"Angela!" it was calling. "Angela!"

But Everett only half heard it, for his mind was taken up with other things. As her club went down, he jumped, his face aflame with inspiration. He jumped between Angela and the hornets' nest and snatched the club from her hand.

"Run!" he shouted. "Hurry up and run!"

Angela was already running. Only a glance over her shoulder showed her what was happening. Everett had struck the hornets' nest clean off the bush. It had dropped a dozen feet ahead of him, and it was evident, quite evident, that the hornets laid the blame on Everett

It was a small nest, but it was large enough. No one was there to follow him or to see the deed he did, and Everett was the only one who really knew. When he emerged from the trees his face was swelling, but his mouth was closed in an even line

"Oh!" cried Angela. "They bit you! They bit you all over!"

A painful grin contorted Everett's lips.

"You bet they did," he answered; "but they didn't get at you."

"Oh!" cried Angela. "How horrid! And — Oh, dear, here comes mamma!"

Yes, she was coming. Everett saw her coming, and stood up very straight. In those days everyone in the Inlet knew Mrs. Hollingshead. She was gliding over the golf course like a bark in a freshening breeze, with her long dress dragging and whipping behind her. To Everett's fevered gaze, her broad sleeves billowed like clouds, and her white lace sunshade bobbed before her like a sail.

Everett stood stock-still. For a moment, for just a slight passage of time, the pain he felt seemed lessened. What would she say to him when she knew? A sudden embarrassment came over him. Bound To Succeed, Tom the Bootblack, Work and Win—all the episodes he knew best would be like nothing. No hero in juvenile fiction had done a deed like his

"Angela," said Mrs. Hollingshead, in a cool and even voice, "what have you been doing here with—with "

Mrs. Hollingshead was looking at Everett. She was so near that he could see the rings on her fingers and her face beneath her veil.

"Mamma," said Angela, "he didn't use to look so badly. I hit a hornets' nest, mamma."

"Angela," said Mrs. Hollingshead, "come back with me this minute."

"You needn't be so cross, mamma," said Angela. "He's been over with the hornets so they wouldn't bite me."

But Mrs. Hollingshead did not understand. She never even tried to understand, when Everett spoke stumblingly, for his mouth was hard to open

"I was glad to do it, ma'am," he said.

Instinctively Mrs. Hollingshead placed her parasol before her. Already Everett was a grisly sight.

"Who are you?" she asked

"I'm Everett Jenkins, ma'am."

"Oh," said Mrs. Hollingshead, "the real-estate man's son. I should run on home now, if I were you."

That was all that Mrs. Hollingshead said—quite all. Everett stared at her with blinking eyes, and something was happening to his faith in worldly things. Mrs. Hollingshead had turned away, as though nothing had been left undone, and Angela had followed. They were retreating over the green turf, leaving him alone.

"But, mamma," Angela was saying, "don't you understand "

And floating back to him came his one reward, Mrs. Hollingshead's voice.

"Of course," said Mrs. Hollingshead; "but people like that don't mind pain quite the way we do."

III

THAT was the beginning of something to be forgotten, but he never quite forgot. In those days it was hard to forget the Hollingsheads, and Southwest Inlet was too small. Twice a day the Hollingshead station wagon would go whirling down the street with a pair of bay pacers tugging at the reins.

Mr. Hollingshead himself used to drive them, with a groom on the seat behind.

"There they go!" people would whisper. "There goes Hollingshead! See the feller on the back seat? Lookit! He's got a feather in his hat!"

Those were the days when they used to go, brilliant and beautiful in the sun. Those were the days when the Hollingsheads were distinctly the Hollingsheads, when they kept ten servants indoors and at least eight more outside.

"There goes Hollingshead!" they used to say. "Lookit! See him cut the corner? Golly, don't he go!"

Now, when there's not a horse left to take the road and the automobiles go past in an endless, tireless line where once hoofs slapped out their rhythm, even now the Inlet remembers sometimes.

"Don't you wish," an old man sometimes says, "that Hollingshead would go by? Funny—remember? It used to seem like he was always racing."

That was Mr. Hollingshead—always, always racing, whether he drove the station wagon or the wagon of his destiny. But no one ever knew that all the while Everett Jenkins was plodding on behind.

By the time that Everett Jenkins got through high school, Mr. Hollingshead was not the only one who drove to the morning train. A vanguard of commuters was already beginning to arrive, and sharp-faced city-clad men were buying plots around the golf club, and sometimes as many as four or five automobiles would draw up with the carriages beside the station platform. Times were already changing. The tide already was coming in when Everett met the Hollingsheads again

Everett Jenkins was eighteen by then, with something about him that one began to notice without knowing exactly why; something in his face and in his frame and in the set of his eyes and mouth. Already he was the sort that one picked out for work, half consciously, as though some destiny had marked him with capacity to carry. It may have been that and nothing more, that indefinable attribute which the sons of Martha bear, which made Angela remember him one afternoon when she was riding Everett heard her horse coming behind him and stepped aside from the dusty road. It was a long while since he had seen her; but when she stopped, in spite of all that had happened since, it was strange how the years rolled back.

"Hello," said Angela.

She had on a black riding habit which was buttoned very tight. Her hair, still straight and unruly, was done up in a club behind. She had grown until she was almost as tall as he, but somehow she was still the same. She was sitting sidesaddle, with her foot swaying quickly in the stirrup, looking at him as unembarrassed as though she had spoken to him yesterday instead of five years before.

"Hello," she said. "Don't you remember me? I'm the girl you caddied for, don't you remember?"

"Yes," said Everett slowly. "Oh, yes, I remember."

It was strange how clearly it came back to him He felt her eyes on him and felt his face grow red

"Give me your hand," said Angela. "You're walking toward town, aren't you? I might as well get off and walk too."

Irresolutely Everett looked at her, and Angela smiled.

(Continued on Page 66)

"But You Don't Hate Me Now." It Was Too Fanciful for Truth. Was There Any Wonder His Voice Trembled When He Answered

ALL DRESSED UP—By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

"Oh, Fred!" She Exclaimed, Her Hand Upon His Arm. "If You Only Knew How Pleased I am to See You!"

THE major was dressing himself; and as he laid the foundation of his toilet, walking around the room in an old silk dressing gown which was rather short, perhaps, but otherwise of undeniably smart lines, he little dreamed of the things which were going to happen to him before he went to bed that night. This, of course, is true of nearly all of us; but as you will presently see it was particularly true of Major Browning as he started to dress himself that morning.

And so he set about his task unsuspectingly—one might even say innocently—laying out a fresh shirt upon the bed, changing his cuff links, putting his garters in a clean pair of hose, taking his trousers to the window—a black pair with delicate gray stripes—to make sure that they were free from wrinkles. Here the major's innocence disappeared, at least temporarily, for thinking that a slight bagginess existed around the knees, he laid the trousers over the back of a chair, unlocked his trunk and noiselessly drew out first a short ironing board, which he wasn't supposed to have; and then a small electric iron, which was most distinctly contraband in Mrs. McKenna's boarding house. This iron he connected to the socket of his reading lamp, and when it was sufficiently hot he dampened a cloth in the pitcher of his washbowl, wrung it out till it was nearly dry, and started work upon his trousers.

If you had been there then you might have suspected that the major was in his element, so engrossed, so satisfied he seemed to be in his work, bringing the iron down and wriggling it around with a pressure that almost had affection in it, and lifting the cloth from time to time with breathless interest to see what was happening beneath. But for all his attention to his work, he wasn't so absorbed that he didn't hear Mrs. McKenna's door open and shut at the other end of the hall, and as though by magic he whisked the board to the back of his wardrobe and hid the iron by placing it in his empty washbasin and carelessly draping a towel over it.

"Is she going to rap, I wonder, or is she going pahst?" he breathed; and although on the one hand he knew he would have to be careful how he opened the door because of the shortness of his dressing gown, on the other hand he gave his mustache a good quick twizzle—an overhanging mustache it was, gray, and with a military droop; one of those mustaches which suddenly assumes importance when the voice behind it says "I was having my bahth at hahf pahst eight this morning."

Mrs. McKenna's step came nearer, nearer, and then passed by, although for a moment it seemed to hesitate outside his door; and when he was satisfied that his landlady had gone downstairs the major resumed his ironing, glancing now and then at Mrs. McKenna's picture, which held the place of honor on his dresser—the picture of a plump little lady who looked as though, in her youth, she might have spoken with a lisp; the picture of a lady who apparently still had her coy moments, and whose name the major had been trying to change for the past three years.

"Funny how stubborn they can be," he thought as he glanced at the photograph again before putting the iron away. "The devil himself seems to be in them at times. Once bit, twice shy, though, I suppose. You never can tell what their Number Ones were like."

He went on dressing then—black silk hose and patent-leather shoes, the immaculate shirt duly crowned by a stand-up collar and one of those ties, slightly puffed, which in simple justice can only be called cravats. Then came the striped trousers, a black waistcoat and a morning coat—a coat of a dull rich black which was cut with a most exquisite curve all the way from the two lapels to the sides of the tail, the latter coming down to the backs of the knees. And then—and not till then—the major put on his spats; dark gray spats which had been tailored as preciously as the coat; spats which were at once a sartorial benediction and a climax beyond which the art of gentlemen's dress could no further possibly go.

"There!" he thought, giving himself a final look in the mirror before descending. "I think she would have to go a rahther long way to beat it, even though I say it myself!"

Whether or not by this he was referring to Mrs. McKenna, if you had been there when he went downstairs to his breakfast you might well have marveled how the widow—how any widow in fact—could have resisted the major, so striking, so imposing, so every inch the gentleman he looked; although, of course, if you had known of certain arrearages of board which were continually rising and falling between the major and Mrs. McKenna—rising and falling like the tides of the sea, though generally nearer the flood than the ebb—you might have had some clearer understanding of the matter.

"Good morning," said the major in his dignified voice as he entered the dining room.

"Good morning."

"Morning."

"G'morning, major."

The younger ones often joked about him behind his back, but on the quiet they were all a bit proud of him and the tone which he imparted to Mrs. McKenna's boarding house.

And yet, you know, there was something utterly absurd about it—a gentleman like the major in a boarding house! Instead of this stuffy basement in one of New York's innumerable side streets, he should have been breakfasting in some baronial hall in Warwickshire, some princely château on the Loire, some enchanted terrace on an Alpine lake—at Lugano, for instance, or even Stresa at a pinch. One might even have thought that this was why the major sighed to himself when Leila brought him a sad-looking orange and a knife that was none too sharp. But it wasn't of the orange; or, more largely, it wasn't of his breakfast at all that the major was thinking. He was thinking, and frowning, of Tomlinson.

"If that old fool would only die, as he ought to have died yeahs ago," the major was telling himself, "I'd soon settle up with Mrs. McKenna, and then I could talk to her—ah—ah—as she properly ought to be talked to, and no more nonsense about it!"

But Tomlinson, as though for spite, was still hanging on; if anything, was growing more youthful, more alert—yes, even more handsome, with his ruddy face and silvery white hair. Indeed, it was said at Prince & Banion's that he had lately been seen dancing at Rochambeau's with a girl who was young enough to be his granddaughter, and that no one there was shaking a sprightlier foot than he.

"Damned old fool!" thought the major. "Dahncing at his time of life, and—ah—ah—running around with chippies!"

Mrs. McKenna came in then and took the chair by his side, looking as though she might easily become coy right then and there, for which perhaps the shortness of her nose and the length of her lashes were at least partly responsible.

"Well?" she said, smoothing down her lap a bit before she draped her napkin over it.

"A beautiful morning," said the major, "and you are looking as chahming as ever, I see."

"Now, major," she said, shaking her finger as widows sometimes will, "I have a mirror in my room, and I know how old I look."

"That may be true," said the major gallantly, "but I know how young you make me feel."

And, indeed, she had that highly desirable effect upon him; he was only speaking sincerely. But when you owe a lady forty-seven dollars and fifty cents for board it is hard at times to get her to take you seriously. She is more inclined perhaps to think that she is receiving compliments in lieu of cash, and that unless she is careful each sweet speech will cost her so much a word.

This at least was what the major thought—a guess which brought him again to the unreasonable longevity of Tomlinson. So with one thing and another, it wasn't with any too blithe a spirit that he finally picked up his hat and stick and sallied forth to do his daily battle with the world. The street outside was as shabby as the house which he had just left; but the moment the major stepped out on the sidewalk he shone like a diamond in a tarnished ring, so that you forgot the setting for looking at the stone. Beau Brummell on a stroll from his chambers, Mr. Turveydrop about to show himself in the park—these are the more famous ones whom you might have recalled if you had seen the major then, especially when the cop at the corner saluted him as he turned into Fifth Avenue with the lordly air of ownership, as though the place belonged to him and he had come to get the rent.

Early shoppers looked at him, probably wondering which of the Vanderbilts he was. Young clerks who prided themselves upon the cut of their clothes regarded him studiously, as apprentice stonemasons might gaze at the Cathedral of Milan. In the distance loomed the department store of Prince & Banion, and surely if he only owned one, just one, of the properties on the Avenue, this was the place that ought to have belonged to the major. There was the same class, the same dignity, the same perfection of appearance in them both. Indeed, it was almost sacrilege that when the major reached it he had to go around the corner and walk in through a doorway marked Employes' Entrance. But bread and butter is bread and butter, and in the major went, disappearing for a time from public view, but presently reappearing on one of the upper floors, hatless now and without his cane, a fitting high priest to serve the gods of fashion in Prince & Banion's Gentlemen's Own Shop, which—as the opening announcement had stated years before—"was not to be mistaken for the stereotyped men's department of the average large store, but was rather an Aggregation of Smaller Shops where Gentlemen of Exclusive Tastes will be strongly reminded of Bond Street and Certain Restricted Areas of the Rue de la Paix."

The major began to busy himself at one of the clothing cabinets. Tomlinson evidently hadn't arrived yet. At least he wasn't fussing around all over the floor, as he generally was on a Monday morning:

"Now, gentlemen, we must have a banner week this week. We are out to break all records with a bang!" No, Tomlinson wasn't there yet; but Rogers was there. Trust Rogers for never being late—he, the only possible rival to the major if anything ever happened to Tomlinson.

Presently the elevators began to grind out their daily grist of customers, and still Tomlinson didn't come. Extraordinary! The major's pulse went up a beat. Perhaps the old boy was sick at last. Perhaps that—ah—ah—that chippy at Rochambeau's had been too much for him.

It was young Bellamy who brought the news. Young Bellamy was really there for local color, being dressed like an English buttons and having been picked for his red cheeks and trusting appearance. But he was useful for running errands around the store; and it was from one of these excursions to the basement that he came hurrying back to the Gentlemen's Own Shop and could hardly wait for the elevator to stop before he blurted out his news.

"Mister Tomlinson's just been brought in dead!" he gasped to the major.

"Brought in dead?" repeated the major, not far from gasping himself. "Are you sure, Bellamy!"

"Yes, sir! Horse-radish truck knocked him down on Forty-eighth Street, and they say it was heart disease 'cause there's hardly a mark on him. They got him laid out now in the basement, and I just seen his feet stretching out from under the sheet, and his nose sticking up underneath the cloth and everything!"

The major's first reflection was peculiar.

"Thank God, I put on a clean shirt this morning!" he told himself.

But his next thought was more intelligible, and reflects a truth so old that a Latin proverb of great antiquity is largely built around it

"Poor old Tomlinson!" he sighed. "A fine old boy! A shame to think he had to go like that."

II

THE clown must laugh and the mourners dine and the world roll on its appointed course, though Tomlinson or a dozen Tomlinsons are suddenly started on the great adventure. And so at Prince & Banion's the elevators kept coming up to the Gentlemen's Own Shop and grinding out their daily grist of customers—customers who never suspected that where two or three clerks were gathered together they were paying tribute to one who had recently been Tomlinson, and now was who you will. But after all, he couldn't have lived forever; and soon, inevitably, the question of his successor arose

"I suppose it'll be the major," whispered Wiley of the Little Shop devoted to Golf Toggery, "or do you think that Rogers has a chance?"

A question, this last, which was beginning to echo in the major's own mind.

"Rogers wouldn't do though," he tried to persuade himself while showing a customer the latest thing in tweeds; "not the type; not the personality. A good salesman—a fairly good salesman—yes. But not impressive enough; not half impressive enough for floor manager."

He looked over at Rogers, who was also busy with a clothing customer—Rogers, the slow, the cautious, his eyes twinkling behind his spectacles—more of a glitter though than a twinkle, the major always thought. A neat dresser—a fairly neat dresser—but oh, absolutely not to be spoken of in the same breath as the major!

"Too much teeth, too, when he smiles," thought the latter, bringing out one of the latest effects in invisible herringbones—a beautiful thing. "Always reminds me somehow of a mugful of porcelain."

Glancing over again at his rival then, he caught Rogers looking at him—caught both the glitter and the teeth.

"Old fool!" thought the major, bristling. "Does he think he can scare me, showing his teeth like that?"

Apparently Rogers' customer also expressed a desire to see something in tweeds, for Rogers came over to the cabinet from which the major was drawing and, as luck would have it, they both took hold of the same suit. The next moment, if you had been there, they might have reminded you of two fine old bulls that had already lifted their tails and were about to paw the earth at each other—of two noble old rams that would rather lock horns than eat. Indeed, there is no telling what might not have happened if Rogers' customer hadn't simplified the situation by saying, "No, I don't care for these; let's see some serges."

"Thank you," said Rogers to the major, before trotting his customer off to see the serges.

"Not at all," said the major. "Oblige you any time, I'm sure."

That had hardly passed off when the general manager stepped out of the elevator—a heavy-bodied, quickly moving, baldheaded little man. It is doubtful if any of the customers knew who he was: but oh, didn't the clerks know!

A sudden hush seemed to fall upon them—even those who were waiting on customers.

The general manager walked quickly forward from the elevator—emissary of destiny and footman of fate. From under his heavy lids he glanced at Rogers and Rogers' pulse quickened. He glanced at the major then, who was waiting to give a customer his change, and the major nervously smoothed his drooping mustache. The customer went and the general manager advanced to the major, Triumph walking by his side and Fortune clashing her golden cymbals just behind him.

"Very sad about Tomlinson," said the general manager, almost under his breath.

"Yes, yes, very sad," said the major, and wished with all his heart that he could think of something better.

"I've just sent him home—to his brother's, where he lived. No family, I'm glad to say."

He hurried back to the elevator then, not even giving Rogers another glance. The major regarded the promotion as good as made; and it was soon apparent that the other clerks did too. In the afternoon Rogers was missing for more than half an hour, and at first the major thought that he had gone home to hide his chagrin. But he hadn't. He came back at last with cheeks slightly flushed, and instead of going to the Gentlemen's Suitings, where he belonged, he took up Tomlinson's old position near the elevator entrance—not only that, by heaven, but if he didn't begin receiving the customers, drawing them to him, as Tomlinson used to do, by an inquisitorial lift of the eyebrows, and then briskly commanding, "Silk underwear yes, sir. Oh, Mr. Hirschman, if you're not busy Silk underwear for this gentleman, please!"

"What the devil? What the devil?" muttered the major to himself, feeling the whole world slipping under his feet. *(Continued on Page 104)*

The Old Router's Heart Beat With Pride, and He Read the Stories Over and Over While He Ate His Breakfast

FOREHEADS VILLAINOUS

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

A MAN by the name of Mancini, who owned a steam sawmill, bought a tract of well-grown spruce on the Georges River in the valley below Fraternity. He bought it from Wilky Porterson, who had heired the land upon his father's death thirty years or so before, and who lived in Bangor; so the village knew nothing of the transaction until Mancini came to look over the ground with a view to harvesting the trees. The river at this point is of fair depth, and has an equable current as far as the mill pond a mile or two below; and Mancini decided that the simplest method would be to float his logs down this stream, setting up his mill to receive them at a point near the road. He secured from Farr Dunkin permission to install his mill on the margin of the river at the foot of Farr's pasture.

Mancini was a pleasant gross-fleshed man in his middle years with a heavy mustache, its black streaked with iron gray, and an appealing mop of gray hair above his swarthy countenance. He had an ingratiating manner, and he talked to Mrs. Dunkin so pridefully about his daughter that she was persuaded to take Mancini and the girl to board during the period of the lumberman's operations.

Mancini's exotic appearance interested her, and the fact that he had a daughter upon whom he quite obviously bestowed all his affection appealed to her sympathy. That these alien figures should come to dwell for a while in her stiff old New England farmhouse did not seem to her incongruous; she was inclined to look forward to their stay with an active anticipation.

Mancini spoke of his daughter as "my little girl," and this led Mrs. Dunkin to think of her as a child. She had always regretted the fact that she had no daughter, for a daughter is company upon a lonely farm. She and Farr had only their son Ned; but though Mrs. Dunkin held him above all the world, it was, nevertheless, true that he had to be much abroad about the duties of the farm, and she saw him only at meals or while he worked at household chores, or in the evenings around the lamp.

Farr Dunkin was a mild and gentle man and Mrs. Dunkin had little of the harshness which is so often an attribute of the women of such a community, so Ned had grown up as a mild and gentle boy. He was now a mild and gentle young man; a young man better than six feet tall, with a lean and adequate strength. But his eyes were softly blue and his cheek was as fresh and smooth and as delicately colored as that of the loveliest girl, and his light beard, smoothly razored, failed to mar its texture. His fair hair was curly, and since it was infrequently cut, it was apt to tangle itself into a glinting mass upon his head. He might fairly have been called beautiful, and this word, when applied to a man, is more apt than not to be a term of opprobrium.

But to the eyes of his mother he was a treasure which she jealously protected; and if Mancini had been a little more particular in his description of his daughter, it is unlikely that Mrs. Dunkin would ever have agreed to take the man and the girl to board.

She and the Young Man, as the Summer Progressed, Had Become More and More Friendly

For when Mancini and his little girl drove into the farmyard, this daughter—her name was Bianca—proved to be a young woman of an extraordinary and lustrous beauty. Her heavy dark hair had a sheen like satin, and her eyes were black velvet, and her tawny skin bloomed like a rose, and her lips were a red curve of delight. She had that maturity of figure so often an attribute of the women of her race; and the light dress she habitually wore, awkwardly cut enough, accentuated rather than dimmed its radiance. Her voice, when she spoke to Mrs. Dunkin, was slow and rich and touched with a faint accent; this for all the precision of her speech, which testified to the fact that Mancini had given some pains to her education. Ned was busy in the lower field at the time of their arrival; and Mrs. Dunkin had a period of frantic thought, in which she strove to find some pretext for changing her mind and refusing them the hospitality for which Mancini had bargained.

But she got no further than to say disapprovingly to the man, "Seems to me your daughter is quite a young woman, for a little girl, Mr. Mancini."

The lumberman beamed, his face widening in a broad smile.

"She is a fine girl, Bianca," he exclaimed, as though Mrs. Dunkin had meant to praise her. "Yes, you are right, ma'am. And she'll be a help to you too. Oh, Bianca can do anything—cook, wash, sweep, sew. You will see how she makes little pieces of lace out of threads, so carefully. Always doing something. Yes, she is a fine little girl."

Mrs. Dunkin sniffed and said forbiddingly, "Well, I'm sure that's very nice."

She was wondering whether this was all part of a plot against Ned; but for the life of her she could not remember whether Mancini had seen the young man on his former visit to the farm.

At any rate, she decided, she could not turn them out tonight. It was late, they were doubtless hungry; she had a fowl cooking and no one to eat it, and there was nowhere else for them to go.

The Dunkin house was an old one, and more capacious than the usual farm dwelling thereabouts. In winter, only two or three rooms were in use; the others remained sealed and cold.

But in the summertime, when there was no problem of heating, it was possible to use them all. Mrs. Dunkin put Mancini in a room on the second floor, and his daughter beyond him; and she stood near with inscrutable and forbidding curiosity while the girl opened her bag and began to unpack her belongings. They were, Mrs. Dunkin observed, immaculate and perfectly kept; and she went downstairs to the kitchen already a little softened.

Bianca came down a few moments later and helped with the preparation for supper. She did not ask what she could do. If she had done so, Mrs. Dunkin would have protested that she go into the other room and sit down. But the girl stood for a moment surveying the scene, and then found tasks for her hands. Mrs. Dunkin grudgingly admitted to herself that the girl was handy and helpful and ready with a pleasant smile when a body spoke to her.

Ned came in a few minutes before the meal was ready; came in through the shed from the barn with a pail of milk, his garments saturated with the odor of the barn and his boots begrimed. Bianca observed him with a faintly amused attention; and when Mrs. Dunkin formally presented them to each other, the girl smiled again. Farr Dunkin and Mancini were talking beside the lamp in the dining room and Mrs. Dunkin led Ned in to shake hands with the lumberman. The young man was ill at ease; he knew as well as another that his presence offended sensitive nostrils, and his confusion was so great that he scarcely looked at Bianca or her father at all. When the presentations were accomplished, he changed his boots and overalls and washed his face and hands in the pan in the sink. The fact that Bianca was in the kitchen during this operation made him blush from heels to head; and the girl saw that his ears were red, and hummed an amused little tune under her breath. For all her poise and dignity of manner, she was not oblivious to these manifestations, nor unused to them.

The supper was a stiff and formal occasion. Mancini did most of the talking that was done, Farr Dunkin occasionally arguing a point with him, taking the opposite side with that instinct for contradiction which is so strong in any man conscious of his own inferiority. Mrs. Dunkin

did the honors, with an occasional "Would you help yourself to the beet pickle, Mr. Mancini?" "Can I help you to any more fowl, Mr. Mancini?" Farr Dunkin could never carve a chicken, so Mrs. Dunkin always presided at their board.

After the dishes were done, they all sat for a little while, and then Bianca suggested to her father that they had best go to bed. Mrs. Dunkin lighted lamps and showed them the way upstairs. After Mrs. Dunkin came back down, she overheard the indubitable sound of the girl's persistent and joyous laughter overhead; and this created in her a curious uneasiness, a curiously guilty feeling that the two must be laughing together at her, or at her husband, or at Ned.

This suspicion roused her pride. She no longer thought of sending her lodgers away. She would keep them at least until they learned a proper respect for decent people!

Mancini was, during the next week or ten days, extremely busy. He departed after breakfast and seldom returned till nightfall. Bianca stayed at the house, quietly effective and ingratiating; and Mrs. Dunkin found herself compelled to a reluctant liking for the girl. Mancini had not overpraised his daughter. She took the task of setting the house to rights quite off the older woman's hands; and Mrs. Dunkin, after testing mantelshelves and chair rungs for dust day after day, conceded that the girl was thorough. Once or twice she protested at the other's activities.

"There's no call for you to work," she said one day. "Your paw's paying your board, you know."

Bianca smiled, with that flash of white teeth which always by contrast accentuated the brilliancy of her coloring.

"But if I do no work, then I am idle," she protested, "and that is an unpleasant thing to be."

"I declare," Mrs. Dunkin confessed, "I thought you and your paw might be more work than I can stand; but seems to me I have an easier time than before you come."

She found, indeed, that she had time on her hands Bianca was never idle; when there were no other tasks for her, she was busy with fine needlework, of a delicacy that fascinated and delighted the older woman. Mrs. Dunkin found it pleasant to have someone whom she could talk to when she chose; and Bianca seemed willing to listen and to respond with those half-formed phrases which indicate understanding and sympathy and fan the conversational flame. By the time the mill had been installed, down by the river, half a mile from the house, Mrs. Dunkin and the girl had reached an almost friendly footing

During this period, also, Ned had somewhat recovered from his first affright at this stranger in his home. Bianca inevitably found him attractive to look upon; she spoke to him now and then, led him into conversation, curious to discover whether he had an inner charm to match his outward beauty. She was discreetly impersonal in these advances, quick to take warning from the stiffening of posture with which Mrs. Dunkin marked her disapproval. Nevertheless, she managed to put Ned more at his ease with her, and once she succeeded in making him smile, and once she led him to laugh aloud by her comment on the oddity of the figure of a neighbor, passing in his wagon. It is true that he cut this laugh off short as though it were an offense; but if the thing were a sin, the sin was done and no recalling it.

So while Bianca won Mrs. Dunkin, she also won Ned; and at the end of a week she had his dumb devotion. On her part, she liked Ned; but she appraised the young man with a good deal of accuracy

One night after she and her father had gone upstairs, Mancini asked her shrewdly, "Is that young man down there, that Ned now—is he crazy about you yet, little one?"

Bianca smiled.

"He is very nice," she replied; "but nice like a piece of sugar; so beautiful and so soft. I do not believe there is any fire in that young man at all."

"He is strong," said Mancini. "I saw him help us move a timber today. Very strong, yes."

"Strong for lifting great logs, perhaps," she agreed, looking at her father sidewise with mischief in her countenance. "But there are other uses for strong arms—or so I am told."

He cuffed her good-humoredly on the ear, like a great bear admonishing a cub.

"Behave yourself better, young woman," he warned her. "That is not the sort of talk that comes well from a girl who has been convent-bred."

"How do you know what they teach in a convent?" she demanded, head on one side. "And besides, if you beat me, I shall undoubtedly run a knife between your ribs one day, my papa so fat."

"Then your papa will spank you as he used to do," he retorted. "Now go away to bed so an old man can sleep."

It was Farr Dunkin who was originally responsible for the coming of the Mancinis; he who had agreed to the installation of the mill, and who had persuaded Mrs. Dunkin that they could board Mancini and his daughter. But like most weak men, he had a habit of complaint; and when he found that Mrs. Dunkin and Ned on the one hand, and Mancini and his daughter on the other, were settling into a comfortable enjoyment of the arrangement, he sought to pick flaws. He said more than once, wagging his head, that things were not coming out as he had thought they might; and he predicted vague and undefined misfortunes. When Mancini's crew came and built two shanties in the edge of the wood lot beyond the pasture, he declared that this was the disaster he had foreseen

There could be no doubt that Mancini's men were unprepossessing. There were three of them, and they bore the inhuman names of Kollock and Wrench and Squeb. The fact that under Mancini's driving direction they performed miracles of labor, did in a day tasks that would have occupied Farr Dunkin for a week, could not mitigate the circumstance that they were unpleasant neighbors. Kollock was a huge, broad, dark-skinned, silent brute, with a face which seemed to have been pressed together from top and bottom, so that his nose popped out in a piglike fashion above his moth-eaten mustache; and his eyes were small and beady and his hair grew low across his brow. Wrench, who handled the team of horses used to drag heavy timbers or logs, was smaller than Kollock, and fair-haired; but his face was pock-marked, his right eye distorted by a scar so that he seemed to squint, and his

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And at First They Stood Before the Girl Like Culprits, Only Wrench Venturing to Defend Himself Against Her Reproaches

AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

Bolshevism and Business—By Isaac F. Marcosson

FROM nationalization of industry to the matter of imports and exports is a natural step. It means that in this appraisal of Russia we have reached another significant soviet milepost set up in the Foreign Trade Monopoly. Though it shows Bolshevik endeavor at its best, there is at the same time the usual clumsy bureaucracy, the chronic artificiality of support that marks business procedure under communist rule, and, what is more characteristic, the utilization of every government agency for political purposes

Amazing as have been the revelations of finance and industry, they are eclipsed by the jig-saw puzzle which constitutes Bolshevist international economic relations. An essential part of this complex is the finest little business brace game of modern times, otherwise known as the Russian concession. No other similar proposition anywhere approaches it in richness of diverting detail. It is as elusive as the whereabouts of the Fountain of Youth or the secret of perpetual motion.

Soviet foreign trade falls into three periods. The first extended from late 1917, when the Bolsheviks came into power, until 1921. During this epoch of militant communism, when civil war and blockade reigned, exports went almost to zero. All the resources of the country were engaged in a desperate struggle to consolidate the Bolshevist rule.

With the advent of the New Economic Policy and the London Trade Agreement in 1921 began the second era, during which the Bolsheviks entered upon a campaign for recognition, trade agreements and credits with which to build up a strong economic foundation for their socialist state. The Foreign Trade Monopoly, under which exports reached their apex, was the principal by-product of this cycle.

Vneshtorg for Short

FOLLOWING the conference fiascoes at Genoa and The Hague in 1922 came the third and present phase, in which the Bolsheviks threw recognition as a commercial bargaining asset to the winds and mobilized most of their efforts on a hunt for cash abroad. This offensive continues, as the Anglo-Russian Treaty, entered into last August by Ramsay MacDonald, shows. During the past two years a fallacious favorable trade balance has been maintained at the expense of both the pocketbook and the appetite of the people—mainly the peasants at home. It is worth adding that during all the three cycles of soviet trade, the principal export all along has been pernicious propaganda.

Clearly to understand the manipulation of imports and exports for political ends—and this is the crux of the soviet foreign-trade policy—you must get some idea of the machinery engaged. The central institution is the so-called Commissariat for Foreign Trade, which is a branch of the government corresponding broadly with the Department of Commerce in the United States. It has much more drastic powers and infinitely more authority, however. The head of the commissariat—the People's Commissar for Foreign Trade, to give him his full title—sits in what we should call the cabinet.

The commissariat—called, for short, Vneshtorg, from two Russian words meaning foreign and trade—controls all foreign business. It exercises a complete monopoly on exports and imports and establishes what amounts to a peaceful blockade. No alien government or individual can do business in Russia without operating through it. It names and directs all the soviet trade delegations overseas, allocates raw materials whether for sale or for the nationalized industry, issues trading licenses, appoints regional economic committees and is the arbiter of grain exports, which constitutes the bulk of soviet business abroad. Why this monopoly? There are various illuminating reasons, all typical of the soviet mentality, which is just another name for evasion, subterfuge and misdirection. First of all, Russian trade without an iron stewardship, backed up in turn by all the tyranny which is synonymous with the political dictatorship, would be at the mercy of individual efficiency and enterprise. A few well-organized firms, employing ordinary free merchandising methods, could put the whole government scheme out of commission, once given the chance. Hence the imperative need of a copper-riveted monopoly which dictates terms and puts fear into the heart of those who oppose its path.

The second reason is that through the trade monopoly all foreign political policies are tied up with whatever soviet economic penetration goes on in outside countries.

The Third Internationale Receiving a Flag of the Paris Commune. On Top at Extreme Left is Kalinin, President of Soviet Russia. In the Center is Cost, the French Communist Delegate Who Brought the Flag. At Extreme Right—on Top—is Enukydze

Every soviet trade delegation camouflages a propaganda offensive. I can best—or worst—illustrate this with what has come to be known as the Berlin episode.

During the spring of 1924 a particularly dangerous German communist sought by the police took refuge in the offices of the Bolshevik trade delegation in the German capital. Disregarding his plea that he was on foreign soil, they broke into the premises, took him prisoner and made a thorough search of the establishment. They found indisputable evidence that Moscow was not only financing but helping to arm the German Communist Party with a view of bringing about a revolution.

I might add that similar attempts are being made in France and England, to say nothing of Egypt and India. If the truth were known, it would be disclosed that the Reds had a finger in the Chinese war which began in September, especially in connection with the activities of Chang-tso-lin, the war lord of Manchuria. The utter demoralization at Canton is entirely due to Red agitation.

The third reason lies in the opportunity afforded by the artificial manipulation of exports to create a good impression abroad. As you will presently see in detail, the operations in grain —and to a much lesser degree in other products—which gave the government its much advertised favorable trade balance have been nothing more or less than a piece of jugglery that violates every sound economic principle.

The fourth involves the all-important element of price fixing. If you know anything about the nationalization of Russian industry, you also know that the cost of production, due to general inefficiency, duplication of effort and factory slacking, is abnormal. If Nature took its course, as it were, Russian products could not begin to compete with German, American or British goods in the markets of the world. The Foreign Trade Monopoly makes the peasant, who is by far the principal consumer, pay for all this costly overhead in everything he buys, so that the output sold abroad, such as it is, can be brought down to something like a fair level for competitive purposes.

The Big Seven

FIFTH and last is the invariable political impulse which animates every soviet endeavor. To comprehend this, you must again be told that the big seven Stalin, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Bukharin, Tomsky, Rykoff and Trotzky—who rule Russia are able to do so because, as I pointed out in the preceding article, they occupy the commanding heights. These strategic points are the dictatorship of the Communist Party, the nationalization of industry and the Foreign Trade Monopoly. The loss of any one of these positions would impair their mastery. Control of foreign trade and all its subsidiaries, therefore, is a link in a close-knit interlocking system which enables the government to impose its will.

For a considerable period the Vneshtorg carried on alone. With the expansion of the New Economic Policy, and particularly the resumption of economic relations with Germany and England, a subordinate agency—a state import and export trading office—was established. It is more frequently referred to as the Gostorg, a contraction of the Russian words meaning government and trade. If the Vneshtorg is compared with the Department of Commerce, then the Gostorg may be likened to the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, save that it has more latitude.

The Gostorg has a corporate form in that it has a capital of 30,000,000 gold rubles. Like the soviet industrial trusts, it has merely borrowed the terms of capitalism, and for all practical, or impractical, purposes is a tool of the Foreign Trade Monopoly, which guides the policies. It specializes in the export of wheat, barley, rye, oats, timber, flax, hemp, fur, hides, skins, bristles, butter and eggs. It imports cotton and wool, semimanufactured goods, technical equipment for factories, electric lamps and foodstuffs.

Now for the third agency which figures prominently in the war on capital. It is the Commissariat for Internal Trade, formed during the spring of 1924, and is the link between the government and the sovietized coöperatives. In backing up the cooperatives it became one of the weapons brought to bear on private capital and enterprise.

You may possibly recall that in my article on the New Economic Policy it was pointed out that, at the behest of the government, the All-Russian Central Union of Consumers' Coöperatives instituted a boycott on all privately owned shops because they had garnered 85 per cent of the retail business. This menaced the communist structure.

The coöperative establishments, together with excessive rents, taxation and intimidation through the State Political Police, are all being employed to put the private dealer

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TRAFFIC IN SENTIMENT

YOU'VE seen that look on a woman's face when she suddenly remembers forty miles away that she forgot to empty the pan of drip-water under the ice box? She looked like that.

"Well, how about some nice roses, then? The Scott Key roses are that shade of red," hopefully imparted the young man backgrounded by the season's choicest floral offerings.

For the third time the young lady in the velours hat shook her head and wildly eyed everything in the glass case of the flower shop.

"Dahlias?" suggested the young man. "Now we have some beautiful specimen dahlias in wine red——"

Her smile became weakly patient but violent. Then in desperation she made her confession. She wanted that light-red shade of chrysanthemums, and nothing else would do. The young man who had sent her the flowers would be at her home in half an hour. Not being aware he was coming at all, she had given all the blooms to a friend who was having a party. Now she simply had to duplicate his gift, and have a vase of the same kind of flowers in the room when he called.

"It's really too early in the season for them," said the salesman. "But please wait one minute I will see whether I cannot locate some for you."

He stepped to a telephone, called a wholesale dealer in "mums." The answer to the question put was negative; there were none of that variety coming into the cut-flower market of New York. A second call—to a New Jersey grower of odd varieties who disposed of his blooms direct to retailers.

Yes, the grower had just begun cutting a few daisy chrysanthemums—and he'd sold four bunches of that shade to a Madison Avenue shop that morning. A third telephone call revealed that this shop had two bunches left. "I'll send right around for them"—and as the salesman hung up the receiver a waiting boy dashed out a side door on his way to Madison Avenue.

History Written in Flowers

A LITTLE later a comparatively calm young woman walked out of the store with a large box under her arm still having ten minutes left of her desperate half hour. Inside the plate-glass window a young salesman metaphorically rubbed his hands and sighed a deep sigh of content. Count that day lost when the florist of today doth not do his six kind deeds.

The other morning while all was comparatively quiet a youth with a Prince of Wales shirt came in and while purchasing a boutonnière made it known he knew a young lady who was traveling abroad. On the tenth of November, he confided, she would be in Paris, on the twenty-first of the month in Marseilles, on the thirtieth in Genoa, and on December tenth in Lucerne. And after that he didn't know where she'd be and neither did she. Now what he wanted was to have something nice in the way of flowers in her hotel room in each one of these places when she arrived. But the big point was he wanted to find out her future plans and particularly where she'd be for the two weeks after she left Lucerne. Wasn't there some way the florist —— You see, her birthday happened to be on the twentieth of December.

While the florist was cogitating on this one the telephone rang. A feminine voice on the other end of the wire wanted a rush center piece for a small luncheon she had suddenly decided to give. After the florist had offered several suggestions and the lady had finally made her choice there was a pause.

"And I hate to trouble you, but could you have two bottles of olives sent along? We haven't a soul to send."

That same afternoon a young debutante called up, appealingly asking what the florist thought would be funny in the way of floral favors for a dinner they were giving as a joke to some boys. Oh, not really flowers, you know. An hour later there tripped up the steps of a residence in the east fifties a messenger who bore a box containing twelve old-fashioned bouquets made of the season's fairest—vegetables. With each were ribbons that swore at each other in the strong language of colors.

A Church Altar Ready for Easter. At Right—Society Women Assisting at a Flower Show

Consider the florist of today. He wears the flowing mantle of Romeo Montague; he is the Ladies' Aid Society and the tenth wonder of the business world, all rolled into one. He must be able to dash off touching little messages that will tell it all but never too much. He must be as funny as Ed Wynne if the trade demands it. And the worst of it is he likes it! The florist is writing business history.

It is an open secret that prohibition has changed the character of the metropolitan florist business. It may seem a long and far-fetched way from the bubbling glass raised high, to so natural and unsullied an institution as the harvest of roses, daffodils, violets, and the like, which line the refrigerators of our blossom shops and make up our national industry of flowers. But the relation is not such a flimsy one as it may on the surface appear.

In the old days it was nothing to have one Broadway beau order two thousand dollars' worth of orchids or other blooms for one single party. There was something in the expansive character of the evening festivities to come which mellowed all his plans beforehand. The sky was the limit when it came to decorations. Those were the days of the Oriental-garden effect upon which a host was willing to lavish thousands of dollars; of the miniature jungle copied with lavishness and care, with a living green carpet for jeweled slippers, and tropical birds to add their cadences to a mounting concatenation of conversations. That was the time when the cherry tree bloomed beside each snowy napkin.

The host did not care what nor how. He wanted it to be beautiful and extravagant.

What the Modern Florist Sells

BUT this era of the prince of a party giver has passed. The days of the fine old spender are no more. The bootleggers' régime has not proved a gilded one as far as the old beauty and splendor of decoration are concerned. The former lavish type of metropolitan floral business has passed on—even as Delmonico's, Rector's, Murray's, Churchill's and other places of cherished memories have been relegated to a golden past.

What has happened next, then, in the florists' business?

Selling sentiment to Americans may sound as chimerical a project as shooting a rocket to the moon. Yet this is one of our newest and most energetic industries. If you're interested in figures, here is a set: Americans bought sentiment this past year for a sum estimated at two hundred and fifty million dollars.

Ten years ago if you asked the average florist just what he was engaged in purveying he would without doubt have given you a mixed glance, wondered where the catch in the question lay and then answered, "Flowers." Today put this same query to any forward-going floral merchant. He will after a moment of thought reply—well, how can man define that which Webster himself described only as a noble response of feeling? Shall he call it the message of the rose, the stuff dreams are made of, the love letter that need not be written, the kiss that is blown on the breath of a violet—yea, even the joke that need not be told? Well, anyway, the florist, the modern Quixote, will make it known to you he is dealing in that.

There is a new heroine in the flower shop. Shall we call her Cinderella? She is the girl who comes in on her noon hour and lingers wistfully over the purchase of a single rose. She has taken the place of that famous Florabelle of the novels and the magazine stories who always sent her

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ALIVE AND SINGLE

Elmer Stared, Unbelieving, Outraged, at the Shameless Intrusion of Mrs. Shaw

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

LE'S see. I'll say, 'Yes, sir, a man fixed the way you are can't afford to be without this here Little Giant Knitter, the machine that c'n turn out a sock quicker'n a woman c'n darn one.' I'll say ——"

Uncle Clem's whisper of rehearsal faded into a pantomime of moving lips and hands. Elmer, sulkily glad to be thus relieved of his usual task of attempting, with predestined futility, to refute the printed argument, let the lines droop on the backs of the fly-blanketed horses and gave himself over to the luxurious and whole-hearted self-pity of his twelve years. He was sick of peddling. He held it responsible for the little puffs that seemed to explode at every plodding step of the team, for the fine haze of dust that hung in the still air and powdered the wayside grass and leaves to a hot parched yellow, for the monotonous, complaining clack and creak of the wheels, protesting against the heat that lay close and thick and heavy over the flat floor of the valley, walled in by the field-checkered hillsides. He blamed it for last night's unrestful slumber on a lumpy corn-husk bed just under the slant of a fiery tin roof, for a slovenly breakfast in a blazing kitchen, and, with the deepened bitterness of the new convert, for a social disadvantage of which, till yesterday, he had been blithely skeptical.

He had always known, of course, that certain grown-up people saw something discreditable in Uncle Clem's engaging occupation. His mother had held strongly to this view, so that Elmer couldn't brag about Uncle Clem to the Ellersville boys whose fathers and uncles stayed ingloriously at home. Uncle Clem himself had sought to impress the notion on Elmer, reminding him that he was sprung of a proud race, the Bixbys, and that one of these days he would grow up to be something much better than a peddler. Until yesterday Elmer had listened tolerantly to such adult fallacies; grown-ups, even Uncle Clem, were ridiculously wrong about so many things that one error more or less wasn't worth disputing.

Even last night he hadn't cared when the surly stranger who'd bought the old Henderson farm had roughly ordered them off the place instead of providing supper and bed. Such things had happened before and would happen again; it was a world mysteriously spotty and various, but in the main agreeable. He hadn't minded the dismal supper at the next house. He'd gone back light-heartedly enough, afterward, to inspect a likely swimming hole under a bridge, and met the boy and girl he'd seen standing in the doorway during that interview at Henderson's.

"G'on outa this, you thievin', peddlin' trash!"

He could have licked the boy maybe, but it was the girl who yelled the loudest. He could hear her yet; she made a kind of a song of it, in a high, keen voice that followed him down the road.

"Thievin', peddlin' trash!"

Elmer scowled at the plodding hoofs and said it over to himself, as if he were addressing some other boy. The worst of it was that he'd kind of liked their looks; he'd been glad when he caught sight of them paddling in the shallows above the bridge. If he hadn't been traveling in a peddler's van they'd have been friendly like as not.

"Turn in yonder, Elmer." Uncle Clem interrupted his rehearsal abruptly. "Might as well wash the van—best place for it we'll strike this side of Union."

Elmer nodded without speech and turned the team into a track of ruts between tall weeds. There was a pleasing feel of water in the breath of air that stirred through the thin shade of bass and popple, and the horses lifted their heads a little and seemed to hurry. They splashed through knee-deep shallows to a gravelly shoal. Elmer unhitched them, let them stand in the stream to drink with long, satisfied, sipping noises, tied them in the shade loosely enough to let them browse a little on young twigs, while he helped Uncle Clem wash down the van.

Usually this was pure fun—better fun even than going swimming. You stood in cool water that lapped agreeably about your bare legs; you splashed it up on the dusty paint and saw the colors emerge, bright and new, and fade again almost as quickly as they came; you rubbed with a sopping cloth and again with a piece of shammy.

Afterward you enjoyed your swim all the more for these preliminaries.

But today Elmer's pleasure was overcast and melancholy, almost an added grievance. He kept thinking of those children back at the Henderson place. There was a reminder of the little girl's high, spiteful voice in the hungry hum of the big red-headed horseflies that hovered over his bared shoulders, and their bite was no more malicious than the sting of the remembered words. He slashed at them savagely with the dripping cloth. Thieving, peddling trash!

"Guess that's more like it," said Uncle Clem, standing back to behold the effect. "Ought to have done it yesterday. Sight of folks goes by looks, Elmer." He rummaged under the seat and produced a cake of Skin-Shine, the Supersoap. "Might as well make a good job of it while we're here."

Smeared in a plentiful and aromatic lather, Elmer plunged gloomily into the pool below the ford. Uncle Clem, having assembled the Jiffy Shaver, ministered to cheek and jaws with many experimental rubbings between scrapes. Resorting afterward to Skin-Shine and the pool, he produced the telescope which held his Sunday suit and Elmer's.

"Can't help being peddlers," he announced, opening this, "but we don't have to go round lookin' like tramps anyhow."

Dressing, still harried by the horseflies, Elmer saw with approval that Uncle Clem's shirt was decently boiled and stiff of bosom, that the rubber collar above it glittered impressively in the sun, that, instead of the familiar black string tie, Uncle Clem withdrew from stock a daring new one, blue, with white spots.

They hitched up gingerly and Uncle Clem drove out. Once beyond the shelter of the popples, the heat descended on them like a blanket and Elmer's mild pleasure in his respectable attire gave way to a rational attitude toward its discomfort.

"Hadn't ought to 've got all dressed up," he said. "I'm roasting "

"Git used to it, I guess." Uncle Clem twisted his neck unhappily in the embrace of the rubber collar. "Can't afford to go round lookin' like gypsies anyhow."

He gave the lines to Elmer and resumed his study of the knitting-machine pamphlet. The van moved slowly through the deep dust toward the foot of the western hill, where Elmer could see the farmhouses scattered along the turnpike that drew a scar across its face: inviting homesteads, set in the grateful green of orchards and shading elms and maples. Elmer identified them from memory easily enough. The nearest one, at the corners where the flats road joined the pike, was Hub Massey's, where they'd try to sell that knitter; the next one, on the way north, belonged to Mrs. Libby Shaw.

Elmer's eye slanted shrewdly at the sun. It was possible that they'd finish at Hub Massey's in time to be at Mrs. Shaw's by noon. A comforting thought of broiled chicken and young corn appeased his discontent, and his glance came back to Uncle Clem with a deepening respect. He wondered whether that same thought had prompted the van washing and the resplendent rubber collar. Broiled chicken and, conceivably, green-apple pie

"It says something pretty good in here," said Uncle Clem. "Never thought of it just that way before "

He read aloud from the canvass

"'Every agent should bear constantly in mind that all the advantage of position lies with him, and should never fall into the absurd, dispiriting idea that the customer controls the situation. The agent might be likened to a general who approaches battle fully armed and ready, with a considered plan of attack, against an opponent who has had no warning. He is like a debater who has provided himself in advance with every argument in favor of his cause, who has learned to refute every possible argument against it; while the customer is like one who has had no notice that there is to be a debate, who knows nothing of its subject or of the arguments on either side, and who, besides, has had no training or practice in disputation. Under such conditions, surely, every advantage lies with ——'"

"Huh!" said Elmer darkly. "Man 't wrote that never tried to sell goods to Mr. Massey. If he had I bet he'd own up 't there was one customer 't had some practice at arguin'. Clean talk a body's ear right off, Mr. Massey would!"

Uncle Clem nodded.

"Great hand to argue, Hub is, for a fact, but we make out to sell him somethin' most every trip. One thing about Hub—he'll always give you all the time you want Leave him talk himself tired and you can sell him, same as anybody else."

Elmer frowned. If Hub Massey was going to talk himself tired this morning, there wouldn't be any question of broiled chicken and green-apple pie. They'd stay at Massey's for dinner and have the truck that old bachelors lived on when they did their own cooking—baker's bread and milk, mainly, fried ham if you were lucky!

The prospect displeased Elmer as the van stopped in the shadow of Massey's big white barn and the owner, riveting a broken tug strap in the tool room, gave them his customary greeting:

"Might 's well save your breath, Bixby. You couldn't sell me a gold dollar for thutty cents this morning."

"Don't carry 'em in stock," said Uncle Clem, descending; "but I got somethin' 't you need a sight more. Yes, sir, a man 't's fixed the way you are just can't afford to git along without one of these here Little Giant Knitters—machine 't'll turn out a new sock quicker'n a woman c'n darn an old one. Yes, sir "

"That shows you ain't thought much about it, Bixby," said Massey. He emerged, carrying the half-repaired tug—a lean man, deeply sun bitten, his melancholy mustache seeming to lift and stiffen with the joy of combat. "Shows you ain't made a study of women the way I hev, or you wouldn't come tryin' to tell me how quick they c'n darn a sock. Do it same as they go at everything—shilly-shally and fuss and no git-thar, fiddlin' round with a needle an' a chiney egg, 'stead of sewin' the hole up sensible, same as a man would. No, sir ——"

Elmer listened with a reluctant, critical approval of Mr. Massey's technic. Uncle Clem had no chance to swim against the flow of speech that burst from him. It made Elmer think of the way the first rush went through the head race of a gristmill when the sluice gates were prized up.

"Absolutely c'rect, Mr. Massey. That's jest what I was tellin' Elmer here, drivin' over." Uncle Clem had recourse, Elmer noted, to his favorite device of feigned agreement "Yes, sir, I says to Elmer 't a man 't showed as good sense about womenfolks as you, Mr. Massey, 'd be mighty glad of a chance to git a first-rate knittin' machine without havin' to marry one."

He chuckled gently. Massey brushed the interruption aside

"Show's you ain't thought about it, Bixby, not deep, the way I hev. If it was jest a case of marryin' a knittin' machine, I'd 've got one a long spell back, same as a sight of men do 't figure women ain't changed since they was young. Figure they're gittin' a good thing, same as it says in the Bible—not only a knittin' machine but a whole

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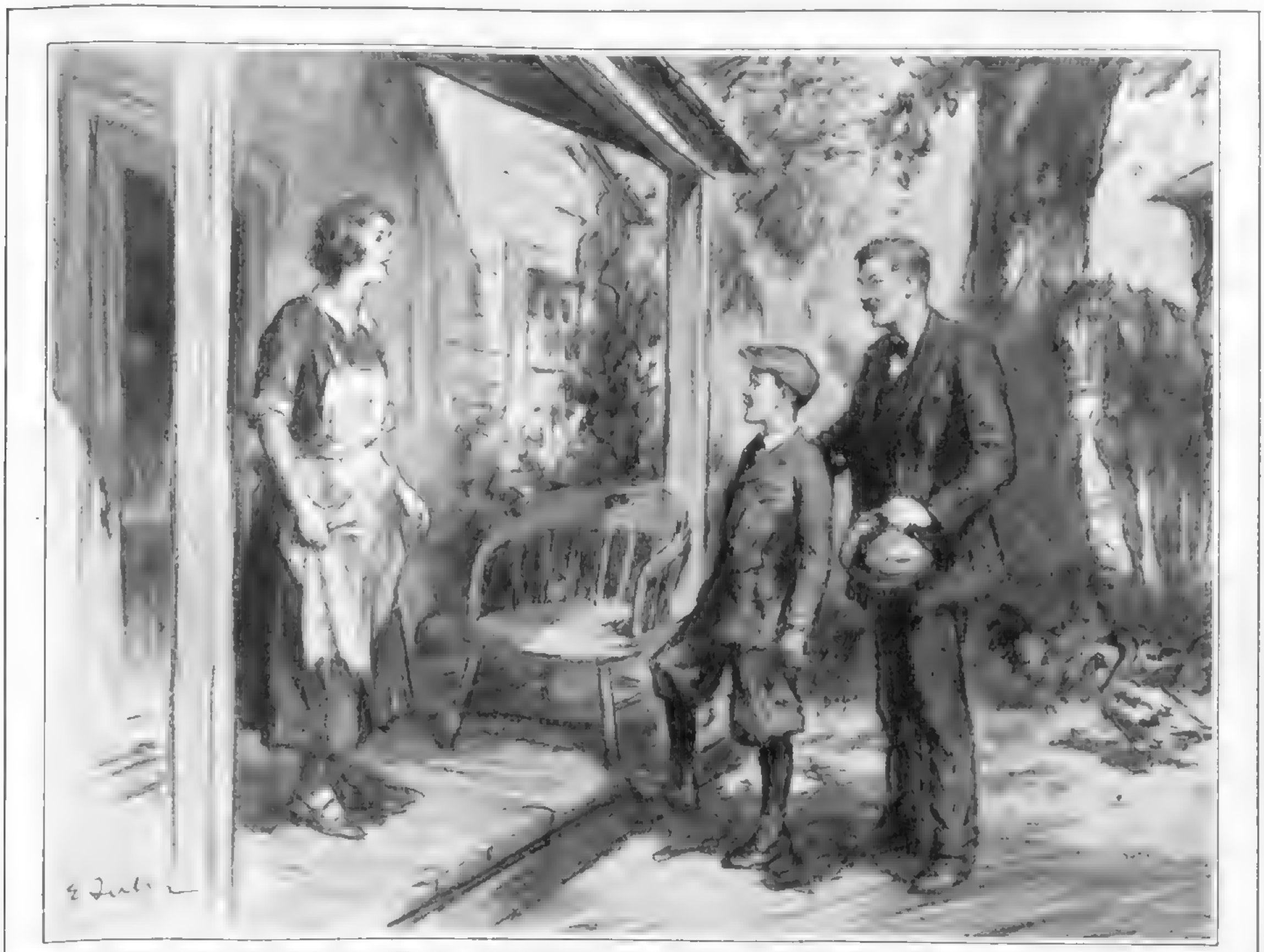

His Affections Reached Out Strongly to Mrs. Libby Shaw as Her Neat, Generous Figure Appeared in the Doorway and Her Amiable, Deliberate Voice Greeted Him

DOUBLING FOR CUPID

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

AS IT says in that famous Dago poem about hell that General Sherman wrote, "A friend in need don't stay that way if you are a friend at all"—or something.

Anyways, acting on the poet's advice is how I come to rush right to Al Goldringer when I got into that awful mess over Lady Violet Armington.

On account I figured here is Al, he's been starring me in the pictures a good many years now, and what with my artistic tantrums, which, being a conscientious actress, why I have had them at regular intervals; with my hatred of publicity when I don't get enough of it, my sudden bursts of intelligence when it comes to salary and etc.—well, I thought, if Al Goldringer don't understand and sympathize with me in this terrible crisis in my life, why my name ain't Marie La Tour; and anyways, he'd better take a little interest in my troubles; he's got a half-million-dollar contract with me this year and if I decided to have a successful nervous smash instead of a smashing nervy success, where will he get off on income-tax day? Besides, he is a friend of mine. I like him so good I am willing to put him to no end of bother.

"Mrs. Smith," She Says, "May I Ask How It Happens That Lady Violet Is Visiting Here?"

Well, I realized where when a lady is going to tell a man the awful trouble she is in, it doesn't hurt her case any to take a few extra pains about looking attractive. A little waterproof make-up and a new French hat will never make him feel any less sorry for her. And so I acted according, snapping into a snappy costume of the new nutty brown. Then I pinned a nice fresh oilcloth gardenia on my left shoulder, sprayed myself with that new French perfume Jazz Mine Boquet and started out the front door of the palatial home I and Jim had built on Long Island and long green, but we have learned to refer to it as our little place. Well, anyways, I come down the humble doorstep of real Tarrarah marble, to where my new Risotto-Duplex was waiting to be stepped into and on, and there who would stop me for the third time but a certain young shadow actor.

For several weeks now this lad had been hanging around, making himself as hard to get rid of as a forkful of spaghetti. He was a handsome kid, and long before he unloaded the news to me I realized he had the idea he would screen good. Whereas more then likely he would only screen good if it was one of these heavy Jap screens and he omitted to come out from behind it. I had already pointed this out to him twice, and I was getting tired of being held up like that all the time.

"What, you here again?" I says. "Say, listen, buddy, run along and get a nice job washing dishes, where the money is regular. Or learn to be a plumber and get rich."

"Oh, I say, Miss La Tour, if you'd only listen!" he says. "I really do want to get into the motion pictures so badly!"

"So badly is just the point!" I says, fed up to the point where my temper was wore thin as a modern stocking. "Now I'm telling you, John Actor, I don't want to be bothered any more. I've seen altogether too many picture aspirins in my day, and I'm not encouraging them to mistake my house for a booking office. If you're really a ham, go find a delicatessen store and trim yourself up with cloves. But don't let me catch you hanging around here again. I have no jobs to give out. If you want to warm a casting director's bench, try Goldringer's or Silvermount; but in future please kindly remember this is private property."

The kid flushed up at that and commenced to back away.

"I'm sorry," he says. "I don't mean to be offensive, really. But I did hope you might listen to me. It's so deuced hard to get a start in the movies when you don't know how."

Well, as long as he put it that way, why I got remorse over my harsh words too. I held out my hand.

"Well, I'm sorry I was short," I says. "Will you shake for good luck? You see, a person like I, which is in the foremost place on the screen, why you've got to understand we are bothered to death by inexperienced people wanting us to get them in the pictures. Honest, you better give the idea up."

Well, to that he says never, and I says I can lead you to believe me, but of course I can't make you accept what I say.

And then I stepped into the Risotto and was whirled away in a cloud of dust, or would of been, only it's a paved road, leaving the poor kid standing there, his hat in hand, looking forlorn like the end of the first reel in pretty near any extra superfeature.

Well, I don't know was he twins or one of these dual personalities you read about, but how ever he managed it, when I got to Goldringer's office, having stopped on my way only long enough to match a sample of Duck's Teeth Crepe for ma, there was the aspirin sitting on the mourners' bench, the same hat in the same hands, the same hopeful grin on his face.

"You see, I've lost no time taking your advice," he says, getting up and bowing when I made my entrance. "I'm trying Goldringer again."

"I'll bet you are!" I says. "Trying him beyond endurance!"

With which crack I walked right on into the private office, to which I had blanc mange, as the French say, at all hours. Inside was Al, the usual amount of cigar in the regular place, and from around it he let out a grunt.

"Shut the door quick!" he says. "There is a pest outside, a boy that ain't got no home. I'll have to be buying a new bench already if he don't quit soon. How are you? Sit down."

"Oh, Al, I've come to make trouble for you," I says.

"Trouble?" he says. "You think you can make trouble for me? Listen! I got so much trouble already. You can't possibly! What d'you think that low-life Silvermount has done with that foreign woman, eh?"

"Whatte. you mean—Nasha Mola?" I says, interested right away.

"That's her!" says Al, punishing the butt. "She's the one!"

"Well, just remember you refused to sign her on at any price, Al," I says. "And you laughed yourself sick when Silvermount gave her that five-year contract. You said you always knew she'd be a flop, and you got good judgment."

"Apple sauce!" yells Al. "I'm not, she ain't, there's the whole business! A Diamond in the Mud is going over big!"

"Huh! That's her new picture, the one by Wienerschnitzel, the Viennese roll, ain't it?" I says. "What is it doing?"

"Close to a million dollars!" Al hollered in agony. "And I could of signed her for a measly six hundred a week, only I was a fool. I thought these foreign dolls was all trash. Oy gevald!"

"You had a better reason then that, Al," I says. "You claimed the only kind of stuff she could do was these parts about a girl that trips through life until she falls, and that you thought the American public wouldn't stand for it. Come now, Al, you've never made nothing but clean pictures, and you ain't lost anything by it yet."

"One million dollars—she calls it nothing!" says Al. "I lose a chance like that, and you say you can make me trouble! Ha!"

"You win," I says.

Al suddenly become more calm, but awful serious.

"I'm going to tell you why I am worried this way, Marie," he says. "You are my friend, see, so I can trouble you with my worries. Now don't get excited and think I am not satisfied with you personally. Believe me,

you and Pickford have got positions in the pictures nothing can touch. But you ain't my only unit. When a rival pulls a novelty like this Nasha Mola, I also got to have a foreign sensation at once. The exhibitors demand it."

"Yes," I says, "that's right. I suppose you really had ought to dig up some vamp with a trick name, if only for the publicity. Ain't there anybody you can think of?"

"I can think of them," says Al, "but only in my imagination. Nasha is alone in her class. What I need is a equal sensation—a knock-out, somebody who will be exactly like Nasha, only entirely different. But where will I get her? I got to or I'm a back number. Besides, I have more troubles yet."

"Hot bozo!" I says. "Hurry up and get through! Say, boy, you haven't any real troubles! Didn't you make five million dollars last year? Aren't L. V. Mason & Co. back of you solid? And don't their man MacIntosh work hand and glove with you?"

"Right!" says he. "Perfectly right, all but the details. Firstly, L. V. Mason ain't behind me like it should be. I been trying to get old man Buckman to say that L. V. Mason & Co. will carry the new program, and the only way they are solid behind me is in the head. Then secondly, their man MacIntosh, that they got setting upstairs here, says nothing doing unless we get something as good as Nasha. The gloves he's working with me is boxing gloves.

"What that guy don't know about pictures! But pictures on dollar bills, that's different. Them he knows! And thirdly, I didn't make five million dollars; I lost it! Yeh, you're right—all except for the details!"

"Oh, so it's the backers want a novelty put out!" I says. "Well, when them Wall Street babies start handing out apple sauce, I don't blame you for getting worried. You sure have got my sympathy, Al; and now maybe you will let me have a little of yours."

"Sure!" says Al. "I suppose you got to have your dressing room reupholstered from pink silk to blue on account pink makes you nervous, or something!"

"No, Al," I says. "This is real trouble. It's over Lady Violet Armington, this English beauty that you seen the pictures of all over the Sunday papers yesterday."

"Her?" says Al. "Yeh, she's some kind of a society swell, ain't she?"

"Some kind of a swell!" I says, indignant. "Why, she's the original one! Next to the Prince of Wales, she is the classiest English person ever come to this country! She's not alone beautiful and young but rich and related to crowned heads and everything!"

"Oh, that's the one, is it?" says Al. "Sure, I know now! Well, what's she done to you?"

"Nothing!" I says with a gasp. "But I met her coming over on the boat three weeks ago when I was bringing them new dresses back from Paris. She was on the Cantdetainia, and we got to be real chummy."

"So?" says he. "What's the complaint?"

"Al, I asked her to come and visit me at my home down to Rosemere sometime," I says. "You know how a person will throw off them invitations without really expecting they will ever get taken up. But Lady Violet's gone and done that very thing. She's been up to Newport, staying with the Vanderbuilts or somebody, and now she's written me a letter saying she'll be with me Monday."

"Well, supposing so; what's wrong?" says Al

"Everything!" I says. "You see, Al, just knowing her on the steamer that way, why I kind of let her think I was pretty doggy myself. Even over in England they know that Rosemere, Long Island, is class. Also, I sort of mentioned the Astors and Belmonts and such people, and she got the impression I call them Vincent and Ollie. Hot bozo! I never dreamed she'd actually come there, see, and here I am without even a bowing acquaintance in the town outside of the grocer and other members of the credit association."

"Well, well!" says Al. "Ain't there a social leader there needs money? If so, maybe you could arrange something."

"Not a chance!" I says. "The society leader in that town is Mrs. Buckman, the wife of your banker, and maybe she don't know it! She's got one son, and she's so scared some girl will get him she builds fences around him. They're awful stingy, awful proud and—hot bozo, maybe I ain't in wrong with them, though!"

"How so?"

"I met her in the dressing room over to the Casino and took her to be the matron," I says, feeling kind of shaky as I remembered it, even. "I asked her for some face powder and shoved a quarter at her. She was kind of large, with gray hair and no hat or make-up, and I just naturally made the mistake. Then as I shoved the change and request in her direction, I caught sight of the diamond bar pin she had on the chest of her plain black dress! Oh, mamma!"

"Ha-ha!" says Al heartlessly. "I'll bet she took the two bits, didn't she?"

"Of course not!" I says. "But she took offense all right. I'll say I queered myself for life in her set, for what the old dame says goes in our neck of the woods. No, the natives aren't going to help entertain any house guest of mine. I sure am up against it, Al. I simply got to show Lady Violet a good time. I have got to give a big reception for her, like I told her I would, and I don't know any people to ask to it. That's why I come to you."

"Me?" says Al, all upset. "I can't go to no receptions, Marie. I'm much obliged, but I ain't got the time."

"No; but you've got to furnish the guests for my party," I says

"Oy gevalt!" says Al. "I don't know who could I get out. Maybe the lodge would attend in a body, but I can't guarantee it."

"No, no!" I yelled. "Thanks very much, but what I've got to have is a big crowd of swells—five hundred at least, assorted ages and sexes. I got to have aristocratic mothers, society girls and boys, middle-aged married couples, members of the younger married set and a few handsome dogs."

"Say, are you crazy, or what?" says Al. "I don't know such people!"

"Yes, you do," I says; "or your casting director does. He hires them every day."

"What you talking about?" says Al.

"Extras," I says, "atmosphere people, with good wardrobes. Al, if I wasn't to give a big reception attended by a crowd, I'd just plain die of mortification after what I have led Lady Violet to expect. She'll only stay over the week-end, see, and she'll never know the difference. I want you to get me a big crowd of extras and a good director to handle them—Ike Welch would be the one: he knows how to keep his mouth shut, and so do you. He can rehearse the scene over at the studio so's they will all be good. I don't want any hitches. Will you do it?"

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"Mr. DeVaux, Meet Lady Armington," I Says, Helpless. And as I Done So I Got Stopped Short by Lady Violet's Face

The Graveyard

Sable Island, Death Ships and Lives—By

THE anchor chain roared down, the Canadian Government supply steamer Lady Laurier swung to her hook; and so, after three days' groping through blind fogs, there we were at Sable Island, the destroyer. The wickedest island in the world, it has for centuries taken heavy toll of the ocean's best in ships and men.

All tawny and olive, I saw it, stretched in an immense crescent of twenty-two miles right across our bows. A strange sight, that was, through the lifting fog, to come upon out there one hundred and eighty miles east of Halifax, in full Atlantic. Just a heap of sand is Sable Island, treeless, ominous, forlorn. And there hundreds of ships have gone to Davy Jones' locker with losses of life and treasure incalculable.

Aboard and on shore, keen activity tautened every nerve. For this was boat day, the big quarterly event.

"Lots doing now," said Captain Travis. "Nobody'll go to bed this night till two or three. Every minute counts now!"

"A Hard Place, Mister!"

SO IT did. Fair weather bade all hands work swiftly while they could. In an hour some shift of wind might lash up such mad tempests of surf as to make approach suicidal. Once the Laurier tried in vain for seventeen days to land supplies. Occasionally not one civil day will come in a month. So every calm moment is golden for the fifty people of the life-saving establishment, the island's only population.

Winches clattered, boats swung down, tarpaulins whisked from pens where bewildered cattle bellowed. Then the ship's launch took the water; and even as an island lifeboat came cresting out to us, unloading began.

"Sable's dangerous because she lays so close to the sea, without no high land," a steward told me. "Ships sail right on her without suspectin' trouble, 'specially in a fog. And currents run all ways round her, buildin' up new shoals. Them currents often sets ships far off their reckonin'. Funny, but wreckage or bodies on one side o' the island most generally come ashore on the other. A hard place, mister!"

The bars make it perilous indeed. They stretch out so far from the island's ends that vessels have come to grief twenty miles from any visible land. The total danger line exceeds fifty miles. Hardly a rod of all that distance but has gulped down ships and men. A monstrous maw, that! Its most recent ship-swallowing exploits have been the destruction of the racing schooners Esperanto, 1921, Marshal Foch and Puritan, 1922. Some may remember, too, that the famous Valkyrie died there in 1893. But no more, now, of wrecks. We shall soon see wrecks enough.

Difficulties of Landing

"TAKE a long jump, sir!" a sailor bade me. I smashed down on coal bags in a boat. Black dust flew. Oil barrels dangled. An agitated bull in a crate bellowed as he swayed down. Then the launch picked up a long line of overladen boats, and away we lifted, shoreward.

Bronzed and clear-eyed stalwarts were the islanders in the outcoming lifeboat—good specimens of Sable folk. The Canadian Government maintains them all, with a grant also from England of four hundred pounds a year. There are two light keepers, four life-saving-station keepers, three Marconi men and a squad of patrolmen and surfmen, all under a superintendent. Their equipment is the last word in efficiency: self-bailing lifeboats, Lyle guns, breeches buoys and rockets, life cars and mortars. Nothing in the way of apparatus is lacking at Sable.

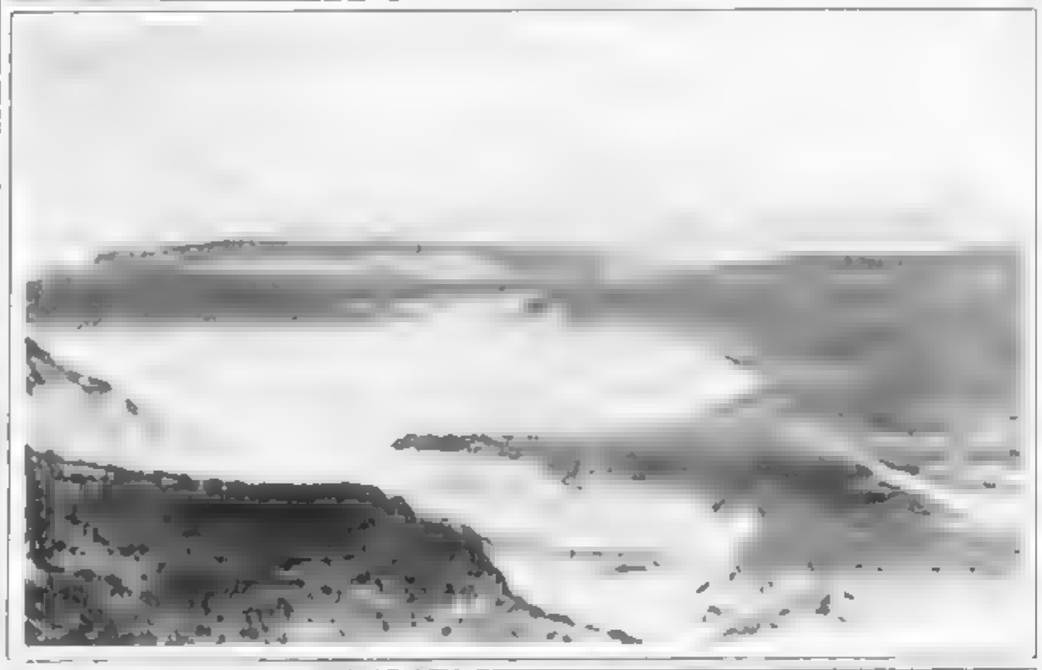
As we surged shoreward, very far to east and west dim lighthouses were visible; a wireless mast; and nearer, among ragged dunes, buildings of the main station. Tiny figures crept along the beach, horsemen galloped, carts churned the sand. Inquiring seals bobbed, regarding us with eyes of wonder. The launch cast us free. Seamen bent immense oar blades. With a mighty heave and roll we struck the sand.

Amid babels of greeting, out the men tumbled knee-deep in swooping brine. Sailors with sinewed arms carried the women passengers ashore. I scrambled for it, and made land.

Jumbled impressions crowded—a tremendous beach backed by grass-topped sand hills; shaggy-maned ponies hauling wagons with broad, sand-defying tires; the bull being dragged and driven to lunge into the surf; islanders in oilskins and rubber boots unloading huge bags of coal. Very far up the beach they toiled with those bags; for only last year a ship landed fifty tons, and during the night a bit of wind came on. By morning every lump had vanished. A hungry sea forever gnaws at Sable.

We labored up a breach in the dunes. Hard going, for the fine sand mounts ankle-deep. Sable Island sand creaks

Here's How the Breeches Buoy Lands 'Em



The Winds Scoop Great Craterlike Bowls Out of the Sand

The Bull Doesn't Like Sable, and Says So

The Super's Home. No Driftwood Shack, But a Proper House

Headed for the Island

The Light on Sable Island

of the Atlantic

Trap of Unnumbered

George Allan England

like frozen snow. The ghosts of buried sea rovers seem protesting the tread of living folk.

We passed storehouses built of ships' timbers, and glimpsed a lifeboat buried so deep that only the scull, or steering iron, still projected. That shattered boat had lain there only a little while.

"But the sand swallers everythin' up, here," an islander told me. "That's why we can't keep real count o' the lives lost. Once the sand ketches bodies, they soon sink down, same as ships do. On the south side you can still see the ribs o' the Amelia, wrecked twenty-five years ago, and the bones o' the Ada Yorke, that struck in 1866, but 'most everything else has gone under. The Foch was all swallered up in no time. All we got out o' her was a few pounds o' butter. An' the Puritan hit in a heavy blow. We only see her once afore she disappeared. She must ha' gone into a hole on the west bar."

A sweltering glare half-blinded us. Sand, sand, everywhere sand. A Sahara in the sea! Over the dune crest, along a vague road skirted by wreck-timber fences, I found proof of the island's prowess as a killer. For there the Rocket House, through wide doors, showed far more than lifeboats and apparatus. There old ships' lanterns and fittings were eloquent; and so were name boards and life belts in profusion mute testimony of sea tragedies beyond all telling.

Faded and worn, storm-gnawed and sometimes nearly obliterated, there you find boards inscribed Olympia, Lord Bury, Golden Bow, Silverwings, Voorburg, Stella Maris and scores of others. There on life belts you read Apache, Skidby, Belgian King, with many more. Your glance falls on a belt where dim letters half-reveal La Bourgogne, Havre. If that belt could only speak!

Children and Cranberries

BUT dinner was awaiting us at the superintendent's house, across a real hayfield, small and sandy, yet boasting grass, wild peas and yarrow. Behind the dunes you find a little peaty soil, only an inch or two thick, yet able to grow grass and maintain the islanders' gardens. Children and cranberries, however, are the island's best crops. Some years Sable exports fifty barrels of cranberries; and as for children, half the population consists of youngsters. Healthy ones too; none finer.

The superintendent, Harold F. Henry, sharply questioned me. He has absolute authority. One of the island rules is that no one shall land or remain without permission. So he had to find out all about me. Who was I, and why? No stranger can walk these sands without giving an account of himself.

Our talk at dinner, of course, turned on wrecks. For these are Sable's business. Other shores are amateur wreck makers. Sable Island is a pro.

"Yes, sir, we have some pretty fierce storms here at the edge o' the Gulf Stream and the Banks," a weather-bitten guard affirmed. "I've seen the sea breakin' twenty-five foot high. The bars are worse'n the beach, for there's a chance of savin' men on the beach. But if a ship hits the bars, there mostly ain't. Them bars shoal off to two hundred fathom, so after a ship strikes and drives over, she's liable to founder with all hands. Times, we find a little wreckage or some bodies ashore and that's all the sign we ever get that a ship's hit one o' the bars."

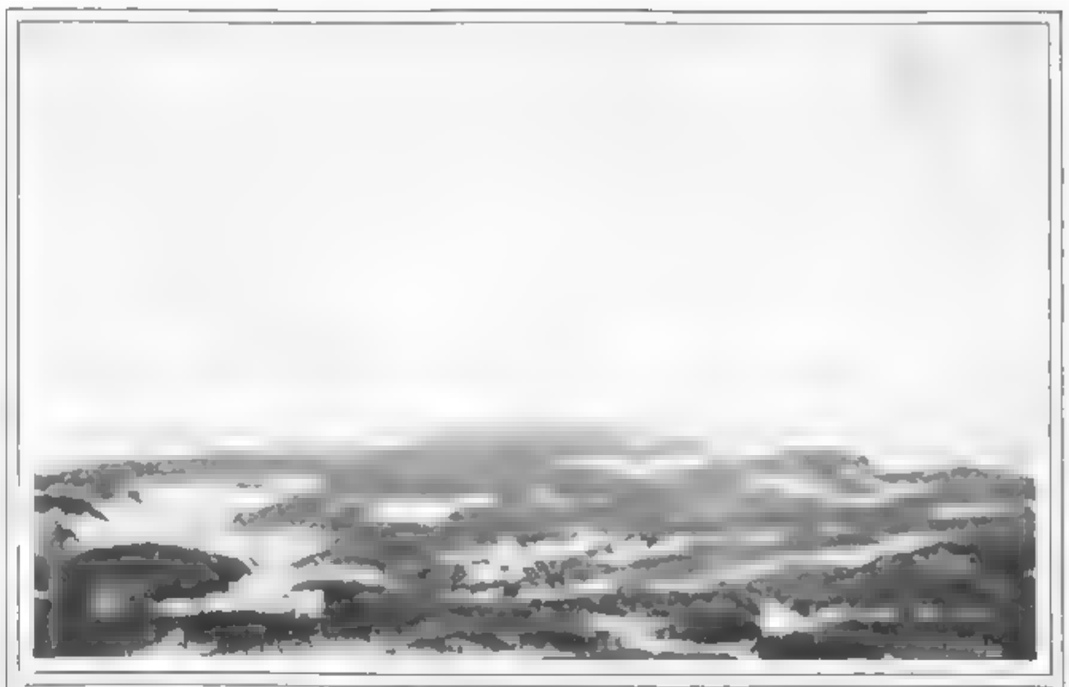
"One wreck sometimes makes another," added a second. "I guess some vessels has hit the old b'ilers of the Skidby, that's still on the bottom off the new station. And I believe the Esperanto struck the machinery of the old State of Virginia at the west end. Them engines must ha' caught the Esperanto as she was racin' acrost what looked like clear water, and ripped her from stem to stern."

Famished Survivors

"WE SEE some pretty hard sights," said the first. "When the Puritan was wrecked, her cap'n, Johansen, come ashore a whole month later. There wasn't much to him but a skiliton, exceptin' for his feet. I mind one time three Frenchmen come ashore in a dory. They'd got lost on the Banks. 'Leven days without grub or water. They couldn't shut their mouths, an' their tongues was all black. We had to split their boots to get 'em off."

"Yes, and that American shacker too," put in another. "A shacker is one man alone in a dory. Fred Wilson, his name was, from the fishing schooner Commonwealth. He was lost six days and nights, with nary bite nor sup. Rowed and drifted ninety mile, sir; and what's more, saved all his trawl. He made Sable in a nor'west gale. We put out through very bold water and got him. His tongue was black as your boot, sir, and

(Continued on Page 161)



Sable Island, the Atlantic Sahara

Every Station Has its Little Fenced-in Garden

Tougher Than Boiled Owls are the Sable Ponies

Wreck of the Marshal Foch

The Perfect Lady

The East Light Keeper's Wife and Family

Joe Yorick Strives to Please

"Who's Telling Tom What to Do?" Put In Joe Yorick

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE Honorable Thomas Jefferson Gentry took a blue bottle from a drawer of his desk in the House Office Building and went with it to a water cooler. He shook white powder from the half-full bottle into a drinking glass, turned water into the glass and watched the mixture boil and bubble and foam soapily. A look akin to despair flitted across the representative's chiseled features, and then he squared his broad shoulders and straightened to his full height of six feet and two inches. His fine blue eyes set in a glare of resolution; he brought the glass to his lips and tossed off the agitated drink. He put down the glass, paced to his desk, sat in his chair, put his hands flat upon his rebellious stomach and stared disgustedly through the window at the United States Capitol.

The soured expression passed from his face and was followed by an aspect of brooding and introspection. He gripped the arms of his chair and sat quite still. The label on the blue bottle proclaimed the contents to be a popular headache remedy, but one could pardonably have supposed that the representative had poisoned himself and was now awaiting the first dread wrench at his vitals. But now contentment dawned in the representative's eyes. It peeped forth at first with timidity, alert to flee on the least alarm; but it gained confidence with time and it spread and brightened until it had informed the representative's whole countenance with a wan but joyful smile.

"My good gosh!" sighed the representative, lifting himself slowly to his feet.

He walked about his office testingly; he shook his head to goad it into action. Satisfied that it had resigned its tyrannous rule and that he might now proceed to the business of government without coddling it, he dismissed it from consideration and sat at his desk again and ran through his mail. He yawned often as he skipped through the missives, and when he came to the last one he leaned back in his chair and put his hand over his mouth and made a noise like the cry of a hungry seal. The volume of the uncouth noise scandalized him; he sat up, blinking. He looked through the window again and noted that it was a fine day and a wretched one to be housebound.

He shook himself sternly and opened a volume of United States Statutes. He read four times the passage indicated by the paper marker and made no sense of it. He frowned terrifically and concentrated all his attention on forcing his lazy mind to mesh with the passage. Thereupon his body, so released from the control of the indwelling spirit, rose of its own volition to its legs and strolled about the office, seeking something to play with. It took a silver-headed stick from a corner, struck tentative blows at the floor and then made so free, during the preoccupation of its master, as to set the law book on the floor and to pretend to address with the stick a golf ball on this improvised tee. It was making a beautiful drive and follow through when the door was opened abruptly behind the disunited representative. He pulled himself together and looked over his shoulder.

A stooping little man was beaming at him across the threshold. The man's gaunt face was red, his large mustache was gray, and these harmonious colors were blended in his shaggy eyebrows and scanty hair. In his right hand was a new derby hat; in his left was a sagging suitcase of wicker with ornamental leather corners.

"Hello, Tom," he cried in a bellow. "How's Tom?"

"Come in," said Tom Gentry.

He discovered the stick upon his left shoulder and lowered it with an ejaculation of annoyance.

The red-gray man entered, stepping flat-footedly and without knee action. He put down his hat and suitcase and caught Tom's right arm by hand and elbow, cuddling it and looking up eagerly as though the arm were a fowling piece which he would discharge at the first target.

"Well, Tom, here I am," he declared. "What do you say?"

"Delighted to see you. What can I do for you?"

The representative released his arm and lifted the book onto his desk again.

"The same old Tom," said his visitor affectionately. "Always wanting to do something for somebody. Here now, you Tom, you go right on with your work and don't mind me. Not interrupting you, am I? Just say so, Tom."

"Not at all," said Tom Gentry. "I was merely ——"

His voice trailed off. He sat in his chair and looked sharply at the little man across from him, but recognized nothing in the detail of the man's undistinguished face. It was a face that was commonplace even to meanness, except as it was redeemed by the guileless gray eyes. As for the rest of the visitor, Tom knew hundreds of men who wore, when carefully got up, blue serge suits as shiny, collars and cuffs as painfully serrated, cravats as washable. He masked his inquiry under a smile that was less than a fair return for the visitor's whole-hearted grin; but, as the little man seemed in no haste to reveal his errand, Tom frowned fleetingly and said, "Really, Mister, I'm tremendously busy today. Won't you tell me what I can do for you?"

The visitor was perturbed for an instant, and then he recovered and said with a touch of slyness, "Letting on you don't know me, hey, Tom? You don't remember shaking hands with me on the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and Seventh Avenue the Saturday night before election? I told you I was thinking of taking a trip to Washington one of these days, and you said you certainly hoped I would and that I should drop in on you and let you show me around. You said your office was going to be headquarters for the people of our district, and it would be a cold day when you couldn't make a visitor welcome, and you shook me by the hand and said, 'Joe Yorick, old friend, if I may call you old friend, bring the wife and kiddies too.'"

"Oh, yes, I do remember the general purport of this," said Tom Gentry amusedly. "So that's where you know me from, eh? Well, Joe, old friend, I'm tickled to death to see you took up my invitation. And did you—did you bring the wife and kiddies?"

"I knew you didn't forget me, Tom," cried Joe Yorick, seizing the representative's hands and wringing them anew. "I bet you are surprised, hey? Here I am, Tom. No, Tom, old-timer, I didn't bring the wife and family this time, but I will next time, sure. That's a promise, Tom. Say, ain't it just great to see somebody from the old home town? Now, Tom, go right on with your work and don't mind me. I'll make myself comfortable, Tom."

He took a newspaper from the desk, seated himself, and leafed over the pages.

"But that wasn't where I knew you from, Tom," he said, glancing up. "That was only where you knew me from. I've known you, Tom, ever since you started in politics, and I bet I heard every speech you ever made. I liked you, Tom, and I boosted for you, and I want to tell you it was the proudest day of my life when you shook me

by the hand and said, 'Joe, old friend, if I may call you old friend, come on to Washington and visit with me, and bring the wife and kiddies too!'"

The little man's genuine loyalty and pride in his acquaintance touched the young congressman and he said unpremeditatedly, "I meant every word of it, too, Joe."

"Don't I know it?" said Joe Yorick. "You're not a man to say one thing before election and another afterward, Tom. Say, Tom, I know you like a book. Wait till the bunch hears about this! They gave me the laugh when they heard I was going down to Washington on the excursion to visit you, but we'll see who'll laugh now, hey, Tom? I says to my son, I says, 'I'm going to Washington and see Tom.'"

"Ha-ha—oh, yes!" agreed the Honorable Thomas Jefferson Gentry, wondering what he was let in for.

"I think I will take my coat off, if you don't mind," said Joe Yorick; and he slipped out of his jacket, displaying new red suspenders. "Slept in it last night on the train. Say, Tom, this reminds me of the speech you made in Mechanics' Pavilion when you came on the platform and you took off your coat and snapped your suspenders and said, 'What's good enough for the American workingman is good enough for me!' Hey, Tom?"

He bent over and unlaced a shoe, pulled it off and limped to the desk, shoe in hand.

"Nail in it," he said, scanning the furniture of the desk.

He picked up the brass paper cutter and proceeded to gouge at the offending nail. This was too much of a strain upon the good humor of a man who had just passed a hectic night.

Tom Gentry said with sudden querulousness, "Now, Joe, won't you be good enough to put on your shoe and coat again and wait outside until I have time for you? I'm really very busy this morning, my dear fellow."

Joe Yorick weighed this utterance and his face fell. He sat down, pulled on the shoe and reached for his belongings.

"You ain't glad to see me at all," he said dispiritedly.

"But you can wait outside, can't you?"

"No, I can't wait outside," said Joe Yorick stubbornly. "You didn't say nothing last election about waiting outside. The bunch were right, Tom. You ain't glad to see me. No, you ain't. You don't look glad. I guess you didn't mean all you said, Tom."

"But I am glad to see you," insisted his representative. "I was never gladder in my life, Joe. Very well, sit down and make yourself at home. Let me have your coat. Here, take your newspaper."

"If you're dead sure I'm not going to be in your way, Tom," said Joe Yorick with delicacy. He permitted himself to be forced back into his chair.

Tom Gentry spoke into his desk telephone:

"If there's anybody else out there that I absolutely must see, Miss Murnane, send him in, will you?"

A thin and spectacled woman in a blue suit of mannish cut and masculine collar and cravat entered the room. Tom Gentry gave over his nervous tapping on his desk and rose to place a chair for her. She chose one for herself and said good morning in a tone that was clear and cold. She placed her brief case on her lap and opened it smartly.

"I am Mrs. Battle," she said. "We sent you a letter, Mr. Gentry, asking you to state your position on Peace and Order, but you didn't answer it. Why didn't you answer it?"

"Have I a letter, Mrs. Battle? I'll look it up."

"No need to," she said, extracting a paper from the brief case. "Here's a copy. Read it and I'll record you at once, for or against. Our association, Mr. Gentry, includes three thousand women's clubs with a membership of seven hundred and thirty-six thousand. Six clubs in your New York district with eleven hundred and forty members. Here's the list. Are you for us or against us?"

The representative scanned the list.

"You are in favor of total disarmament, Mrs. Battle," he said in a wheedling voice. "I don't wish to seem opposed in any way to such a noble movement, but don't you think it is unwise, just a very little unwise, Mrs. Battle, to disarm the country completely while the rest of the world is armed? Perhaps I don't understand."

"There is absolutely nothing to understand about the movement, Mr. Gentry. I will say, however, that we must teach by example and not by precept. The spectacle of this great and rich country totally disarmed will incite enthusiasm in every other country. We shall oppose all appropriations for military or naval purposes. Are you with us?"

"Oh, entirely," said the representative, looking again at the list; "personally and as a matter of principle, Mrs. Battle. It is possible that I may have to be ruled to some extent by the policy of the party."

"We'll whip the party into line fast enough," said Mrs. Battle confidently. "So much for the Peace side of the movement; now as for Order, which is the positive side. Our executive board has decided that the United States must order the Turks to cease persecuting the Christian Armenians, and must also order the Japanese to give freedom to the Koreans."

"But—pardon me for asking light—doesn't this program mean war?"

"Ridiculous!" said Mrs. Battle. "We can't make war without an army or navy."

"Who said war?" demanded Joe Yorick, lowering his newspaper. "We don't want any more war, Tom, not in our district."

"Decidedly not," said Mrs. Battle.

"What we want, Tom," said Joe Yorick, flattered by her indorsement, "is a good strong army and navy. Right, lady? And then those foreigners will let us alone and we will let them alone. That's my advice to you, Tom."

"I do not understand, sir," said Mrs. Battle tartly, "why you offer your advice at this time."

"Ask him," said Joe Yorick. "He will tell you he don't do a blessed thing without getting advice from the district Asked for it, he did. Didn't you, Tom? Remember?"

Mrs. Battle lifted her thin eyebrows scornfully and turned from him.

"What is your answer, Mr. Gentry? Do you propose to stand with us or against us? Your answer will be reflected in the primaries next September, I warn you."

"Now listen, ma'am," said Joe Yorick, amiably tolerant. "Do you think that Tom here cares whether you and your people vote for him or not? You have got a very wrong idea. All Tom cares about is to be right, and he would rather be right than be President, and I often heard him say so myself. So do not talk to him about votes or he will only lose his temper. So you better tell him your proposition and say nothing about votes, and I will speak to my son, who is a member of the American Legion, and ——"

"Is this person your spokesman, Mr. Gentry?" snapped Mrs. Battle. "Kindly let me have your answer in person."

"In a general way," said the representative, looking as angry as Joe Yorick had promised, "and without going thoroughly into the subject or committing myself at this time ——"

"On the fence," said Mrs. Battle grimly. "If you have made up your mind before we introduce our measures in the House, and if we are not then committed to another candidate, we shall be glad to support you for reelection. Our headquarters are in Suite 806 in the Muncie Building, Mr. Gentry. Good morning."

She marched out.

"Say, Tom," chuckled Joe Yorick, "that lady ought to have been at the rally and heard you declare yourself. Hey, Tom?" *(Continued on Page 53)*

"So You Better Tell Him Your Proposition and Say Nothing About Votes, and I Will Speak to My Son, Who Is a Member of the American Legion, And ——"

With Pencil, Brush and Chisel

By EMIL FUCHS

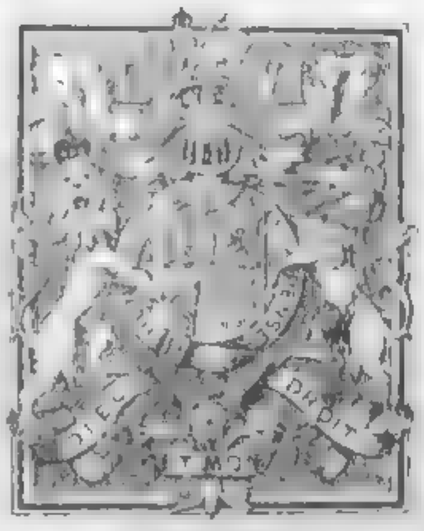
THE day before Christmas of the year 1899, London was enveloped in one of those heavy yellow fogs which can make that city gloomier than any other upon the face of the earth. My work for the Prince had all been delivered, including the marble bust of Edvina Knollys for the Prince's secretary. It was early in the afternoon, and I began to wonder how I was going to spend Christmas Eve, when a messenger came with a note from Marlborough House which read:

"The Prince of Wales invites you to Sandringham. His Royal Highness wishes to consult you about the position of the memorial to the Duke of Coburg about to be erected in Sandringham Church. You are asked to travel down by the 2:35 P.M. train from St. Pancras to Wolferton Station. Sir Arthur Ellis is also invited."

Signed SEYMOUR FORTESCUE

This was an entirely new experience to me and I was not in the least prepared for it. No time, obviously, was to be lost if I was to make the train. Hastily I unearthed my valise, and my housekeeper bustled about filling it with whatever she could lay hands on.

Sandringham Church. At Left—Bookplate of King Edward VII at Sandringham Library



SANDRINGHAM.

Off to Sandringham

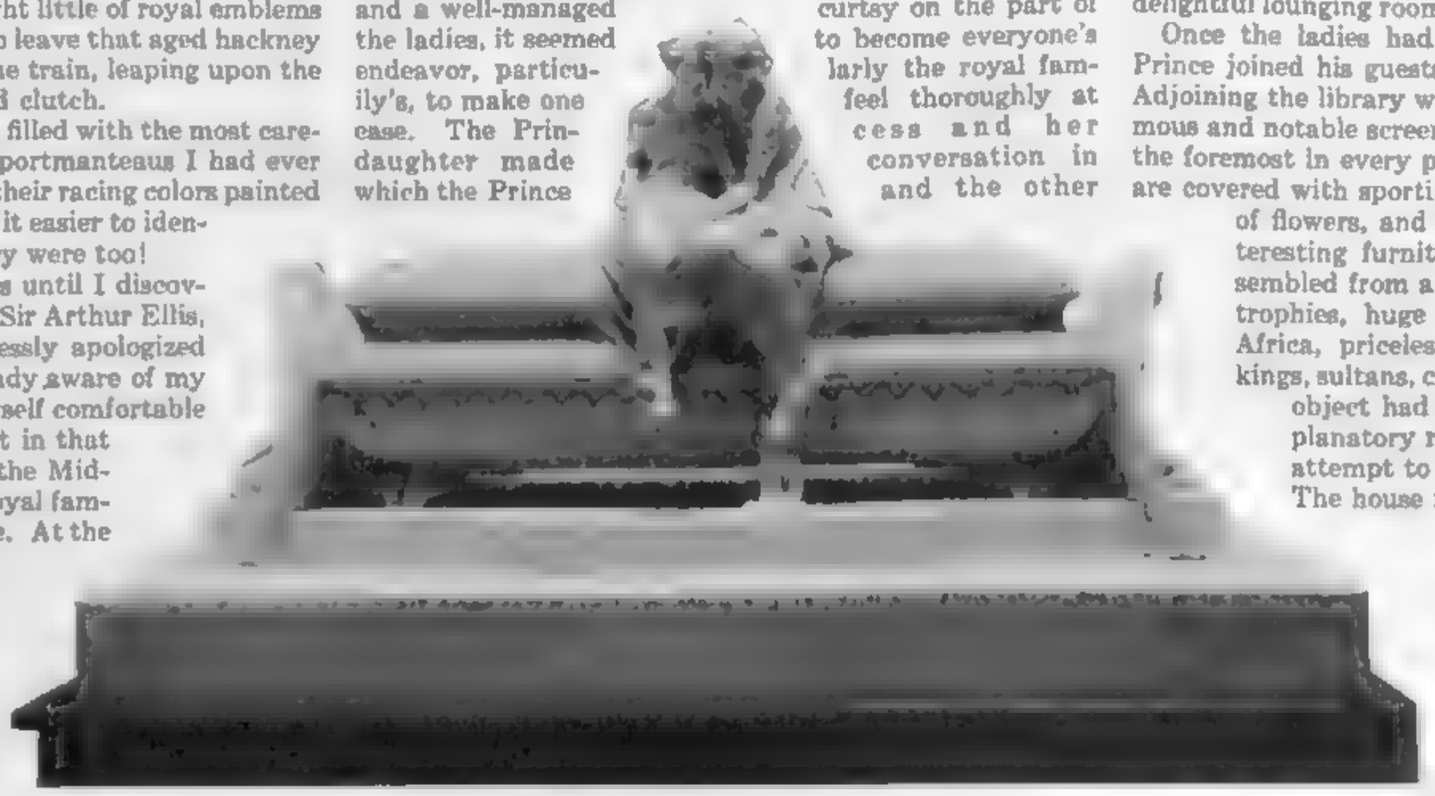
I MADE the train only by flashing upon the cabman the royal arms on the letter with one hand and the color of a gold piece with the other. I never knew which it was that impressed him the more. Those were the days before taxicabs, and one had to figure with the whims of a cynical worldly wise old beast that thought little of royal emblems or gold. Even the whip seemed to leave that aged hackney cold. I just managed to board the train, leaping upon the first carriage that my hand could clutch.

It was one of the luggage vans, filled with the most carefully marked trunks, boxes and portmanteaus I had ever beheld. The sporting guests had their racing colors painted upon their luggage so as to make it easier to identify. And such quaint colors they were too!

I walked through the carriages until I discovered the friendly face of General Sir Arthur Ellis, the equerry to whom I breathlessly apologized for my appearance. He was already aware of my visit and invited me to make myself comfortable in his compartment, not difficult in that luxurious private carriage which the Midland Railroad provided for the royal family. Our first stop was Cambridge. At the second, Ely, the stationmaster called my name, as the Prince wished to know whether I had made the train. At Wolferton, the next station, we were met by the royal carriages, which took us to Sandringham House. Before mounting the Prince genially introduced the guests to one another. It was a family party with only a few old friends.

The royal ladies were already assembled in the great living hall, a room perhaps forty by fifty feet with the dining hall and the reception rooms grouped about it. In one corner was a large piano and facing it a settee with a table, upon which tea was awaiting the guests. A log fire was crackling cheerfully in the enormous fireplace close to the tea table, near which were grouped the Princess of Wales, her daughter Princess Victoria, and Miss Knollys. The Prince courteously presented me to them and to the members of the household, and tea was served. The Princess poured it out herself. Once the presentation was over, with the required formalities of a low bow from the gentlemen and a well-managed curtsy on the part of the ladies, it seemed to become everyone's endeavor, particularly the royal family's, to make one feel thoroughly at ease. The Princess and her daughter made conversation in which the Prince and the other gentlemen joined. As for my part, I kept silent and as much as possible in the background. The Prince, upon observing this, at once invited me to draw nearer and to join them, the Princess and her daughter graciously engaging me in conversation, and the pleasant atmosphere and warmth after the long cold drive began to penetrate me and I experienced a delightful feeling of comfort.

No sooner was tea over than the Prince invited all the guests to the weighing machine at the other end of the room, attended by a servant, to ascertain the weights of all the arrivals. This is an old custom maintained in the house since the illustrious hosts first inhabited it. The machine was equipped with a comfortable armchair and, as the servant announced the weight of each one, a book was handed to the guest in which he inscribed his name, address, the date of arrival and, should he care to do so, some remark in a space specially provided. This book is a collection of perhaps the most celebrated names that any human being could assemble, with the odd addition of their weights. It was amusing to see to what extent this displayed the little weaknesses even of the great. Under the rubric remarks one could read apologetic notes like this: "Very heavy walking suit"; or "Soaking wet—coming in from the rain"; or "Just after dinner." Others would write down a few lines of verse or scrawl a funny drawing. Some of these contributions were surprisingly clever and amusing.



The Sisters—From the Original Model in Marble at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool

A House Like a Museum

THEN an equerry came to the newcomer to show him the wing of the house where he could lounge or write, read or smoke without disturbing the hosts in their living quarters. This room is an enormous library adjoining the big hall and filled with books to the ceiling in shelves of light oak The furniture was upholstered in red leather. No more delightful lounging room could be devised.

Once the ladies had retired to dress for dinner, the Prince joined his guests for a short while in the library. Adjoining the library was the billiard room with an enormous and notable screen, upon which appear the heads of the foremost in every profession of the realm. The walls are covered with sporting prints. The house was a mass of flowers, and the rooms were crowded with interesting furniture, bric-a-brac, and objects assembled from all over the globe, such as hunting trophies, huge elephant tusks from India and Africa, priceless gifts from maharajas, kaisers, kings, sultans, chieftains and lesser mortals. Each object had its inscription, date and some explanatory remark. It would take too long to attempt to describe these, even superficially. The house is in reality a museum.

Upon a word from the Prince that it was perhaps time to dress for dinner, the equerry in waiting or the master of the household or one of the gentleman butlers showed the guests to their apartments. The room assigned to me was in the bachelor quarter, which one could reach through long corridors in a wing

newly added. It was simple but comfortable, and when I entered it I found a valet busily engaged over my open portmanteau, distributing the contents.

"Pardon, sir, my saying so," observed the man, "but your valet must have forgotten ——" And he enumerated a number of objects he had failed to find. An embarrassment fell upon me, and the closer to the bottom of the portmanteau we came, the more the embarrassment grew. There were no white ties, no white waistcoats, and the shirts were innocent of cuff links. The haste, moreover, with which the clothes had been thrown into the bag neither added to the smartness of my appearance nor reflected credit on the precision of my household. I decided to make a clean breast of it all and to throw myself upon the mercy of the man.

I told him that I was neither knight nor noble, but simply an artist without a valet, with only an old housekeeper who knew nothing of packing for such a party, and that I must commend myself to his consideration. He departed and, after evidently holding council with the proper authorities, returned completely self-possessed and informed me that everything would be provided by order of the gentleman butler. And truly in a short time all the things arrived and all my lacks were made good.

Doubtless that valet had reported my plight to his superior, telling it in confidence to perhaps one other friend. That friend had probably whispered it to someone else. In any case, my story must have penetrated to the highest quarters. For the next day when we were all walking to church, the Prince noted that I was wearing patent-leather boots and remarked, laughing, "I hope, Mr. Fuchs, you won't catch cold in those thin boots."

"Pardon, sir," I answered, trying to smile too, "but I was under the impression that at Sandringham eternal sunshine reigned."

With a light tap at the door a servant announced dinner that first evening, and mentioned the particular foreign orders that were to be worn. Different decorations were worn upon different occasions, depending upon whom the Prince desired to honor thus. So that upon one occasion the command would go forth, "Danish orders will be worn tonight"; or, upon another, "Greek orders will be worn." As to those, however, it was a relief to know that they could not have been omitted from the contents of my bag.

Dining in State

IF I DESCRIBE the life of the royal household at Sandringham in some detail, I do it because it calls to my memory some delightful times, and a spacious, happy period in English history which has meant much in my personal life span.

The dinner hour was set each day, depending upon the program. Generally the hour was eight o'clock or a quarter past, but sometimes as late as half past.

The etiquette of the house demanded that the guests assemble five minutes before the appointed time in the drawing-room adjoining the hall, where the ladies and gentlemen of the household were already waiting. That first evening there was General Sir Dighton Probyn, a veteran of the Crimean War, with his picturesque long white beard. He was the comptroller of the Prince's household. Captain Fortescue was the equerry on duty, and then there were Sir Francis Knollys with Lady Knollys and daughter, Edvina; his sister, Miss Knollys, lady in waiting to the Princess of Wales; Sir Arthur Ellis; Edgar Wallace, a special correspondent of the Times who accompanied the Prince on his journeys and wrote the official reports, and Lord Marcus Beresford, keeper of the Prince's stables, and perhaps one or two other personal friends.

A Beauty From Australia. From an Original by Mr. Fuchs

The household engaged the guests in conversation, and presently the equerry in waiting addressed each one and showed upon the chart the place he or she was to occupy at the table. In case a lady was to be escorted to the dining room by royalty she was notified at that time; and in the same manner a man singled out for such an honor was similarly apprised.

The rattle of the doorknobs gave the sign that the royal hosts were approaching and all conversation immediately ceased. The doors were thrown open wide and the family entered in procession. First came the Prince and Princess of Wales; then the Duke and Duchess of York, who lived in York Cottage upon the estate; Princess Victoria, the unmarried daughter; Prince Charles of Denmark, a nephew of the Princess of Wales, and his wife, Princess Maud; and the Duke and Duchess of Fife, the latter being the Princess Royal

The guests formed a semicircle and the hosts went from one to another, saying a few words to each, until another pair of doors was thrown open and the equerry in waiting announced to the Prince that dinner was served. The procession formed quickly according to the plan of the table and moved into the dining room.

That room at Sandringham is large enough to seat fifty people if necessary. It is finished in light oak with panels of tapestries in reds and blues against a light background. The sideboards were then loaded with silver ornaments, mostly cups and other sporting trophies, some of them of enormous size, and all with their appropriate inscriptions

These were changed every day. So was the centerpiece upon the table and the whole flower arrangement, in itself a work of art and beauty. The table with its profusion of silver, flowers and candlelight was a picture difficult to describe.

The Prince's Jolly Table

ONCE the guests were seated the courses followed one another in a quick succession. The servants, gorgeous in their scarlet liveries braided with gold, were almost as numerous as the guests. Noiselessly they glided about, quietly directed by their superiors. The Prince was always attended by his own butler, who served him even when he dined out.

The menu was elaborate and so selected that it must satisfy all tastes. There were two services, two distinctly different dinners, the courses of each being offered to the guests. A variety of ices was served, and with each course a different wine. No guest was expected to eat at a more leisurely pace than the royal family. As a matter of fact, notwithstanding the elaborate bill of fare, dinner never lasted more than an hour If a guest talked too much he found his plates changed before he had had time to taste of the dishes.

The conversation was free and animated, the household always assisting it to an uninterrupted close. The sonorous voice of the Prince carried over the entire table and dominated. When the Prince rose, all rose, and two gentlemen of the household leaped to the doors and stood upon either side while the guests proceeded to one of the drawing-rooms.

There the tone was easy and unconstrained. Personal friends of the family were as free here as they might be in their own homes. Royalty, like everyone else, is fond of laughter and a good joke, and knowing this, some of the guests provided themselves with funny stories. After all, laughter is the best medium by which to dispel the embarrassment inevitable when we consider the disparity in rank among those present.

That particular evening Lord Marcus Beresford was so amusing that the entire party was roaring with laughter, so that the Princess was obliged from time to time to ask him to curb his pace and give the company a breathing spell. Lord Marcus had a sharp eye for the little weaknesses of others and he was able to bring them forward in a salient and amusing light. Nor did he always confine himself to the absent. Often some of those present had to listen to stories and jokes upon themselves And if they showed any embarrassment, that only increased the general hilarity Sometimes guests known to be musicians were

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Sandringham House as it Appears From the Lake

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 13, 1924

A Popular Program

MR. COOLIDGE did not wait for the late election returns to come in before addressing himself to the task of the moment—namely, the interpretation of the overwhelming vote which will keep him in office. He evidently regarded his party's victory as a clear and unmistakable mandate from the people to reduce Federal taxes as much as is practicable and with the least possible delay. We believe that his reading of the temper of the country is correct and that his program for the reduction of taxes will have the earnest support not only of the eighteen millions who voted for him but of many of the millions who voted for Mr. Davis. It now remains to be seen whether Congress will expedite the passage of remedial legislation.

There are abundant signs that a new era of confidence and prosperity lies just ahead of us. The outlook has already put new heart and life into men in every field of endeavor; but it is still too soon to say with certitude whether or not the appearances which have kindled such a lively blaze of hope are tangible realities that will manifest themselves in renewed business activity, industrial expansion, high wages and widely distributed prosperity.

Taxation, burdensome and ill distributed, is the one great obstacle that stands between the American people and the improved conditions to which they are entitled by virtue of natural resources, an unrivaled industrial plant, a transportation system without a peer, a stupendous capacity for production by labor-saving methods and an unprecedented ability to serve the world at large cheaply and usefully. Our physical mechanism is a thing to admire and wonder at. Our economic machinery, upon which it is so dependent for efficient and profitable operation, has grave and vital defects; and what is worse, every attempt to remedy them meets with the bitterest opposition. Congress is not empowered to review and correct every ill-advised system of state and local taxation; but it can, and should, set a good example in the imposition of all Federal taxes by employing scientific methods and by promptly abolishing or reducing every tax that has worked out harmfully.

Newspaper publication of individual income-tax payments for the current year worked no end of petty mischief and reflected small credit upon the framers of that clause in the revenue act which was construed to permit the broadcasting of what ought to be private information, sacredly guarded. And yet we do not altogether regret the results of a perverted view of what is and what is not good public policy; for the published figures, misleading as they necessarily were, bear weighty and quite unbiased testimony as to the evil effects of our present excessive surtaxes.

The most striking fact established by this publicity is that well-to-do business men, actively engaged in productive enterprise and contributing mightily to the development of American life, are paying much higher income taxes than recluse capitalists. In other words, he who puts his capital at the service of his neighbors in the form of mortgage money to finance purchase of their homes, or who buys stock in the local electric lighting or trolley company or invests in the industries of his home town, is penalized for so doing. The investor in tax-exempts will declare that, thanks to his willingness to accept a very modest return on his capital, his county is able to borrow funds for its needs on a 4 per cent basis. And yet experience has gradually led taxpayers to wonder if they would not be better off if municipalities had to pay the going coupon rate on their bonds. Interest charges would rule higher, but extravagant and unwarranted municipal undertakings would not be so jauntily assumed.

Secretary's Mellon's representations as to the extent to which capital is withheld from industry by men of wealth who are subject to confiscatory surtaxes were rather cynically received by many members of Congress who fought his proposal to lower the highest bracket to 25 per cent; and yet a study of the tax figures which have been appearing in the newspapers would seem to indicate that his statements were conservative and well within the truth. This feature of Mr. Mellon's plan should be carried out at once. Moreover, we believe that if it is done the sum total of revenue derived from surtaxes may be so increased that further reductions of surtax will follow as a matter of course.

More liberal concessions should be made toward earned incomes. Broadly speaking, taxes upon earned incomes are taxes upon youth. A moderately successful man over fifty is likely to derive some substantial part of his income from his investments. Younger men have had less opportunity to amass productive capital, and taxes upon salaries and professional fees bear hardest upon those who can least afford to pay them.

There may not be time during the short session to formulate, debate and pass a new revenue act. Congress can, and should, make time to amend the present law so that a horizontal percentage reduction can apply to 1924 incomes.

British Politics Since the War

WHEN the war was over, an astute American observer of British politics predicted that what was then the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland would have a succession of short administrations. It was a good guess. He saw the confusion of party politics. He saw that Mr. Lloyd George's Coalition Government would not be popular very long with either of the two parties which had consented to temporary fusion during the war.

The American observer was right in his diagnosis; but for various reasons the verification of his forecast was postponed for more than three years. The Lloyd George Coalition, which was returned with an immense majority at the general election of December, 1918, had no difficulty in sticking together so long as the trade boom lasted, and nobody minded how much public money that most extravagant administration wasted on making things pleasant all round. But after a couple of years, when the boom was followed by a slump and fortunes were lost as fast as they had been made, the Conservative Party organization became restive.

The break-up of the Coalition in 1922 caused the retirement of Mr. Lloyd George and his Liberal colleagues, whereupon Mr. Bonar Law took office as Prime Minister, and discarded the Coalition Conservatives like Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who had declared their allegiance to Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Bonar Law then appealed to the country, and very wisely took as his slogan, Tranquillity and Stability, at the same time giving a pledge not to disturb the fiscal system.

At the general election of November, 1922, Mr. Bonar Law secured a comfortable majority; but a few months later he was attacked by a fatal disease and his retirement was followed by the election of his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, to the leadership of the Conservative Party. Mr. Baldwin thus became Prime Minister. In the following autumn, to the dismay and amazement of his party, he decided to appeal to the country and to dissolve Parliament, in order to obtain from the nation a verdict in favor of a protective tariff, which would relieve him from the Bonar Law pledge. The Labor Party and the Liberal Party united in support of free trade, and the Conservative majority of seventy was converted into a Labor-Liberal majority of over ninety.

As the Labor Party was more numerous than the Liberal Party, the King sent for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who formed a Labor Ministry dependent for its existence on Liberal support. This it received in as full a measure as could be expected during the session, and was enabled thereby to carry in the teeth of Conservative opposition a free-trade budget, which abolished most of the imperial preferences and other protective duties then existing.

Unfortunately for Mr. MacDonald, whose conduct of foreign affairs in dealing with France and Germany was remarkably successful, he was induced by the extreme socialist wing of the Labor Party to commit his government to the policy of a guaranteed loan to Russia. Against this proposal Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George protested, and showed themselves ready to combine with Mr. Baldwin. Then the Labor Government got itself into another mess. A communist paper published a letter encouraging soldiers to mutiny. A prosecution was ordered and withdrawn. Mr. Baldwin proposed a vote of censure and Mr. Asquith proposed a committee of inquiry. Mr. Asquith's proposal was carried by a large majority, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who seems to have been afraid that an inquiry would produce damaging revelations, decided to treat it as a vote of censure. Instead of resigning he asked the King to grant a dissolution.

There were grave objections to this course. However, the King granted the request, and a general election followed in October. This election was fought by the Conservative candidates almost entirely on socialism. Their campaign received a great impetus a few days before the polling through the publication by the Foreign Office of a mysterious letter alleged to have been written and signed by the Russian communist leader, Zinoviev. The Zinoviev letter was an incitement to British communists and anarchists to overthrow the government and constitution of Great Britain by violence. Its effect on John Bull's mind was tremendous. All quiet nonpolitical people voted for the Conservative candidates. Liberals were regarded as weak-kneed people, or as futile Mugwumps, who could not be trusted. The result was that the Liberal Party in the House of Commons was reduced from one hundred and fifty-eight to about forty, while the Labor Party lost some forty seats. Mr. Stanley Baldwin found himself in possession of a Conservative majority of more than 200 over all other parties combined.

There is therefore a certainty that Great Britain will have four years of Conservative government, and a probability that it will have eight or nine years. Undoubtedly this huge majority was obtained because the electors wanted a sure bulwark against the Socialist menace. Apart from that, it cannot be said that Mr. Baldwin received any positive mandate, though his own election address indicated an intention to restore the policy of colonial preference and to extend tariff protection to industries which could show that they were suffering undeservedly from foreign competition. Unfortunately, there is some fear that Mr. Baldwin, who himself favors public economy and a reduction of taxes, will be impelled by his Die Hards to support another expansion of armaments. This, however, remains to be seen, and we may hope that a general election which has certainly knocked Bolshevism on the head as a political force in England will not be unfavorable to the peace of the world or to the restoration of European commerce.

Those Deadly French Sales People!

By J. R. SPRAGUE

SOME day when all the present business writers have exhausted their powers on the subject of salesmanship, a new writer will appear with a work that will put all the others in the shade. This new writer will not waste his readers' time by explaining that successful salesmanship rests on approach, on personality, on a clean collar each morning or on selling oneself to the prospect. He will not even mention the power of a clear, steady eye or devotion to service. None of these amateurish things. The master business writer of the future will sell a million copies of his book because he will know where to look for inspiration and example.

He will spend a tourist season in Paris, birthplace and home of the deadliest and most scientific salesmanship yet produced on earth.

Generations of observers have agreed that the French are a peculiar people, temperamental, artistic, quite too deep to be understood by Anglo-Saxon minds. A different thought is hereby offered in all modesty. The French are a resolutely direct people who know what they want and are willing to use their brains to attain it. Their viewpoint may be summed up in the following: France is a small country, but the most charming in all the world, so charming that no Frenchman willingly leaves it. There are forty millions of French people, too great a number for France to support unless one exercises much efficiency. *Alors*, one must be hard working, efficient, economical. One must make the most of one's opportunities.

The million or so tourists who go to France each year furnish a major opportunity for relieving the situation of France's forty millions. One travels to England, to Switzerland, to Italy or even to Germany, but little do those countries profit except in the matter of hotel bills and railroad fares. A piece of glass in Venice, perhaps, or a tooled-leather box in Florence. Paris gets the real business.

Paris gets the real business because the French are the most skillful sales people on earth, so skillful that one does not see the machinery at work. The technic is excellent. One never hears in France that the salesman should sell himself to his prospect. That is quite old stuff. The true philosophy requires that the sales person should sell the prospect to himself. When the prospect is led to have an extra high opinion of himself he will not balk at price, because he feels he should have expensive things to match his personality. *Très simple*, is it not?

Somewhere in America there are four very beautiful marble statues, modeled after pieces at Versailles, and their presence in this country is due to the resourcefulness and deadly salesmanship of a certain Paris commissionaire. It was a couple of years ago that an American lady spent a season in France and enlisted the services of the commissionaire to direct her where she might spend to best advantage the money deposited to her credit in a Paris bank.

For a couple of months she frequented the jewelry and dressmaking shops in the Rue de la Paix quarter, guided by the ever-faithful commissionaire for his ten per cent commission; but such things cannot go on forever, and eventually even the commissionaire had to admit that she was amply supplied with clothes and jewelry. There was, however, something like ten thousand dollars left in the bank account; the lady purposed to sail for home in a week; something had to be done if La Belle France was not to lose those good American dollars.

The commissionaire rose to the occasion. Two days before the lady sailed he presented himself at her hotel and begged the so great honor of conducting her to Versailles He knew the madame had not visited that marvelous royal château; which was not to be wondered at, because she had made the so good use of her time at the jewelers' and the dressmakers'. But he made bold to suggest that she should see Versailles before leaving France. Certainly so. He would be desolated to think that one of his clients, so amiable and charming, should leave Paris without to view the ancient home of that other charming lady, Marie Antoinette. A swift automobile was even then at the hotel entrance. To voyage to Versailles and return would be only a matter of two little hours. Might the commissionaire hope that the gracious American lady

The gracious American lady assented She had no very clear idea as to the nature of Versailles; it sounded like culture, and she had already offered her tribute to culture by

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SPEEDING UP THE TRAFFIC

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Convention

I SNAPPED my fingers, so! and turned my eyes
Away from all the manners I'd been taught.
"I'm sick," I cried, "of doing as I ought!"
And sought to flout tradition. Oh, unwise!
I found that life had turned a trifle shady
'Twas much more comfortable to be a lady.

Margaret Mochrie.

Red Riding Hood, Revised

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD deposited her basket containing caviar sandwiches, capon and Scotch on a bridge table and went in to the mahogany bed in which her dear old grandmother was lying. It was ten o'clock in the morning.

"Good morning, grandma," sang the little girl as she bent over to waken her grandmother with a kiss. "Aren't you up yet?"

But the kiss was never given. The child started back in astonishment, almost knocking over a stationary smoking set that stood next to the bed.

"Why, grandma," she said, "what makes your face so strange?"

"I've had it lifted, honey," yawned grandma, smiling at the child's sweet innocence. "What else is on your mind?"

"But where is all your silver hair gone to, grandma?" Little Red Riding Hood was obviously distressed.

"Don't you see, dear, I've a boyish bob and a new henna," laughed the old lady in entire good humor. "Come again!"

The little visitor took in a deep breath as her grandmother sat up in bed and locked her knees with two glorious white arms.

"But, grandma," she gasped, "you're not at all like you used to be!"

"I should hope not," acquiesced her grandmother, stretching deliciously. "I've kidded off thirty pounds in less than thirty days. How do you like me this way?"

The child began to cry. She missed her real grandma.

"Try to laugh that off," said grandma to herself at this gesture of unappreciation, as she bent over to her table to consult a curious little platinum clock. "When you get to be as old as grandma," she continued, "you'll find you've got to go in a lot for repairs if you want to put up a good front; and you can't be thinking about keeping the wolf from the door, either. Now run out and read the morning paper while grandma tries her luck at her new sunken mud bath."

—Edmund J. Kiefer.

Virtue is its Own Reward

A KIND and gentle-hearted lad, though diffident and shy,
Was Tobit Weinberg, Junior, who resided down our way.
'Twas generally said of him he wouldn't hurt a fly,
Though why that is a virtue I am unprepared to say.

Yet Tobit was unpopular—I must admit the truth.
The maidens of our village treated Tobit with disdain.
With cold contempt they ridiculed and snubbed the wretched youth,
A circumstance that filled his gentle soul with poignant pain

Some Climb for the Old Man

From early morn till late at night he'd worry, grieve and fret,
He purchased books of etiquette; he studied how to dress;
He took a course on how to charm the weaker sex, and yet
Despite his earnest efforts Tobit wasn't a success.

At last he hit upon a plan that filled him with delight
"Determination wins," he cried, "and virtue will not down!
Success at last is in my grasp. By eight o'clock tonight
T. Weinberg, Junior's, going to be the idol of the town."

So Tobit hastened homeward to his mother, old and gray,
And when their frugal meal was through he started off to bed.
Then Tobit drew a gun and in his artless boyish way
He plugged his mother till she was indubitably dead.

Next day he was arrested, which was quite as he had planned.
They placed him in the finest cell; 'twas called the Bridal Suite,
And all the maidens in the town exclaimed, "Ain't Tobit grand?"
And sent him sympathetic notes and dainty things to eat.

They sent him books and flowers, and they sent him fine cigars,
They sent him knitted neckties that they'd made themselves by hand;
And every day they'd visit him, and, peering through the bars,
In rapt love-sick devotion they'd exclaim, "Ain't Tobit grand?"

Then soon came Tobit's trial by a jury of his peers.
Emotional insanity, I think they called his plea;
The fashionable audience could not restrain its cheers
When Tobit faced the jury and was told that he was free.

A dozen charming maidens, quite the loveliest in town,
Entreated him to marry them, so, with a lordly air,
He looked them over calmly, then he coolly turned them down,
And wed Miss Klotz, the daughter of the local millionaire.

—Newman Levy

The Salome Sun

Bugs

SOME thirty-odd years ago, back near Creston, Iowa, on summer Saturday afternoons when my Dad thought I was and ought to be plowing corn or weeding onions, I sometimes used to beat it down to the creek that ran through Taylor's Grove and sit on the bank watching a big Water Beetle swimming and diving around under the water and the little Skooter Bugs skimming over the surface. It was a never-ending mystery, watching them and wondering how they did it. That was in the days when Iowa Folks Worked to Live and Lived to Work, when Farmers were Tired instead of Retired, before Long Beach, California, was discovered, when Corn sold for 10 and 15 cents a Bushel instead of a Dollar Ten—when I wished I was a Water Beetle or a Skooter Bug with nothing to do on summer Saturday afternoons but Swim or Skim.

Thirty Years is a Long Time and Iowa is a Long Ways from this little Corner of Hell out here in the middle of the Yumaresque Desert—but not so long or so far as I thought. This past Summer—anyone who has ever spent a Summer here always spells it with a Capital S, so don't criticize me just because You have never Been Here and Don't Know—I got tired of all the time thinking about Water by the Drink and watching my Seven-Year-Old Frog hopping around getting Sore Eyes looking for a Cloud and Hoping it might Rain some day so as he could get a Chance to learn to Swim before he Died, so I got me a Well Drilling outfit and started to drill for Water. A lot of Folks thought I was crazy and some of them said the nearest water was in Colorado River, 65 miles away, no matter whether you went up, down or Side Ways, and that I stood more chance of getting Hot Scotch or Lava than I did water and that if I wasn't careful drilling a hole through this sunburned crust I was apt to bust into a big steam chest under us. However, I kept on drilling because I learned a long time ago that if you want anything Bad Enough and try Hard Enough and go Far Enough you will Always Get it Some Day -if you don't Die trying—and if you do then you

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Jimmie About Ready to Receive His Medicine: "Aw, Mother! I Want Grandma to Give Me That Medicine Tonight! Her Hands Shake So!"

"Sperma, I've Swallowed So Much of This Three-Mile-Limit Stuff—Hic—Do I See One of Our Brethren Flying to Heaven—Hic—or Have I These Delirious Seamen Again?"

Tomato Soup!

Can't you just taste it?

Tomatoes in all their glory! How tempting they look on the vines, as they hang heavy-laden with their rich juices and luscious "meat"!

More tempting still to see one of these perfect red ripe tomatoes sliced in half—an invitation you will find hard to resist.

But millions find them most tempting of all when they are blended in that delicious and famous soup—Campbell's Tomato.

Just the good of the tomato strained to a smooth puree enriched with golden butter fresh from the country. Enjoy it—today!

Taste this Campbell's Soup so fine,
Revel in its flavor.
Taste this masterpiece of mine,
Sure to win your favor!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

BARTER

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

I Asked Him if He Was the Owner. "Reckon So," He Answered. "How Come You All Run in Here?"

VII

THE next three days were fair, with variable breezes that sometimes freshened for a few hours, then fell light again, but enabled us in a general way to keep our course. I was cutting across to make our next landfall at the lighthouse off the shoals of what is known as the False Cape, some fifteen miles northeast of Canaveral.

The pleasant temperature and smooth sea made cruising a delight, and with the four of us all sailor folk the work was negligible. Nothing more was said about our mission, supposed or actual, this topic, as if by tacit mutual consent, being taboo.

Then out of a clear sky came the second complication and from the same source. We had been standing away all day close-hauled on the starboard tack, with a fresh sou'westerly breeze, and toward sunset I had decided to put about, when Allaire, who had been studying the chart, asked abruptly, "Aren't you getting pretty well offshore, Pom?"

"Yes; but I don't like to make short tacks on a long run. Sometimes a shift of the wind lets you swing back on your course."

"Where were you going after dropping me?" she asked.

"South," I answered.

This vague answer fired the bomb.

"Well, then, you can keep on going south, because I'm going with you."

We were standing by the wheel, Cyril steering, and as I glanced at him I did not miss the sudden flare of eagerness in his eyes.

"That's not in the agreement," I said.

"What agreement?" she demanded. "I didn't know there was any except that I was to get a third share."

"Call it an understanding then," I said.

"Call it what you like," she retorted; "there was nothing mentioned about my going with you or staying home. I like Mrs. Fairchild and I've decided to stay with her. I'll go ashore when she goes ashore."

Now what was I to say to this? I could not claim that Allaire was in the way or in any manner impeded our activities any more than did Mrs. Fairchild. On the contrary, she was a help rather than a hindrance, taking her daytime trick at the wheel and assisting with the commissary. Cyril and I stood watch and watch at night, no lookout being kept or needed on so small a vessel in that clear weather. So here I was, up a tree.

Allaire, finding me at a loss, followed up her decision by saying, "I think you are most discourteous and unkind. I haven't bothered you, have I?"

"Not until this moment."

"Then why do you want to put me ashore—all alone and nearly broke in that millionaire gift shop of a Palm Beach? Why should I spend what little money I've got when there's plenty of room here aboard my own schooner? Time enough to land me when you start to take on cargo. Don't you think so, Cyril?"

Cyril gave me a stricken look, then said eagerly, with the resourcefulness of the born adventurer, "You bet I do, Miss Forsyth. We've got a lot of cruising ahead before we can hope to load booze."

"What do you mean?" Allaire asked.

Cyril took a running dive into a fresh sea of deceit.

"Well, you see, Miss Forsyth, we've got everything but money, and you've got to have money to buy booze."

Allaire's lids narrowed. "I understood your plan was to trade these goods aboard for a cargo of rum," she said.

"Ah, that's just it. We didn't tell you everything about this scheme for fear you might get discouraged."

He looked at me for sanction, but I merely shrugged.

"What's the game, Pom?" Allaire asked in her hard bridge-playing voice.

"Just what Cyril says," I snapped.

"But he said a few days ago that he knew where he could trade all this stuff down below for rum."

"So I can, Miss Forsyth," Cyril said eagerly; "but what price, that sort of nigger rum? The big money is all in the imported stuff—whisky, liqueurs and even champagne. When your carrying capacity is limited, there's no sense in loading up with low-priced stuff."

"Then how do you propose to go about it?" Allaire demanded. "It begins to look to me as if I'd been fooled."

"Well, then it looks to me," I said, "as if you'd had a good chance to save your money and live practically for nothing and have a good time doing it. And you can keep on having it indefinitely so long as you don't kick up a fuss."

"It seems to me that I wouldn't have had all those things if I hadn't come aboard. What are you up to anyhow?"

"Well, it's like this," I said: "We're a little syndicate starting in to operate without capital. To get this we've got to do some trading first. You supply the schooner, Mrs. Fairchild supplies the trade stuff, Cyril supplies the knowledge of how to go about it and I sail the boat. Cyril and I have also managed to dig up about a thousand dollars between us; but some of that has been already spent for equipment that we couldn't trade in, cleaning and painting the schooner and some nautical instruments and other gear, and we are going to need what's left to run on until we get a chance to trade off the stuff we've got aboard for tropical products that we can market at a profit in the North."

Allaire looked at me as if I had been the black sheep of the family just forced to confess that I had purloined the bonds from safe deposit and bought a wildcat with the proceeds.

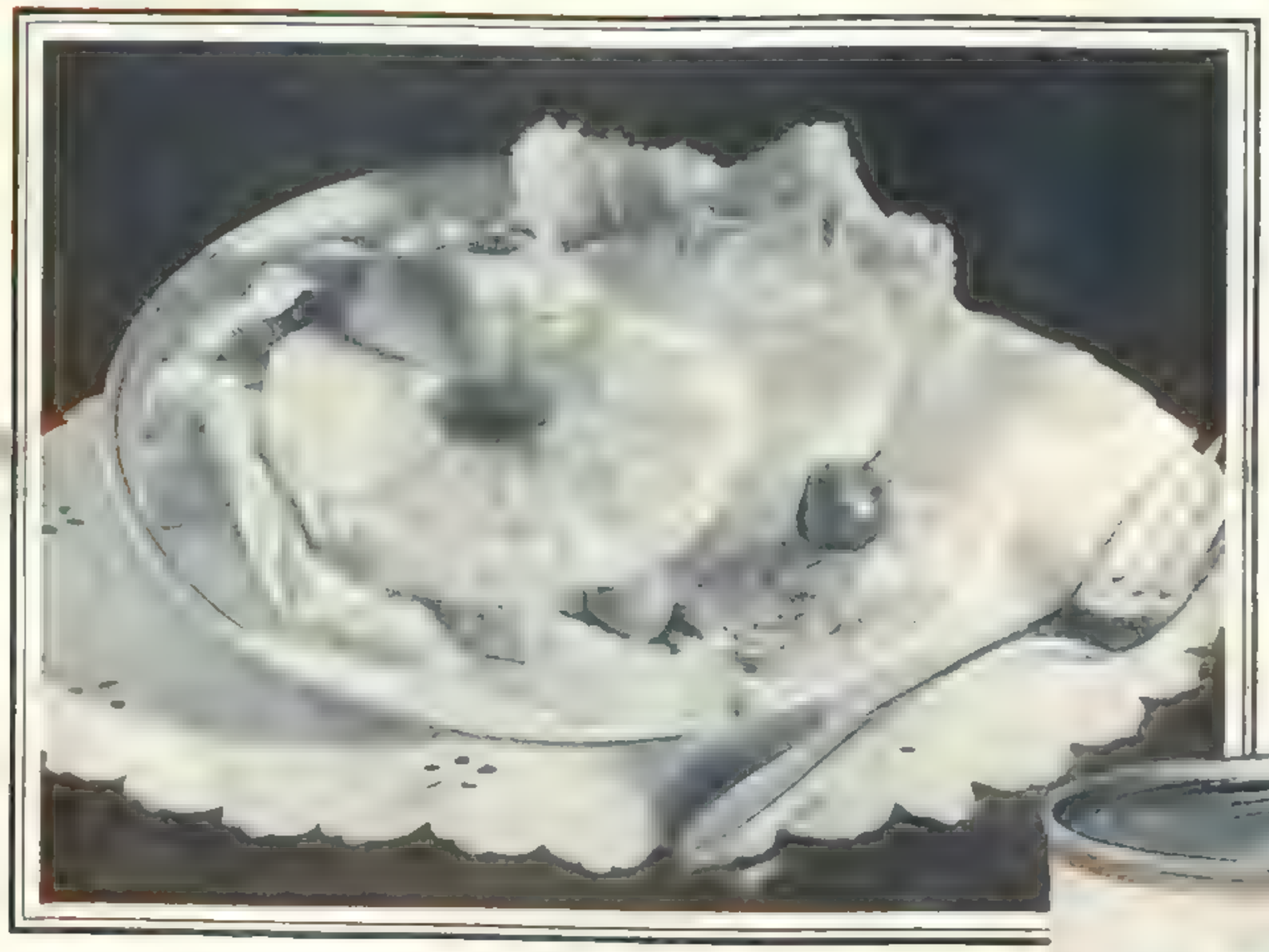
"Then you mean to say that you've got to make this crazy voyage before you can even hope to start earning something?"

"Cyril," I called desperately, and he joined us, looking worried and a bit scared, "will you please explain to Miss Forsyth our plans for trying to make a stake at barter before we can hope to tackle anything that promises more and quicker and riskier money?"

Cyril responded valiantly to this passing of the buck. With eager words and vigorous gestures, he outlined briefly our scheme. Allaire listened with a frozen face.

(Continued on Page 33)

Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple



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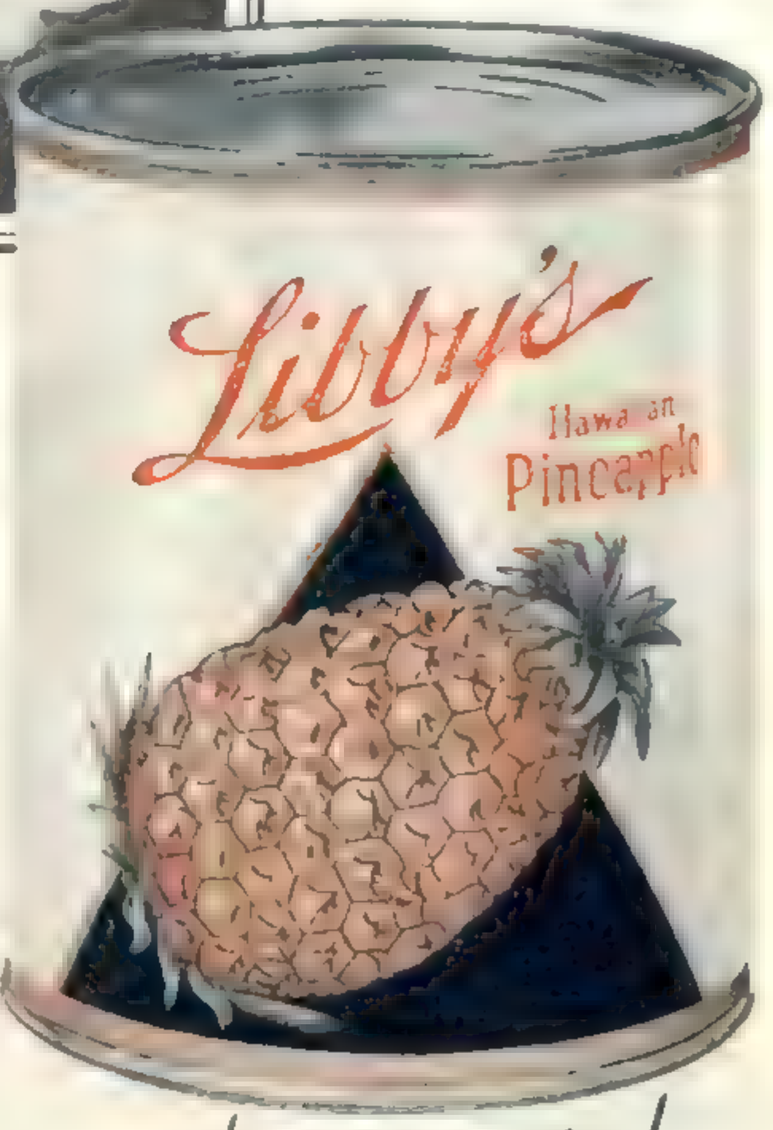

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In Every Home

GOLD
SEAL
CONGOLEUM
GUARANTEE

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK

REMOVE SEAL WITH
DAMP CLOTH

(Continued from Page 30)

"I think I understand," she said. "It's struck me several times that Mrs. Fairchild and Cyril were on the point of telling me something. But I suppose their respect for you as an officer and gentleman kept them quiet. It takes that sort. I believe you told me the other day that when you got your cargo of rum aboard you would have means of defending it. Perfectly true—when you did. And I never saw through it all. Well, I am a fool"

"My eye!" Cyril murmured. "Serves us right for holding out."

"I'm not blaming you, Cyril, nor Mrs. Fairchild. You both wanted to put your cards on the table that first day at Beach City. Mr. Stirling sidetracked you. Like a fool, I jumped to the conclusion that he was trying to keep it possible for me to swear honestly under oath that I had never been informed about the use to which my schooner was to be put in case you got into any trouble. And I thought it splendid of him, and refrained from asking questions."

Cyril threw out his hands.

"It was all my fault, Miss Forsyth."

"It was nothing of the sort. You and Mrs. Fairchild protested from the very start against my being tricked. You've been protesting ever since. But this officer and gentleman, war veteran and former friend of mine managed to persuade you to hold your tongues." She turned to me with a yellow blaze in her eyes. "Is that true, or isn't it?"

"Absolutely true," I answered.

"Well, I'm glad that at least you've got enough manhood left in that empty shell of yours to admit it. What do you think of yourself anyhow?"

"Just at this moment my mind is on something else," I answered. "I am more interested in the dirty look of the sky. The hurricane season is not yet over, and I think that we had better postpone our individual affairs and get out of this."

"Yes," said Allaire, "let's talk about the weather. Swell coming up and glass going down, with smoky sunrise and sunset tints. 'Last night the moon had a silver ring, and tonight no moon we see'"

"All of which is exact, like your description of myself, but more important just now. If I let you fool yourself, it was for your own good. As a rum runner, this little schooner would last about as long as a mullet in a school of barracuda. Worked our way, we three are betting all we've got in the world she'll earn some safe and honest money"

"Especially safe," Allaire said.

"Yes, while we happen to be shipmates. But that won't be for long. I will deliver you and your boat at Palm Beach, when you can make what arrangements you like with Mrs. Fairchild and Cyril. I'll take what's left of my stake and beat it—call it a bad bet. And if we don't get in or out of here, it's apt to be a worse one."

VIII

THE whole position was absurd. A girl of Allaire's position and antecedents, who should have been the one to stand out against unlawful traffic, angry and disappointed because the ones of whom it might have been expected desired to keep within the law and to keep her within it

But as the night wore on I found other and more immediate cares for consideration. The earlier indications of a change in the weather for the worse had got past me unobserved. Until the morning of that day the thermometer had been above the normal, with cool, bright, pleasant weather and a long swell running in from the southeast. There had been the high, light, feathery, cirrus clouds radiating from the lighter zone on the horizon that might betoken the center of a coming cyclonic disturbance. It was, as I had said, getting toward the end of the hurricane season, this in the Northern Hemisphere from June to October inclusive

The relative frequency of hurricanes, according to my chart, was six for June, July four, August twenty-five, September thirty-two and October thirty-one, and it was now the twenty-fifth of October, so that there would be nothing abnormal about our catching one

Looking now at the barometer, I found that it had dropped another tenth since four o'clock. It was therefore necessary for us to do one of two things—run for some small snug harbor or else get well to sea to ride it out

This second course would be decidedly unpleasant. As we were at this time only about sixty miles due north of the Little Bahama Bank with protecting shoals and islands, it seemed to me that we ought to fetch into good shelter before the gale broke. The coast of Florida was too far away, and of all places I did not want to be caught at the mouth of the Florida Strait

Wherefore I told Cyril to start the motor and, with the aid of that and a damp easterly breeze that held fairly fresh, I laid a course for the Little Bahama Bank, planning to run in behind the keys and anchor. It is in such cases that even a partisan for sail is glad of a motor drilling along, for as the night wore on the fickle breeze went all round the compass, with light rain squalls, and the glass kept sagging steadily down

No mistake about these symptoms now, and it was with tremendous relief that in the gray, forbidding daylight I managed to wedge in between a couple of small islands and let go two anchors, straddling them out in three fathoms of water. A good snug berth even should the wind whip round and come back at us, in which case the worst that could happen would be to jam us up into the shallows in still water.

I doubted, though, that I was just where I had wanted to get; possibly farther to the westward. The gray morning showed then that the nearest island, only about three furlongs away, was inhabited, for a thin swirl of smoke was rising above the trees that I was surprised to see growing there on such low sand keys

The look of the place did not seem to tally with the chart, and I was inclined to think that I had blundered, in which doubt I was correct. But at least we were in good shelter.

Having got everything snug aboard, I went below for a nap, and on coming up a couple of hours later I found Allaire on deck. She chose to ignore her flare-up of the day before. A wise procedure when shipmates aboard a small boat

"Good morning, Pom. Where are we?"

"Somewhere in the Bahamas," I answered. "Looks to me as if my navigation was like my business methods—a bit crooked in spots"

"It's Plain I'm Shackled to a Brute, Cyril. Good-by. Don't Give Up the Ship"

"Well, I suppose that both are subject to error now and then. Sorry to have lost my temper yesterday. I've got no faith in this scheme of yours, but I'd like to give it a try. Time enough to grouse when we crash."

I met this qualified apology halfway.

"All right then, let's consider the case postponed. Perhaps you're right. Cyril may be as far off on his barter calculations as I seem to have been on my reckonings. But since I've muddled through to a good snug berth, maybe he will muddle through to a good bargain, somehow, sometime, somewhere."

Allaire nodded.

"There's a hit or miss about this columbiad that has its spice of romance. I see a house over there in the trees. Let's go over and see if we can't swap off a powder puff for a crate of oranges."

The rain squalls were already whipping past, but I hauled the motor dinghy alongside and we shoved off. The two others were still asleep. Drawing near the island, we saw a dilapidated jetty, and then through the trees discovered to our surprise the dingy white columns of a big old house set back in pines that looked as if they had once been planted in orderly arrangement.

"Inconceivable that anybody should want to live in a place like this," I said.

As we walked up toward the house there rose suddenly the dismal baying of a hound, a lugubrious rather than threatening note, sounding through the wind in the trees and the rain that was now crashing down like the alarm bell of a very old church. Then the dog appeared. A huge Spanish bloodhound, gaunt but heavy and low hung. It circled us in a wide arc, giving voice from time to time, but furtive and cowering. It was white with age about the muzzle and acted as if blind, or nearly so.

"Cheerful looking brute," I said.

"The whole place looks like the dreary echo of a drearier past," said Allaire.

We noticed then as we proceeded certain evidences of a bygone elegance hard to explain in so remote and dismal a locality. The half-dead trees were parked in formal fashion, with here and there statues or fragments of them in marble, some on pedestals that had settled askew, some fallen and broken. The plump legs of a Diana stuck out from a clump of bay. A Hermes, leaning backward, but still holding his caduceus, gave an expression of struggling like Laocoön, in the coils of a big twisted grapevine. Moss had grown over what had once been brick paths bordered with blocks of coral stone that must have been brought there from a distance. Through a vista in the trees we saw a ruined fountain choked with vines, and near it a frangipani in blossom. The exotic perfume of this and other flowering shrubs and trees, jasmine and orange blossoms, gave a pervasive odor, sweet, yet in that mournful place, depressing, like the odor of flowers on a bier. A tumble-down wall that inclosed what might have been stables, if one could imagine any use for horses on what seemed to be an island not more than half a mile across. This also was covered with red hibiscus and bougainvillea that must also have been imported.

Seeing nobody, we made our way round the end of the house, which was flanked by a broad veranda of which the planking had in spots completely rotted away, to leave cavernous gaps. The rain leaked down through the roof, and splashed woefully here and there. Some dark furry animal that might have been a cat or a raccoon whisked into a crevice between the long flat English bricks of the foundation.

The old hound had ceased his clamor and was now stalking forlornly behind us, drawing gradually closer, head raised, long ears back and drooping, and we saw that both his eyes were clouded.

"Gay sort of place, Pom," said Allaire. "When we get rich trading we might buy it and turn it into a Southern winter resort."

This flippant speech cheered me a little, as did also the general appearance of Allaire who was buttoned from chin to ankles in a thin light-yellow slicker, sou'wester to match and hunting boots.

The ramshackle old mansion—for it was nothing less—seemed to be double-fronted, though the lagoon side on which we had approached would have been considered the rear, as on passing round we discovered a more formal and imposing façade with big bleached wooden columns that upheld a portico.

The ground stretched out with scarcely any declivity to the wide sandy beach of what must have been a sound, as there was no big swell breaking on it, and we could see the white surf curling over a bar about a mile offshore. A flock of flamingos feeding there rose and winged their heavy way down the beach, then turned south toward the Little Bahama Bank.

So far the only sign of occupation had been the smoke swirling up from a big brick chimney, and of which we caught the spicy aromatic odor. We went up some stone steps to an imposing door on which was a huge bronze knocker shaped like a dolphin.

With the curious constraint one feels at breaking the silent and abysmal gloom of such a bleached shell of earlier pomp, I struck this sharply, when the old hound, squatting in the rain that came straight down in this sheltered lee, supplemented the announcement by a deep and solemn bay.

Then, as the reverberations from the knocker died away, the door swung open and we were confronted by a very old negro in the tarnished livery of other days that was yet neatly brushed and cleaned, and suggested the idea that our presence had been discovered and our call expected. The face of this old man was not lined or fissured, but its entire skin surface was a complexity of the finest wrinkles radiating in all directions, and his deep-sunken eyes that were still bright and keen had a white *arcus senilis*, wider than any I had ever seen, around the iris, and giving to the pupil an expression of peering out through a peephole. His wool also was thick, the hue of white wood ashes, as if powdered, which perhaps it was.

He bowed low, making some sort of inarticulate mumble which by its sound suggested a cleft palate, though there was no evidence of such in the shape of his lip, then stood back and motioned us to enter. We did so, and found ourselves in a spacious hall, dark under the conditions of the weather, but of pleasing proportions, and from the rear of which a broad stair wound up to a gallery. The gloom of this interior was enhanced by the wainscoting that seemed to be of mahogany or teak or possibly Flemish oak. The balustrade was of wrought iron, thin rods supporting a polished rail; and the newel post a Corinthian column, and on its top a cannon ball that might have been used in one of the Parrott guns with which Fort Sumter hurled defiance at the Star of the West. Over the mantel were fastened a pair of old seventeenth-century cutlasses.

Allaire nudged me.

"Look, Pom! A genuine Gobelin or I'm no judge of tapestries."

"No doubt you're right," I answered, "because if that mirror with the beveled center glass and the Sèvres plaques inlaid isn't a museum piece, then a former fad of mine was time wasted."

The ancient butler showed us into an adjoining room. We entered it to find a spacious salon of the same pleasing proportions as the entrance hall, but curious in its structure. What appeared to be the knee timbers of some old frigate supported the floor above, at both sides of an enormous fireplace and directly opposite.

But these oak knees were carven, mermaid caryatids, from which I guessed that they had come from the wardroom of some ancient ship of the line, a tremendous seagoing fighting swell that might even antedate the Revolutionary War.

We discovered then that the whole room had been built from the wreckage of a ship. Its ceiling beams had the spring of carlings; not the ordinary deck beams, but slightly curved, such as might have supported the roof of what was known on the early Spanish galleons as the *casa* and on French vessels of the epoch as the *château;* in plain English, the house built on the poop deck.

A single glance around showed the other fittings also to be of ship origin, even to the flooring, which was not parquet but cabin deck. I leaned down and saw that the crevices between the narrow planks—mahogany, I thought—were beveled, and that some morsels of pitch still adhered to them; also here and there a wisp of oakum.

And down on this relic of early magnificence trickled here and there water, leaking through from the floor above, over which there must have been a roof that, even if at one time impermeably constructed of split cypress, could scarcely have been expected to last as might the interior of which it formed the carapace.

The old butler had withdrawn; and as there was nobody to be seen, we walked over to the big fireplace, in which smoldered some pieces of driftwood, a blaze superfluous so far as warmth was needed, but laid apparently for decorative purposes. That old house could not have been dried out if it had been set afire, but hissed itself away in steam.

The stately room was nearly bare, and just as a stately ship come in from a long and stormy voyage with stark evidences of repair and renovation to rig and hull, just so did this old parlor show the stress of past adversities. But there was this difference: That the ship might be conceived as having reached her port at last, while this whole residence appeared still to be derelict. It was not even a wreck stripped, finished, left to the mercy of wind or wave or lying gauntly on some uncharted reef.

But the owner had either scorned or been too scrupulous to make cheap or shoddy substitutions for treasures sacrificed. Instead of availing himself of the funds certainly to be had from the sale of such articles as the beautiful tapestry and mirror, and two of the magnificent prelate's chairs of painted leather, shoved into corners out of the drip of rain, to purchase cheaper articles that might in some way fill the voids, he had left them yawning except where physical necessity demanded service.

From the ceiling in the center of the room, where we could imagine a great luster of sparkling crystal prisms to have hung, there dangled now one of the big brass quarter lanterns that might have swung from the high poop of a galleon, and even this tarnished and battered makeshift seemed empty. It was inconceivable that any individual could be so indifferent to decay as not at least to repair the roof that covered him with the proceeds of the sale of some precious object, if only for the preservation of what still remained.

But while waiting for the appearance of whatever sort of hermit might still inhabit the place, our examination of it was rudely interrupted by such a rushing and a roaring of wind that sounded as if a breaking tidal wave was sweeping over us. The old house shook and shuddered and shrieked in anguish from the salients exposed. Protected by the enormous live oaks, it could have received the shock of no more than the whorls and eddies of the wind; but such was the force of this as to give in that first blast a compression of the eardrums, as when one drops in an express elevator, or a train plunges into the tunnel under the bed of a river.

The ashes from the fireplace swirled out into the room. Parts of the house seemed pelted by flying débris, some of it torn away perhaps from the structure itself and whirling in the vortex. A fine mist drove in through the shuttered windows.

I had not counted on anything so sudden as this. The hurricane had broken on us with full fury. So terrifying was the shrieking clamor of it that Allaire fell back against me as if sent reeling from a physical violence. Perhaps it actually was that, as the sudden changing of tensions in such a disturbance works curious freaks, suggesting unknown forces in operation, possible vacuum pockets interspersed with areas of tremendous pressure expanding like explosions. Not even thunderbolts can be so terrifying as these uncanny freaks of atmospheric equilibrium tormented and struggling.

"Look! Oh, look!" Allaire gasped. "The chairs are walking!"

It was true. The great chairs appeared to be moving out from their dark corners as if imbued with life and motion or propelled by invisible hands. Worse than that, there seemed to be a horrid undulatory movement to the outer wall of the house, and its complainings were those of a wooden sailing ship writhing in a cross sea. No doubt, like the ship, its construction was treenailed, or trunneled, as sailors say—put together with wooden pegs. The old lantern swung and oscillated.

My first thought, of course, was for the schooner. I ran out into the darkened hall, then down to the end of it and up the stairs to the first landing, where there was a small window of heavy glass, set in a bronze casement, the whole evidently taken from the stern transom of a ship. Even through the rain that beat on this I could see the shallow waters of the bay frothing and boiling. But the hurricane was beating directly in on the jetty where we had landed, or what had been that flimsy structure, for there was nothing now left of it but a few stakes.

I could not see the schooner, of course; but I did see our skiff, which had been blown out of the water bodily up onto the bank and was lying capsized in a mass of rhododendrons. It was difficult to see how the ramshackle old house managed to resist such terrific forces. But a moment's reflection told me that since it must already have withstood many such in its long tenure, it might reasonably be counted on to hold its anchorage. Also, it was probable, I thought, that the blast of wind was in some way shunted upward over it, just as when we stand on the bridge of a ship in a gale, protected by the weather strip that comes only chest high and piles the wind up over one's head.

No ground tackle would stand such a strain, of course. But dragging astern, the keel would jam in the slowly shelving bottom, and the loose surface water might be merely lashed over the vessel with no damage, for the little bay was too small and the water too shallow to admit of any pounding sea. It seemed rather as if the contents of the lagoon might be blown out of it, as one might blow the tea out of a saucer.

Allaire had followed me and now clung to my arm.

"Oh, Pom, did you ever see anything like it?"

"Never! Good job we put in here."

"Do you think the house will stand? Hadn't we better get out?"

"No; we might get hit by something. The wind seems to strike the bay and glance up. That accounts for the missing shingles on the roof."

"What can this place be? What sort of people live here?"

"I can't imagine. Let's try to hunt 'em out."

We started then to make a search of the house. Going along the gallery, we tried all the doors, but found them locked; or, to judge from their solid resistance, nailed. There were only the two stories and an attic. Coming finally to a front room on the most sheltered corner, we found this to be on the latch. It was a spacious room, bare except for a big four-poster bed with a canopy of faded brocade, a beautiful *secretaire* of Dutch marquetry, a big Jacobean armchair and a Louis XVI dressing table of *bois sculpté*, with the gold leaf tarnished and worn off in spots.

On one side of the room was a chaise longue in three parts and larger than any I had ever seen, the upholstery of the finest old worked needle-point; and over this was

(Continued on Page 58)

V-63

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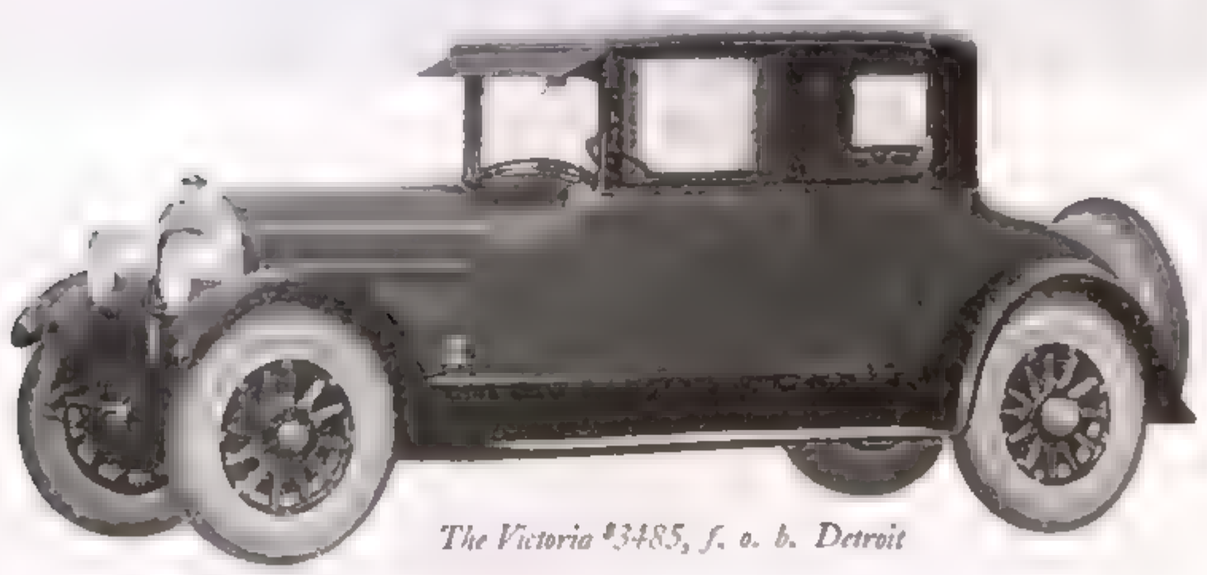

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CADILLAC

STANDARD OF THE WORLD

INVENTIONS THAT PAY WELL

By Chester T. Crowell

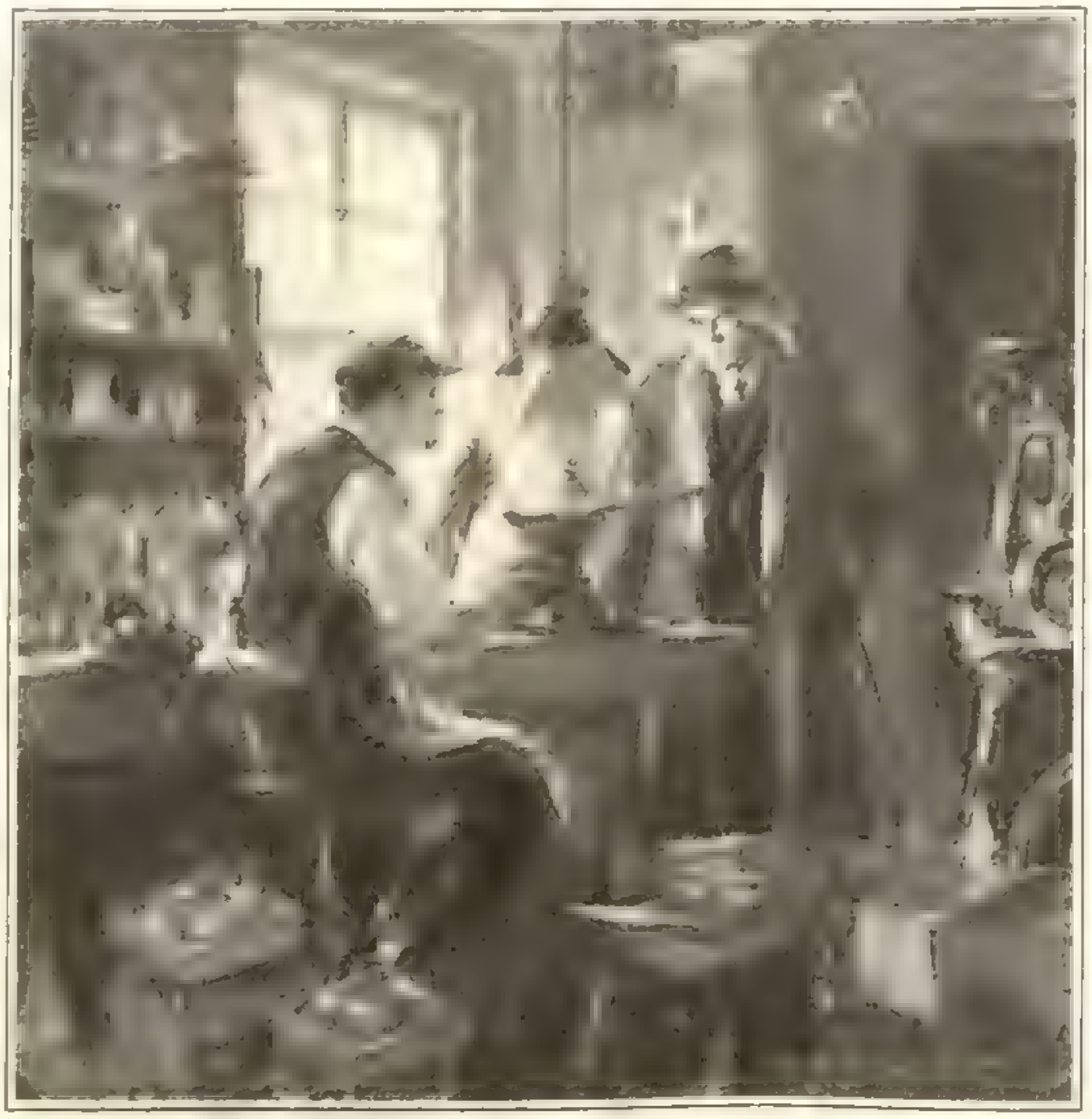
ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

RECENTLY a famous aviator stood looking at a flying machine of the vintage of 1912. Finally he said, "I wouldn't fly that thing for a million dollars. Br-r-r-r! It makes my flesh creep!" But that thing had been up in the air—and down again several times without accident. In fact that thing once represented a very notable improvement in flying machines. It was the outpost, during its day, of safety in the air.

But it wasn't a very profitable invention at any time. Why? Because not many airplanes were sold that season. Nor is the popular demand keen right now. Aviation is still quite a young science

So is radio. But the difference in popular demand needs no elucidation. It is only reasonable to surmise that some of the inventions which today are mileposts in radio equipment will soon be out of date, but an astonishingly large number of them are profitable. By the time they pass into history their creators probably will have cashed in for quite succulent sums of cash. The moral is that profits flow from inventions according to approximately the same rules that govern merchandising—the larger the number of persons you serve, the more money you make.

With that statement, however, one had better cease generalizing, for there are probably more contradictory facts to baffle the investigator who tries to lay down general truths about invention than will be encountered in any other field of human endeavor. Let us name one of these right at the start just as a sample. Wouldn't you place your bet on a mechanical engineer in preference to an artist for the invention of a steamboat? So would I. But Robert Fulton was an artist. And by the way, so was the particular Mr. Morse whom you may have heard mentioned in connection with the telegraph. The spinning frame which was the corner stone of the textile industry was invented by a barber. But the safety razor seems to have enlisted the inventive genius of barbers not at all. The inventor of the power loom was a clergyman and poet. Eli Whitney of cotton gin fame was a teacher. This list could be extended indefinitely.



Fortunately I Discovered Him in the Midst of His Folly

Where the Improbable Is the Usual

INVENTIVE genius seems to be almost common among poets, artists, lawyers, clergymen, philosophers and governmental executives. Thomas Jefferson was an inventor. So was Benjamin Franklin. Jefferson invented the swivel chair. Thomas Paine, who is remembered almost solely because of his attacks upon religion, invented an iron bridge. Abraham Lincoln was an inventor. He demonstrated a contrivance for lifting flat-bottom boats off sand bars. It seems that Mr. Lincoln, like Mark Twain, had been observing navigation of the Mississippi River.

The point I wish to make, however, is this: If the fourteenth assistant in the garage down at the corner is spending his spare time designing fancy powder puffs for flappers, don't be in a hurry to vote him insane. It is entirely possible that he may be on the way to fortune, for there is a lively market for powder puffs. In fact I know of a traveling salesman who whiles away the tedious hours on trains designing women's vanity cases. He takes out from twenty to forty patents a year and has sold some of them for $1000. In other fields of endeavor it is generally safe to advise the shoemaker to stick to his last, but in the jolly gamble of inventing things the improbable seems rather more than likely to happen.

On the matter of profit from inventions, however, one has a fair basis of estimate if he will try to determine the number of persons who can use the new article. The story of shoes comes to my mind in this connection. Not so many years ago shoes were stiff, uncomfortable, squeaking things that often hurt even the toughest feet. Today American shoes are regarded as marvels of comfort wherever shoes are appreciated. This development is one of the byproducts of the Civil War. It did not come in a single invention. There were quite a number of them, and all were profitable, even though their usefulness was soon eclipsed by later developments.

In 1860 shoes were made by driving pegs through the layers of sole leather. That was what made them so stiff. The war brought enormous orders for shoes and almost immediately there followed some inventions for driving these pegs by machinery. Then came an invention for sewing the leather, and once this new principle was introduced, various ideas on the subject of how and where to sew the shoes followed. It is not my function to announce which of these ideas is the best. Opinions differ. But the point I wish to make is that developments came thick and fast in the business of manufacturing shoes, and all of them were profitable. Shoes, you see, have a steady market. If you could collect a royalty of only half a cent a pair on half the shoes sold in this country during one year, it would be a sum worth considering.

Aviation, on the other hand, has enlisted some of the finest inventive genius in the world without paying much for it except in honors. Flying machines developed very rapidly with the beginning of the World War in 1914, so that a device which was vital in the spring often became obsolete in the fall.

But even after one has given full consideration to this factor, it is still possible for him to miss fire with a perfectly reasonable guess. I know of no better illustrations for this point than inventions for use in warfare. With due apology, I wish to discuss such inventions from a purely commercial point of view. By that I mean that the reader should have in mind the following facts: First, wars and war rumors have always been numerous; second, nearly all governments spend a very large proportion of their entire gross receipts on their military or naval establishments or both; third, the heads of these establishments have always been known to be in the market for good workmanlike killing machines. So putting yourself in the position of the inventor, there is your market—eager, financed, and fearful lest a possible enemy get ahead of it. We are talking business now, not ethics. On the face of the known facts, wouldn't it appear that inventions for use in warfare have an excellent prospect for returning large and immediate profits? Well, some do; but the record as a whole is that they do not, and that record reaches back so far that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

To cite an example, a very excellent machine gun was patented in England by James Puckle in 1718. I make bold to use the adjective "excellent" because the patent record is still in existence, and includes a sketch that any man can understand if he has the slightest knowledge of such drawings. An American expert who has seen it said:

"It is far superior both in detail and execution to the average of those which now accompany patent applications from abroad, and would do honor to the best examples of American practice."

The preamble to Mr. Puckle's patent application follows.

"Whereas James Puckle, of our Citty of London, Gent., hath by his peticon, humble repsented unto us thàt he hath at great expences invent 'A Portable Gun or Machine called a Defence, thatt Discharges soe often and soe many Bullets, and can be soe Quickly Loaden as renders it next to Impossible to Cary any Ship by Boarding'; and haveing humbly prayed us to grant him our Royall Letters Patents for the sole makeing and vending the said gun in England and Ireland, dureing the terme of fourteene yeares; but that he thinks it not safe to specify wherein the new Invention consists; but proposes that soe soon as the Patent shall be passed, the same shall be by him ascertained, under his hand & seale, to be enrolled in our High Court of Chancery, to which the Patent may referr, to make the grant therein certain."

Mr. Puckle also claimed for this gun that the barrels and chambers could be changed "for shooting square bullets against Turks or round bullets against Christians." It was a discriminating weapon that made nice distinctions. But it was practical. By square bullets the inventor probably meant the sort that later came to be known as dumdums, for the drawing does not show a square barrel.

History as it Might Have Been

NOW with the date of this patent—1718—in mind, review your history lessons for a minute and some startling possibilities come to mind. Imagine, for instance, what might have happened at Yorktown, not to mention several other battlefields of the American Revolution, if the British redcoats had been equipped with machine guns. Also, you will recall, this gun might have been used very effectively against Napoleon's armies. There are other facts—not quite so definite as those relating to Mr. James Puckle—to indicate that the principle of the machine gun had also been invented on the continent of Europe before the Napoleonic Wars.

History records, however, that machine guns made their appearance for the first time in the Franco-Prussian War, which was subsequent to the American Civil War. And history also records that they were not regarded as weapons for offensive use until the Spanish-American War. Mr. Puckle himself, you will observe in his preamble, says that they were designed for defensive work "as renders it next to Impossible to Cary any Ship by Boarding." Even he, apparently, didn't guess that one of these guns might have

Continued on Page 38

Christmas Candlelight

GOLDEN GLEAMS ACROSS THE SNOW . . . Laughing voices in the dusk . . . Princesses and Knights in package-filled motor cars, slowly weaving in and out through the colorful shopping crowds.

Your car! A vibrant blue against the merry reds of Holly and Poinsettia—in its lustrous DUCO finish, whose soft velvety glow becomes more beautiful with the passing of time.

The bleakness of the Winter's fiercest storms will not injure its surface—and the Summer's broiling sun will not crack nor mar its satin glory.

Next Christmas its slumbrous color will still thrill you!

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
Chemical Products Division
PARLIN, N. J. FLINT, MICH.
Canadian Distributors: Flint Varnish & Color Works, Toronto

DUPONT DUCO

New Cars

The following manufacturers have standardized on Genuine Duco and others will be announced shortly:

HUPMOBILE (all models)
JEWETT (all models except Standard Brougham)
MARMON (all models)
MAXWELL (all models)
MOON (all models)
OAKLAND (all models)
OLDSMOBILE (all models)
BUICK (all Sport Models)
CADILLAC (Roadster)
CHEVROLET (all de Luxe Models)
GARDNER (Special Touring Models)
METEOR MOTOR CAR CO. (Standard)
NASH (Special Six Touring, Special Six Sedan, Advanced Six Sedan)
STUTZ (all six cylinder models)

The manufacturers listed below furnish Genuine Duco on any model when requested:

BUICK
CADILLAC
CLEVELAND SIX
FRANKLIN
GARDNER
LEXINGTON

Refinishing

Genuine Duco dries almost instantly. It cannot be hand-brushed, but must be applied by a spray gun. In refinishing cars, care must be taken to remove the paint down to the metal, as only then will Genuine Duco give its characteristic velvety lustre and durability. Duco automobile refinishing stations are being established rapidly everywhere. Name of nearest authorized refinishing station on request. Schools are equipped to provide instructions in application or supply properly trained men.

Other Uses

Genuine Duco is adaptable to almost any product requiring a lasting finish in color. Due to its quick-drying qualities, it saves materially in finishing time, storage space and investment in finished product. Demonstration on request of any manufacturer. It is being successfully used on:

Automobile Bodies
Truck Bodies
Automobile Accessories
Wood Furniture
Metal Furniture
Office Equipment
Pens, Pencils, etc.
Washing Machines
Lamps
Handles for Tools, Brooms, Brushes, etc.
Novelties Toys
Electric Parts Piano Actions
Locomotives
Railroad and Street Railway Rolling Stock
Umbrella and Cane Handles
Radio Cabinets, Radio Parts
Gasoline and Oil Pumps
Bath Fixtures and Accessories
Medicine Cabinets, etc.
Toilet Seats
Typewriters
Vacuum Cleaners

finished with DUPONT DUCO

Look for the DUCO Nameplate

(Continued from Page 36)

been carried over onto the deck of the other fellow's boat by an English boarding party.

It is difficult to understand why military men have usually been scornful of new inventions, but the record is too long to admit of very much controversy. They have been scornful, and in consequence a large number, if not most of the inventors who have tried to serve them, failed.

Persons with a jaundiced point of view have wept over the fact that inventions of slight importance so far as the welfare of the human race is concerned usually return larger and more immediate profits than those which advance the world's scientific knowledge. But this mournful truth is, as a matter of blunt fact, no reflection on anyone. It merely exhibits the law of supply and demand going about its business as usual. If you should spend ten years in a laboratory improving the flavor of *pâté de foie gras* and I should accidentally happen to think of a new kind of saltcellar that would strike popular fancy, the saltcellar would pay much larger returns. This would not be an insult to the culinary art; it would merely prove that saltcellars are purchased in larger quantities than *pâté de foie gras.*

One of the most profitable inventions of recent years is a device for cleaning the bowl of a pipe. It was manufactured and placed on the market by a man who was already comfortable financially. He liked his pipe, but experienced the usual difficulty in keeping the bowl clean. Also he broke several pocketknife blades. Thereupon he turned inventor. Oddly enough, it didn't occur to him at the time that this might be a very profitable thing. But more than 1,000,000 of these little articles have now been sold. Suppose the profit on each is ten cents, which would not be an unreasonable profit; it would now amount to at least $100,000.

Another example of more or less the same sort comes to mind. In this case the inventor perfected a button for emergency use. You didn't have to sew it on, because it could be clamped to the cloth. That was a very profitable invention.

Not many years ago a weaver who knew a great deal about sailcloth conceived the idea for a new sort of man's collar. This was entirely out of his line, but he designed it and took out a patent. Then he offered it on a royalty basis to various manufacturers of collars. They didn't accept it. He continued, nevertheless, seeking financial support and eventually obtained a successful hearing from a manufacturer who was not in the collar business. That invention is one of the most profitable of recent years; not because it has revolutionized the world—it didn't—but because so many persons wear collars. However, the public might not have liked that collar, therefore it would be silly to say that the men who refused it were fools. How were they to know?

Gambling on Public Taste

BECAUSE of the perennial gamble on public taste, sensational things happen almost every month in any large city where clothing is manufactured. In New York, for instance, there are many men and women who design dresses. Not all of these designers take out patents; but some do, and they earn their livings selling these patents. The purchasers share in the gamble, because they can never be sure just which design will please the women. Fortunately it isn't necessary for either the designers or the manufacturers to guess right every time. Their position is very much like that of a baseball team; they don't expect to win every game, but they hope for a winning average at the end of the season.

Not long ago a young woman who was employed in New York to sew for a designer of women's dresses decided to try her own hand. Whether she had better taste than others in this field is a matter of opinion, but the fact remains that her royalties on one design amounted to $20,000.

One of the most interesting persons in this field is a woman who resides on a farm near a small town in a state that has very few cities. She designed and sewed clothing for her children. A neighbor who admired her work suggested that she might possibly obtain royalties from these designs if they were offered. Only a few were accepted and they have never been best sellers, but the royalties are larger than the returns from her husband's small farm.

You may have observed that during recent years several new kinds of buckles have been in use on men's belts. There was a time when a belt buckle would not have returned very large royalties. In fact one man invented a buckle fifteen years ago that closely resembles some of the present-day successes, but he received so little encouragement when he offered it for sale that he decided to try something else. His second production was a new kind of lock and it earned a small fortune. There have been dozens of business successes based upon patents for locks. The world being no better than it is, locks are always in style.

Nearly every year one or more persons become rich through the invention of new toys for children. This field closely resembles the clothing trade, because there is no accounting for public taste and no way to forecast it. The manufacturer pays his money and takes his chance. Large sums are lost also on new designs for toys. But if just one goes over for a season the inventor need not grow gray-haired waiting for his royalties. January ought to find him fairly wealthy.

Not less than half a dozen large fortunes have been made from patents on new kinds of containers for articles of merchandise. You have doubtless observed that paper is winning a place along with metal and wood not only for small packing cases but for boxes and round barrel shapes. In most instances paper containers have to be carefully prepared to meet special demands. They must have a certain strength or they must resist water or dampness or both. The conditions imposed will vary far more than you might readily imagine, according to the goods for which the containers are to be used. Every time an inventor meets a new and difficult condition he has served many thousands of persons. Specialists are constantly at work in this field both as employes of corporations and free-lance inventors.

Some months ago one of these free lances went to New York at the request of his patent attorney to inspect the sketch of his invention. He was a young man employed in a factory at twenty-five dollars a week. The nature of his work gave him an excellent opportunity to observe the various paper containers in which goods were shipped and received. You may correctly infer from this statement that there were several better jobs around that factory than the one held by our hero, but he had been looking at things with a practical eye. The result was a very simple invention for increasing the strength of only one shape of container. As the young man sauntered out, after approving the draftsman's sketch, his patent attorney said, "I don't know whether I shall buy a new car this year or not, but that young man will have one."

Playing a Lone Hand

THE patent on any article that becomes a fad will usually prove enormously profitable. Many years ago the father of a young family observed that his children wore out the toes of their shoes even ahead of the soles. He devised and attached to the toe of each shoe a copper guard. Every child in the neighborhood who saw this armor-belted footgear immediately demanded the same attachment. The copper-toed boot was patented and became very popular. Whatever its value may have been in prolonging the life of the shoe, its popularity was essentially a fad.

In addition to the fact that new basic inventions such as the telephone, sewing machine, steam engine and automobile had no market waiting for them at birth, they seldom emerged in a very marketable condition. This latter fact is often overlooked when the poverty and disappointment of certain notable inventors are discussed. For instance, the steam engine frightened and amazed people, but they were already wearing shoes when present methods of producing shoes were invented—everyone knows that. What they forget is that the first few steam engines were clumsy things; wonderful enough in promise, to be sure, but not able to sell themselves by one demonstration. Inventors overlook this point about as frequently as laymen, especially when they are having difficulty obtaining financial support. Not long ago an inventor in precisely that situation and frame of mind called at the office of his patent attorney to use the telephone.

As he hung up the receiver he said, "To think that the man who invented that was turned down repeatedly!"

"Well, that was not precisely the thing he invented," the patent attorney commented. "It has been worked on since then." And so it has.

Therein lies the tragedy of the prophet in mechanical lines. He can seldom do it all. Someone else often has to pick up the burden where he drops it and carry on the work. Even so, the financial batting average of men with entirely new ideas grows better year by year. They may—and probably will—find uphill work looking for financial support, but there is very little chance nowadays for them to scare anyone.

Many half-baked modern inventions are purchased annually and perfected in vast laboratories under the supervision of scientists and engineers employed by corporations. Inventions develop rapidly in these days. On this point a professional inventor employed by a large corporation said:

"The most important thing we do is so simple that any man ought to be born with sense enough to think of it. We parcel out our work according to our abilities in special lines. But it seems to be more natural for an inventor to play a lone hand. The result is that the amateur wastes at least a third of his time trying to discover something that is already known. For instance, I knew an inventor who conceived a very valuable idea for a mechanical labor-saving device that would place certain articles in a box. They had to be arranged just so, but he had completely solved that phase of his problem, when he found himself baffled because he lacked a mechanical counting device that would trip his machine on the number forty-eight. Now those things were already on the market, but he didn't know it. So he was making one. They are comparatively simple, but think of the time he was wasting!

"I know another inventor who had patiently set to work to discover what effect certain gases and chemicals would have on steel. Why, he might have spent years on such a problem! Fortunately I discovered him in the midst of his folly and dragged him to a laboratory where they already knew more than half of what he wanted and were equipped to find out the rest in a few weeks. A man doesn't have to do the whole job in order to finish with a bona-fide invention. It is nothing less than amazing that so many thousands of principles and processes are discovered over and over again. The very axioms of mathematics are known to have been discovered certainly three or four times within the period of recorded history, and more probably a hundred times.

"The man who is launching off into absolutely undiscovered territory must, of course, chart nearly every inch of the way; but very few inventors produce new scientific knowledge. They merely adapt to practical use what is already known. They ought to seek cooperation, and they could nearly always do it without disclosing their secrets. The real explorers are seldom eager for financial returns, anyway. They generally lose money quite willingly, because science is their passion. Astonishingly large numbers of these men are now endowed. Corporations can afford to support them, because corps of practical men are waiting to turn their discoveries to immediate use.

"Benjamin Franklin served a very useful purpose in the electrical field, but he had more sense than to break his heart because he couldn't cash in. I hope you will not think I'm a Bolshevist, but just between ourselves Robert Fulton produced a very primitive steamboat. Some of the earlier automobiles also were slightly less than perfect.

"One of the things we hired hands do in this laboratory is to make sure that an invention works well when hitched up for service. You can't always be sure until you have tried a few experiments whether the thing ought to be made of wood, glass, steel, tin, rubber or platinum. And even after it works, we keep on tinkering with it. The result is a flock of patents that protect the merchandise even after the basic patent has run out."

Some idea of the commercial importance of this service by employed experts may be gained from the fact that one American chemical company's patents are valued at $21,000,000. In the metallurgical field one company has patents valued at $11,000,000, and in the electrical there is one group of patents reputed to be worth $12,000,000. These are the largest; but the number of companies holding patents worth $1,000,000 is difficult to estimate.

Considering the number and quality of the experts employed by such companies, an outsider might throw up his hands in despair and say, "What chance have I got?" But the men on the inside of these laboratories think the outsider has a very good chance. In fact they are astonished to observe the number of important inventions coming every year from rank outsiders.

When Schwab Was an Outsider

"I DON'T know why it is or how they do it," an expert replied when I questioned him on this subject. "I have about decided it must be the climate. You can bring a Bulgarian cowboy through Ellis Island and just as soon as he learns to read English he will start to work on an invention, although he may be forty years old and had not committed a dozen ideas during his whole life in Europe. I think it must be the climate, because immigrants show the same symptoms as natives. Seriously, though, no one will ever be able to corral brains. Intelligence breaks out in all sorts of places. No community or person is immune. We professionals do our best, but the country boys whiz one by us every now and then."

The present ferment in the radio field has had interesting and diverse effects upon professional inventors. Some of them feel quite sure that this is precisely the sort of field in which the country boys will "whiz one by us every now and then." Consequently they stepped entirely out, and intend to remain out. Others are plunging in. The professional inventors who are shunning radio feel reasonably confident that they could invent things just as fast as the country boys, but they are not sure that they would be months and years ahead of the outsiders. Briefly, they are afraid of interferences. This technical term is used to describe the proceedings that follow when two persons have invented the same thing at about the same time and hearings are necessary to determine priority. The date of invention determines who gets the patent.

Speaking of outsiders recalls the fact that Charles M. Schwab, of steel fame, was one. He must have smiled many times since over the task he set for himself as a young married man working for small wages. Briefly, he had observed that there were different grades of steel and that purchasers sometimes got an assortment whether they wanted it or not. He thought it would be a good idea to find out what caused these different grades, so he set

Continued on Page 48

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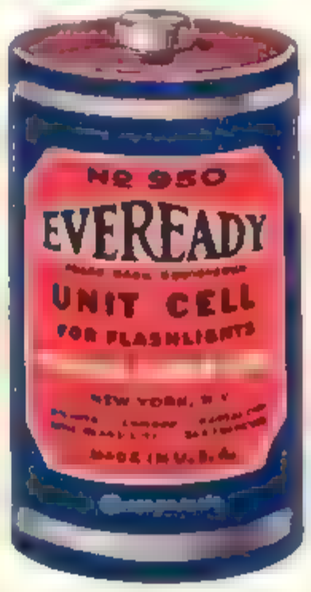
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
—they last longer

To everyone on the list—*give Eveready flashlights!*

No. 2671 Eveready 2 cell Focusing Spotlight with 200 foot range.

Eveready Unit Cells fit and improve all makes of flashlights. They insure brighter light and longer battery life.



AGAIN the Christmas season! Suggestions and counter-suggestions. . . . "Give *this*" . . . "Give *that*." Here's the happy solution: Give flashlights. Everybody wants an Eveready.

Because it is the perfect portable light for every purpose and purse; because it is a gift that is good-looking as well as practical and safe; because it appeals alike to young and old; because it does so much and costs so little.

Everybody wants an Eveready. There's the Eveready Aluminum Flashlight that fits the pocket. Fine for the Boy Scout. The Eveready Focusing Flashlights, with 200, 300 or 500 foot range. Great for motorists and motor-boatists.

Broad-beam lights for Mother and Dad to use around the house. Handsome nickel or ribbon black cases. Just take your gift-list to the nearest Eveready dealer. You'll find the right light at the right price and save hours of shopping.

The improved Eveready line comprises twenty-two fine flashlights in four general types. New designs. New features. But old prices—65c to $4.50, complete with battery—anywhere in the U. S. A.

Buy them from any electrical, hardware or marine supply dealer, drug, sporting goods or general store, garage or auto accessory shop.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

THIS LITERARY BUSINESS

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE time seems ripe to inquire of literature whether it is a trade, a business, a profession or an art. To myself, who have been engaged in it as novelist, correspondent, writer of editorials and editor for upward of twenty years, it seems to bulk larger than any of these. It is only to be thought of, like the manufacture of automobiles or of steel—as an industry. Expansive adjectives must be used, and there are statistics. When anything arrives at the point where statistics grow on it like barnacles on a whale, it becomes worthy the attention of our best minds, and, doubtless, will engage that of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Therefore literature in America must be dealt with in a dignified manner, such as bankers use in approaching a new bond issue. One must look at it as at the railroad situation. A combination of two of the country's publishers would doubtless bring about an indictment under the Sherman Antitrust Law.

Is literature a trade? The American Federation of Labor recognizes it as such—which should be conclusive—for recently it extended to the Authors League of America an invitation to affiliate. Those authors who agreed with Mr. Gompers were in a bare minority, and the thing fell a little short of becoming an accomplished fact. This would have given our novelists the privilege of going out on sympathetic strike with the Plasterers' Union, or, probably, of calling upon the Structural Steel Workers to embark upon a sympathetic walkout for some literary principle. This incident, it seems to me, laid the capsheaf upon the respectability of literature—toward which it has been traveling laboriously these many years. Literature is now as respectable as a bank president.

A Union Scale for Authors?

IT WILL be seen, therefore, that it must possess some of the attributes of a trade, but it is not a trade, because the one *sine qua non* of a trade is mediocrity. Carpenters are paid fifteen dollars a day—this means all carpenters. I believe plasterers are in somewhat better case—as to all plasterers. But it would be difficult to establish a wage of mediocrity for authors—of, say, twelve dollars a day—thus putting them on the level with plumbers' helpers, because there are authors to whom nobody would pay twelve dollars a day, and there are authors who would refuse to work at all for anything like twelve dollars a day. Until an agreement can be reached to pay those above and below this mean at the mediocrity rate, literature must not be described as a trade. It does not possess the one great quality.

Literature does possess some of the important attributes of business; namely, that there are many annual failures in it, which show liabilities and no assets. Salesmanship and advertising are present; and these, of course, are the life and soul of business. Authors of today retain skilled salesmen to peddle their wares, and these salesmen are adroit and well paid. There are a number of them in New York who make rather more out of it than the authors themselves. They deal on an inchoate stock exchange and their job is to see to it the author sells always above par, and to sell with such discretion that the shorts will never have a chance. And as to advertising, what safety razor or chewing gum is more of a household word than certain of our writing men?

There seems to be nobody in the world today who can say with authority whether a book be good or bad. Therefore you may advertise the worst of books as a masterpiece of all time and find critics who will agree with you. Also you may advertise the best of books as the best and find critics who will disagree with you. The business of a critic, it seems, is not to appraise a literary offering on its merits, to judge it open-mindedly and without bias, but to disagree cleverly with other eminent critics. As a matter of fact most of our critics are gentlemen with reputations for playfulness, who, in their reviews, mention the name of a novel, and then write a column of epigram or humor or satire having nothing to do with the matter in hand. I believe it was Mr. Ruskin who said that no critic could function until somebody else had accomplished something. In his day criticism had not lifted itself to the heights of today. Our modern critics are originators. They are brilliant young men practicing literary exercises with the objective of writing a play.

Nor does literature seem to me to be a profession. A profession is something by means of which you hope to earn a living after studying how to do it in college. To have a profession you must have a degree: M.D., or LL.D., or D.D., or the like. It is different from old-time apprenticeship in this: that it has had the social advantages of several years in a university, embracing an opportunity to make the team, become a member of a fraternity, and to have one's father settle the bills. True, you have to pass an examination to practice, but the main thing is the years of drudgery in college. Because of this, literature may not be described as a profession. All you require to practice it is a certain amount of time, paper and postage stamps. Any author may roll up his sleeves to show his audience there is no concealed university degree and still make a go of it. Some authors made a notable success without ever learning how. They keep on succeeding by the same method.

Is Literature an Art?

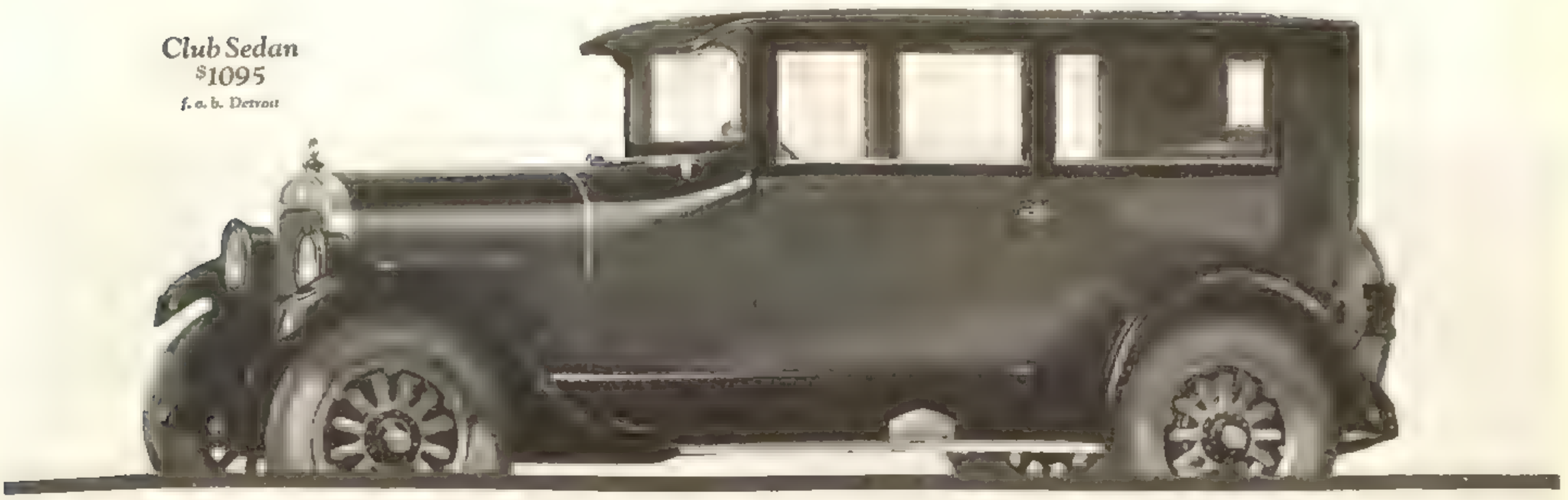
SOME of us spend apprenticeships—which, of course, is what all critics are doing—and learn something about writing by doing it. In my own case, not from choice but through lack of editorial appreciation, I served seven years before I learned the trick of it—seven years without selling a line. But that does not interfere with the fact that I was an author from the beginning. An author is a person who has written something.

Now, then, we come to the hardest nut to crack: Is literature an art?

I think, in the last analysis, whether any kind of work be an art depends upon how vociferously the participants declare it to be an art. Motion pictures are admitted to be an art because the gentlemen engaged in making them declare them in expensive advertisements to be an art, assert in banquet speeches that they are an art, and often demean themselves with that fine, free, joyous, irresponsible disregard of morals which is said to be a necessary adjunct of the artistic temperament. Motion-picture people make pictures only in what spare time they have

(Continued on Page 124)

Literature is Only to be Thought of, Like the Manufacture of Automobiles and Steel—as an Industry



25 Miles to the Gallon
58 Miles per Hour
5 to 25 Miles in 8 Seconds

With one long sure stride the good Maxwell now makes the greatest four-cylinder advance that the industry has recorded in the past five years.

For Chrysler engineers achieve, in Maxwell, heights of speed, acceleration and gas mileage which place it as far ahead of present four development as Chrysler has gone among the sixes.

Balloon tires, natural wood wheels, stoplight, transmission lock, Duco finish *standard* on all Maxwell models. Shrouded visor integral with roof, heater standard on all closed models.

Touring Car, upholstered in genuine Spanish leather, $895; Club Coupe, upholstered in genuine Spanish leather, $1025; Club Sedan, upholstered in beautifully patterned fine cloth, $1095 (Extra for genuine Spanish leather $15); Sedan, upholstered in genuine mohair plush, $1345.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Tax extra.

The New Good MAXWELL

LOTOR THE LUCKY

Panic Gave Lotor Strength. He Turned and Swam for His Life! Yet Even With the Current Under Him, He Moved at a Snail's Pace Compared With the Huge Black Water Beasts Racing Onward at a Speed Which Might Rival That of a Fleeing Deer

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

ALL evening thick gray mists had drifted low above the island woods before a brisk northeast breeze. But toward midnight the wind had lulled, and now the moon hung high and round in a sky where no shred of cloud floated. The air had been swept dry and clean. Very faint and far, yet singularly clear, seemed the voices of the September night; voices of many different kinds, dropping softly down through the still moonlit spaces.

Mat Norman, his back against the trunk of a laurel oak at the edge of a small meadow of rushes, listened eagerly. The muffled thunder of surf breaking along a barrier beach a half mile away made a sort of background for the voices falling from the upper air and seemed somehow to enhance their distinctness.

Norman recognized many of them—the metallic chirps of ricebirds, the guttural quok-quok-quok of night herons or Indian pullets, the mellow calls of plover and curlew, the high-pitched cries of green herons. A long time he listened, marveling at the vast numbers of the migrating birds, streaming southward through the night along high invisible air roads, guided by the boom of the surf on the lonely beaches of the coast. Then, suddenly, another sound fixed his attention.

It was no more than the cracking of a twig. Yet Norman, accustomed to nocturnal vigils in the haunts of wild things, knew that it was significant. He hoped for a buck of the sea-island race of deer; but the wayfarer that presently appeared at the opening of the narrow trail through the rushes was a raccoon, a very small raccoon, having only the stump of a tail. In the white moonlight Norman could see plainly, could distinguish nearly every detail.

"Lotor the Lucky," he muttered, smiling; "Lotor the Wily One, the Tailless One. Lotor the Little, roaming a long way from home. Now I wonder ——"

He broke off suddenly. A small dark shape darted along the path through the rushes straight toward the spot where the little raccoon waited motionless; and above it and behind it another dark shape planed swiftly, soundlessly downward. Scarcely two feet in front of the raccoon, the horned owl dropped upon his victim, and in the same instant Lotor the Lucky leaped forward. A squeal, a growl, a brief violent fluttering of strong wings beating the ground and the grass; then, as silently as he had fallen on his prey, the big owl floated upward, empty-clawed. An instant he hovered ten feet above the spot where the raccoon crouched, growling, on the quivering body of a young marsh rabbit. Next moment the owl was gone.

Mat Norman, as he leaned, invisible, against the black trunk of his oak, grinned delightedly.

"Quick work, Lotor the Lucky," he exclaimed under his breath; "quick work and your usual luck. It's a smart coon that can make a horned owl catch his supper for him. . . . Hello! What now?"

Behind and just above the raccoon the impalpable air had suddenly taken form. A ghostly big-headed shape hung there momentarily, then dropped apparently upon the raccoon's back. Wide, powerful wings buffeted Lotor the Lucky; long, needle-pointed claws ripped and raked his hide; a piercing, strangling scream stabbed his ears. Taken utterly by surprise, the little coon leaped sideways out of the path and into the rushes. When, a moment or two later, his quick wits had taken stock of the situation and he bounced out into the path again to reclaim his booty, the big owl had already lifted the rabbit fifteen feet into the air.

Mat Norman laughed softly as his imagination pictured the expression of Lotor's whiskered countenance.

"By Jiminy!" he said to himself. "That's an owl worth knowing. I'll get acquainted with the old pirate and keep tab on him. And to start with, I'll name him Eyes o' Flame, the Harrier of the Night."

He smiled and repeated the imposing title. Norman was a young man then and he had a young man's fancy for resounding names. Moreover, for an instant he had seen two great round orbs which glowed in the moonlight like live coals. The name that he had chosen pleased him.

Three afternoons later, an hour before sunset, Eyes o' Flame sat in a low dense cedar at the edge of a wide sea marsh and looked out over the level green expanse. Unless something especially alluring tempted him, the horned owl would not begin his hunting for two hours or more. But he was wide awake and fully alert; and his big yellow black-centered eyes, glaring fixedly under the two tall feather tufts on top of his head, kept grim and ceaseless watch upon the wild peoples of the lonely salt flats.

The flood tide, pouring in through narrow inlets between the barrier islands and sweeping silently along the deep meandering marsh creeks, brought with it incalculable hordes of shrimp and mullet. Twenty feet in front of the owl's cedar the marsh grass fell away, inclosing a bare space of sandy mud pitted with shallow holes and traversed by crooked, irregular gullies. Already the rising waters had converted this open space into a marsh-bordered pond two inches to a foot in depth—a small tidal lagoon packed and crammed with life.

The horned owl waited and watched, his luminous eyes scanning the muddy margins where the water lapped amid the close-growing marsh blades. A flock of fifty-two snowy egrets, winging slowly toward their roosting place, dropped down to the teeming shallows, too tempting to be passed by, despite the lateness of the hour. With languid interest the big owl watched them at their fishing—slim, graceful, immaculate, striding swiftly here and there through water that covered their golden feet and four inches of their clean black legs. To right and left the long, straight javelin bills flashed downward, lifted again, jerked spasmodically in the air as the mandibles manipulated the shrimp to loosen the horny head parts, snapped shut once more, poised, aimed, flashed down upon another victim.

To Eyes o' Flame all this was of no importance; but he observed with some quickening of interest that now and then an egret leaped suddenly upward and did a little dance in the water as a passing crab struck with clashing claws at the tall bird's slender legs. Egrets and shrimp were of no consequence in the horned owl's scheme of things, but crabs sometimes played a certain part in his hunting, and this evidence of their abundance was worth noting. More closely than ever, the round yellow orbs searched the marsh-bordered margins of the pool; but minute after minute passed uneventfully, and Eyes o' Flame's gaze strayed hither and yonder, taking in many things, yet finding nothing to stir him to action.

A mixed flock of two or three hundred shore birds—curlew, yellowlegs, black-bellied plover and Wilson plover—which had been resting on a sand bar in the pool, took wing in detachments as the water deepened under them. An osprey passed over, heading northward. From the opposite direction came a regiment of Hudsonian curlew, migrating in a wide curved phalanx like a bent bow.

Presently, low above the marsh, swept an army of black-and-white skimmers, flying side by side in a long

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NEXT WEEK—THE NEW OAKLAND COACH

Next week's issue of The Saturday Evening Post will announce the new Oakland Coach with body by Fisher.

This newest Oakland, which rounds out a group of five uncommon closed body types, will be found worthy of the name that is winning and holding good will everywhere.

Its beauty, staunchness and roomy comfort for five persons mark a definite advance in Coach construction.

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O A K L A N D

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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double rank several hundred yards across its front, their taper wings rhythmically fanning the air, their scissorslike bills gleaming red in the soft light. Eyes o' Flame watched them curiously as they passed. So large an army of skimmers was a rare sight on the marshes, though not so rare on the barrier beach a half mile away, where, in late summer and fall, the scissors-bills might sometimes be seen in hosts of many hundreds as they passed up or down the strand, journeying from one inlet sand bar to another.

The big owl's head was turned to watch the departing skimmer army. He could no longer see the pool or its denizens. Yet suddenly, with such swiftness that a man's eye could not have followed the motion, his head pivoted on his shoulders so that it faced the other way. The yellow eyes glowed with a fiercer light; the tall, hornlike ear tufts rose stiffly erect; the whole burly, rather fluffy body of the owl seemed to tighten and grow tense and hard. It must have been a sound that had warned him; yet this sound, if sound there was, could not have been heard at that distance by the keenest human ear.

The egrets fishing in the pool did not hear it. A clapper rail, walking along the margin close to the encircling wall of marsh grass, continued her walk undisturbed. The big blue crabs, moving about in the shallows, failed to take alarm. But Eyes o' Flame's marvelous ears had made no mistake

Out of the marsh, precisely at the spot upon which the owl's eyes were fixed, bounded a slim, long, dark brown shape. Its first leap carried it with a splash into water which all but covered its short legs. Its second leap carried it still deeper, to a place where an instant before the claws of a crab had appeared momentarily, striking at something on the surface. Its third leap bore it shoreward again, snarling with anger; for the crab, warned by that first splash, had dodged and darted away in a cloud of muddy water.

Another half second and the mink would have regained the shelter of the tall marsh grass; but in that half second silent wings lowered over him, long claws as sharp as needles and almost as hard as steel clutched his nape and drove deep into his furry throat. With hardly a movement of his pinions, Eyes o' Flame sailed onward and upward. Long before the big owl had reached the ancient live oak which was his favorite feeding station, the lithe brown form trailing from his talons had ceased its struggles.

The old oak stood in the heart of dense junglelike woods and thickets covering a small island in the marshes midway between a much larger island, which was almost a part of the mainland, and a low, narrow barrier isle along the edge of the sea. The small densely wooded island in the midst of the green marsh flats had been Eyes o' Flame's headquarters for months. Its almost impenetrable thickets rendered it a safe refuge so far as human enemies were concerned, while on it and all around it the great horned owl found abundance of game.

Almost in its center was a small fresh-water pool in the middle of a wet meadow covered thickly with tall olive-green rushes, growing in dense clumps and standing as high as a man's head; and everywhere through these rushes wound the trails and runways of the short-eared brown marsh rabbits which were Eyes o' Flame's staple prey. The woods and thickets swarmed with wood rats; in the belt of reeds and other water growths around the island's rim other rodents abounded; in the wilderness of marsh grass stretching on every side hundreds of clapper rails made their homes. On all these Eyes o' Flame levied tribute, now and again varying his fare by hunting quail or robbing some plantation henroost on the larger inhabited island across the boggy tidal plains. Yet better than all these, Eyes o' Flame's whimsical palate loved the mink; and often, in the dusk and in the dark, he haunted the shadowy margins of shallow pools and creeks where the minks of the marshes sought the big blue crabs which came in from the inlets and the sea with the flooding tide.

On this September evening the horned owl was in luck He had caught his mink without hunting for it—caught it in daylight, before the time for his hunting had arrived. This was a stroke of fortune; he need not hunt that night unless he chose to do so, for here was his dinner ready for the eating. Yet as his soft wings bore him noiselessly toward the old oak in the island woods, Eyes o' Flame, despite his passion for mink meat, was conscious of no eager desire for the feast.

Perhaps he had dined more sumptuously than usual the night before. Perhaps the sluggishness of his appetite was due to the fact that sunset was not his accustomed hour for dining, but, on the contrary, the hour at which he prepared to set forth in search of game. At any rate, having reached his dining table—a crotch of the oak where three stout limbs diverged—he did not proceed to rend and devour his prey, but instead stood idly upon the mink's carcass for perhaps a quarter of an hour while the dusk deepened round him.

At last his barred and mottled tawny pinions opened and he planed outward and downward from the oak, swerved in the air and sailed buoyantly up to a bulky nest of sticks, bark and Spanish moss near the top of a pine. In this nest—the deserted home of a pair of red-shouldered hawks—he deposited the body of the mink. Then he spread his velvet wings again and faded into the gloom.

He had been gone perhaps three minutes when a lump on one of the limbs of the live oak moved. For a quarter of an hour that lump had remained utterly motionless, except for an almost imperceptible movement of its sides which proved that the lump breathed; but throughout that quarter of an hour two beady black orbs had watched Eyes o' Flame as he perched in the crotch of the oak—watched him eagerly yet patiently, calmly yet perhaps vindictively.

Lotor the Lucky was very small, but he was very wise. When he was three months old a cottonmouth moccasin had bitten him. He had recovered, but somehow the venom had retarded his growth. Seasoned veteran though he was, rich in woods lore, expert in all the essential arts of forest life, he was a poor thing to look at—a scraggy runt of a raccoon, scarcely more than half his proper size, boasting only a mere remnant of a tail, lacking four toes which steel traps had taken, walking always with a limp because another trap had crushed a hind foot. How he lost his tail is another story and does not matter. It was at the opposite end of his person that his brain was situated, and the important thing about Lotor was his brain.

That brain was busy now. It had been busy from the moment when Lotor's sharp eyes discerned the great horned owl winging silently toward the oak with prey hanging from his talons. In that moment the little raccoon, returning along one of the oak's main limbs after a raid on certain clusters of wild grapes, had frozen into absolute immobility. Thirty feet from him Eyes o' Flame came to rest in the oak; and Lotor, watching through a screen of leaves which hid him from the owl, waited with that vast patience which was a basic ingredient of his wisdom.

There was stored away in Lotor's brain considerable knowledge of horned owls. When this owl did not proceed at once to devour the prey which he had taken, the little raccoon knew that it might be worth his while to keep watch from his ambush; and while he watched, his sharp eyes shot quick glances to right and left, searching the surrounding trees. When, a few minutes later, he spied the deserted hawks' nest in the pine, the discovery served to fortify his patience. He felt fairly confident now that he knew what the owl would do, and he was not surprised in the slightest when presently Eyes o' Flame flew with his prey to the abandoned nest, which he occasionally used as a storehouse, lingered there a half second, then departed empty-clawed for his night's hunting.

Lotor the Lucky waited a few minutes for safety's sake. On the ground he stood in no fear of horned owls; on the slim trunk of that pine, fifty feet above the ground, the steel-clawed, great-winged hunter of the night would have him at a disadvantage. One of the things that Lotor had learned about these monarchs of the owl tribe was the fact that they varied much in strength and courage. He had been living on the little island in the marshes only about a week, having come there from a much larger island where his tribe abounded; but already he had had one encounter with this horned owl which had given the wily old coon an eloquent hint of the big bird's daring.

Hence, for some three minutes after Eyes o' Flame had disappeared, Lotor remained a mere inanimate knob on the rugged limb of the oak. Then the knob stirred and became again a small stump-tailed raccoon which moved swiftly

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A Small Dark Shape Darted Along the Path Through the Rushes Straight Toward the Spot Where the Little Raccoon Waited Motionless; and Above It and Behind It Another Dark Shape Planed Swiftly, Soundlessly Downward

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along the oak limb and down the tree's massive trunk. A quarter of an hour later—for more than once he had paused to listen keenly and look about him—Lotor's eager black eyes peered over the rim of the hawks' nest in the pine.

What he saw there at first pleased, then disappointed him. His prize lay where he expected to find it; but it was not the prize which he had hoped for—a young marsh rabbit. The victim that Eyes o' Flame had left in his storehouse was a creature which Lotor knew well, but upon which he was not accustomed to prey, because, in the first place, he had never succeeded in catching a mink and had learned long ago that it was waste of time to stalk or pursue them. Yet having climbed fifty feet for this supper, he was not disposed to reject it hastily. He took the brown carcass delicately in his jaws, and with another quick, apprehensive glance around him, backed over the rim of the nest.

Lotor the Lucky was halfway down the pine when a strange thing happened. As suddenly as though a rifle bullet had touched his spine, he loosed his hold on the tree, turned and dropped, his body twisting frantically, his feet clawing the air. Into the top of a low, dense, wide-spreading cassena bush at the base of the pine he fell with a crash that shattered the silence of the island woods; and as the stiff, small-leaved twigs of the bush ingulfed him and closed over him, a great dim shape, wide-winged and savage-eyed, hammered with mighty pinions at the leafy gates of his refuge and struck long trenchant talons deep into the barricade of twigs.

Lotor the Lucky, somewhat disheveled and rather breathless, felt the needle point of one of those talons lightly scratch his hide. It was a mere pin prick and it did the coon no harm. But it was vivid proof of how narrowly he had escaped, and he sprawled motionless for a minute or two amid the inner branches of the cassena before recovering his equanimity. Then he jumped lightly to the ground and stood for an instant considering, the mink still hanging from his jaws. Above and around him the stiff interlacing twigs and branches formed a barrier which Eyes o' Flame could never penetrate; but Lotor the Lucky, now that he had the solid ground under him again, no longer feared the owl, and for a moment he was on the point of stepping boldly out into the open.

The impulse passed quickly. Always, Lotor had found discretion the better part of valor. It had been his settled rule to avoid fights of all kinds, and he had won through to old age because Nature, as if to make amends for giving him so small a body, had endowed him with cunning beyond the cunning of his kind and senses sharper than those of most raccoons—senses so sharp that somehow his ears had warned him of the big owl's unexpected return, although those velvet wings had seemed as silent as the wings of a ghost. So Lotor the Lucky, who might better have been named Lotor the Discreet, remained for the present within his cassena fortress and gave his attention to the booty for which he had nearly paid a high price; and presently he discovered to his disgust that he had risked his hide and his neck for nothing.

Had there been water at hand in which he could have washed the mink, he might have eaten at least a part of it; for the raccoon is loath to swallow meat which has not been dabbled and soaked in water with his own paws. But even if he had been able to prepare it in the approved way, Lotor would probably have left most of this carcass to the woods scavengers. As it was, he left nearly all of it. It was meat strange to his palate, tough, stringy and rank; and, accustomed as he was to the choicest delicacies of the woods, the marshes and the creeks, he ate only the soft inner parts, then lost interest altogether. Giving the mangled, furry body a last contemptuous push with his nose, he ambled to the thicket's edge and thrust his sharp-pointed, black-spectacled face out through the leafy barricade.

The moon, now three nights past the full, had not yet risen high enough to send its pallid radiance down into the woods; but Lotor's eyes could see in the dark almost or quite as well as in the light, and, after a few minutes' inspection, he felt fairly confident that the horned owl had gone on about its business. Sharp and clear above the low thunder of the surf on the barrier beach a half mile away, the voices of invisible myriads—ricebirds and warblers, herons and plovers—floated down to Lotor's ears. Again tonight the far-called armies of the migrating birds were passing southward down the coast, bound for their winter quarters in the tropics.

In Lotor's brain, as he listened, an idea was born. Those voices dropping down through the darkness were the voices of the fall. The long Low Country summer was over. The cool crisp nights of autumn were at hand. For Lotor and all his kind that lived in the jungly woods along the sea, the coming of the new season was the signal for a change of habit.

From now on, as the nights grew cooler, the whiskered, ring-tailed folk of the island woods would roam more widely and more adventurously. From now on their tracks, long and narrow-heeled, almost like the tracks of little men, would be seen in many places where for months no trail of a raccoon had been found. Lotor, listening to those autumnal voices, felt within him the impulse to roam; and gradually this impulse took definite form. The night had just begun. There was ample time for a visit to a certain spot, unvisited for months, but rich with succulent memories.

A half hour later, Eyes o' Flame, the horned owl, motionless on the top of a tall dead cedar at the edge of the marshes, saw a gray hump-backed shape ambling like a tiny bear along an abandoned causeway leading across the marshy flats toward the ocean beach. To the great owl's eyes the night was more transparent than the day. At once he recognized his foe—the little tailless coon that had come to live in his woods, the thief that had raided his storehouse and stolen his mink. Yet Eyes o' Flame did not move. Bold as he was, he was prudent also, and it was not his habit to trifle rashly with raccoons unless there was some compelling reason for doing so or unless conditions gave him an advantage. Some night perhaps he would catch Lotor again high in the air on the slender trunk of a tree, where he could not meet the big owl's lightninglike onset. Then there would be a reckoning. Eyes o' Flame bided his time.

So Lotor the Lucky passed on along the causeway toward the sea, unaware of the grim, hostile orbs that watched him go; and presently he came without mishap or adventure to the back beach of the small barrier isle to which the causeway led. There he paused for a few moments to take stock of his surroundings.

The tide was very high. On both sides of the causeway the waters had spread far and wide across the marshy flats; and the barrier isle itself, the lowest and narrowest on the coast and for most of its length bare of trees, was now nothing more than a low ridge of sand, on one side of which the ocean broke in hissing phosphorescent foam while on the other stretched the flooded marshes.

Lotor did not altogether like the look of things. Yet he had seen tides as high as this, and even higher, and always after a while the waters had subsided. The little coon had a certain practical understanding of tides—the fruit of long experience. He knew that although they sometimes rose much higher than at other times, there were limits which they never passed. Obviously, this tide had nearly reached its limit and would soon begin to recede. This meant that long before daylight conditions at the spot which he intended to visit would be exactly suited to his purpose. Forgetting his misgivings, he set out at a good pace along the sandy ridge above the surf.

Lotor, for all his wisdom, could not know that a hundred miles offshore a mighty hurricane was raging. He could not know that this far-off storm was driving the waters of the sea against the Low Country coast, pushing them higher and higher, so that, although the flood tide still had two hours more to run, the normal high-water mark had already been passed. There was nothing to warn Lotor of these things, for the clear, almost windless night held no hint of menace, and though he could not help noticing that a heavier surf than usual thundered along the ocean front, he attached no significance to it until the continued rise of the waters forced it upon his attention. By that time he had traveled more than half the length of the barrier island, heading for the small inlet near which he expected to feast on oysters. A dramatic discovery woke him to his peril.

Ahead of him the sandy ridge dipped and flattened. Suddenly Lotor saw that, where once dry sands had stretched between clumps of low dunes, the sea had broken through. Before him surged a seething torrent some fifty yards in width, where great ocean breakers, tossing their white crests as if in triumph, hurled themselves clear across the narrow island and into the quiet waters covering the marshes behind.

Instantly Lotor turned and made off at his best speed along the back trail. Within a half mile he halted, perplexed, even a little frightened. Since he had passed, the ocean had broken through in another place. His retreat was cut off.

It was an hour after this that Lotor came to a disagreeable decision. He would have to swim across the inundated marshes to one of the wooded islands behind the barrier beach. The little coon was a practiced swimmer, but he did not enjoy the prospect of so long a swim as this one would be—a swim of a mile or more across open spaces too brightly illumined by the moon to suit his cautious spirit. Yet there were no terrors in the placid sheltered waters which he must cross comparable with the white tumultuous terror roaring just behind him and threatening each moment to ingulf him.

The barrier isle was disintegrating under him. As long as he could he had held his place on a knoll of the sandy ridge, still hoping that after a while the tide would reach its crest and begin to recede. But closer and closer came those rearing white-maned chargers of the surf; louder and louder roared their savage voices; more and more often long tongues of white water shot forward from the onrushing ranks of the breakers, and swishing past his knoll on either side, swept clear over the ridge. It was plain at last that in a little while Lotor's knoll must go; and, wisely, Lotor made up his mind that he would go first.

Sidling down the slope of the knoll away from the ocean, he waded delicately across a submerged carpet of short, jointed, salt grass and dropped suddenly almost out of sight into still water too deep for wading. Then, with only his head and a little of his shoulders showing, he began his long journey across the flooded marshes.

Lotor the Lucky, being much smaller than most raccoons, was also weaker and less enduring. Pitifully small he seemed on the face of those wide waters under the moon. The eyes of a careless or unpracticed man would not have recognized him as a raccoon, for at a little distance in that dim deceptive light he resembled a floating fragment of water-soaked driftwood; but if a man had watched closely he would have perceived that this driftwood fragment was moving not with the tide but against it or across it, and that twice within the space of a few minutes it changed its course.

Presently it changed its direction for a third time. Lotor, far from land now, was not his normal cool, calculating self. In this test which confronted him, his cunning, upon which he always relied, was of no avail. It was muscle that he needed—strength and endurance for a long unremitting effort which was proving much more severe than he had expected, because he had not taken into account the slow current setting across the inundated marshes. If he yielded to that current it would bear him he knew not whither, and he battled against it desperately, spending his small strength. He gained, but very slowly, and he knew that his goal was still far away.

In his long life Lotor had encountered most of the perils of the woods. The marshes were not strange to him, for he roamed over them often, generally by night, and hundreds of times he had swum the salt creeks which wound everywhere through the level plains of waving grass. But never before had he found himself in such surroundings as those which now encompassed him; never before had he struggled for his life in waters which seemed illimitable, waters which seemed to have covered all the world.

Lotor was afraid—afraid of the gurgling unending waters, of the current which clutched and pulled him, of the shadowy forms which swept over him now and then in the moonlight, of other vague sinister shapes which he could not see or hear but which he somehow knew to be near at hand. And suddenly the fear that gripped him flamed into mad terror.

Close beside him, so close that it seemed almost at his ear, sounded a loud deep sigh, long-drawn and melancholy, yet sibilant and therefore menacing like the hiss of some huge snake. Startled half out of his wits, Lotor saw a great plated head thrust up out of the water—a hideous, yellow-brown head, many times larger than his own, naked, big-eyed and reptilelike, yet beaked like a bird of prey. Often Lotor, roaming the barrier beaches at night, had found the trails or crawls of sea turtles and occasionally he had unearthed their eggs buried deep in the island sands. Once or twice he had come upon the ponderous sea creatures themselves, laboriously making their way across the beach in the darkness. But in his terror he did not recognize this monstrous head thrust up beside him as the head of a giant turtle which had come in through an inlet with the storm tide to explore the tidal channels winding through the flooded marsh plains.

The huge beaked head remained visible only for a moment, but the dread which it inspired did not so swiftly wear away. Lotor was still quivering from the shock of that apparition when, directly ahead of him and not more than fifty feet distant, the water boiled and swirled, writhed like a live thing, then burst into white seething foam.

A black bulk heaved upward from the depths and close beside it another and another—three great beasts of the waters, swimming side by side, rushing straight down upon the little coon.

Panic gave Lotor strength. He turned and swam for his life; yet even with the current under him, he moved at a snail's pace compared with the huge black water beasts racing onward at a speed which might rival that of a fleeing deer. Lotor heard the swish of spray close behind him, felt the water surge under him, gave himself up for lost.

Waves drenched his head and face, foam bubbled round him, his small body spun and bobbed in a whirlpool which all but pulled him under. Then swiftly the water grew calm again so that once more it was placid as a lake, save for small ripples and swirls here and there; and presently Lotor saw, yards away and dimly visible in the pale moonlight, the tall fins and black rounded backs of the three big porpoises racing onward at top speed.

The strength of frenzy, of wild irresistible terror, which for a little while had spurred him to redoubled exertions, passed suddenly out of him. Great weariness came upon him; his limbs grew heavy, his body cold. No longer able to stem the current, he drifted with it, swimming feebly, barely keeping himself afloat. Suddenly, as though hope and strength had been mysteriously born again, he swung around in a half circle, and with some semblance of his former vigor resumed his battle with the current, swimming not directly against it, but diagonally across it. Far away to his left a low, black, irregular wall lay athwart the moonlit waste of waters. Lotor knew that what he saw was a line of trees.

For a few minutes he made good headway. There were wide stretches where the current moved very slowly; but wherever a creek channel wound through the inundated marshes the tide was swifter and stronger; and presently Lotor knew that fate was against him, that just ahead of him lay such a channel. He could see the faster flow of the tide, the swirls and ripples at the surface; and no sooner had he passed from the comparatively shallow water over the marsh into the much deeper water of the creek bed than the current laid hold of him with a grip which he could not resist.

Slowly, ruthlessly, it swept him down. He saw the line of trees slipping past him like giants marching across a moonlit sea. Already he was opposite the last of them, and he knew that those pines lined a little peninsula projecting into the flooded marshes and that the tide was sweeping him past this peninsula's tip. Doggedly,

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TWO KINDS of MEN

ONLY PACKARD CAN BUILD A PACKARD

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Watch This Column

"So much one man can do,
That doth both act and know."
—MARVELL

LON CHANEY

Some critics have said that it will be a long time before LON CHANEY eclipses his magnificent work as the hunchback in ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."*** But you never can tell what an artist like CHANEY will do. In UNIVERSAL'S forthcoming production of ***"The Phantom of the Opera,"*** from the famous novel by Gaston Leroux, he has a wonderful character which calls for great versatility and talent of unusual order. I have never known LON CHANEY to go back, and I am confident that in this extraordinary spectacle he will add materially to his laurels. Some of those who will assist are NORMAN KERRY, MARY PHILBIN, GIBSON GOWLAND and ARTHUR EDMUND CAREWE. This is a Rupert Julian production.

To newspaper men and women, and authors who began their literary careers on newspapers: I wish you would submit a story of newspaper life which can be developed into a dramatic moving-picture. There is always some incident in the life of a newspaper worker which is strong in dramatic possibilities. I will pay top-notch prices for one or more such stories, provided they are accepted for production.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame" is just now proving a sensation in England, Japan and New Zealand, likewise other UNIVERSAL productions, particularly ***"Merry Go Round," "The Signal Tower" and "The Turmoil."***

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(To be continued next week)

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

(Continued from Page 46)

despairingly, he struggled. For every inch that he gained the current carried him sideways a yard. But at last, when his strength was all but gone, he knew that he had won.

The tide had relaxed its grip. He floated now in water that was almost still, and not more than a hundred feet away loomed the black spires of the pines. One last rally of strength and of courage and he was safe. Wearily he struggled on, his limbs like lead—a small, forlorn, gallant figure, making its last brave pitiful fight for life.

From the top of a tall pine at the end of the peninsula round yellow orbs scanned the still, shimmering waters. Suddenly, as though lit by some inner fire, they glowed like small twin suns. At last, after hours of fruitless hunting, Eyes o' Flame, the horned owl, saw that which he sought—a wet furry thing moving across the water; judging from its size, the protruding head of a swimming marsh rabbit.

A shadowy form floated outward from the pine top; outward and downward in a half circle, noiseless as a ghost. Wide, silent wings darkened over Lotor the Lucky, long claws struck deep into his nape. For a space of moments those wings churned the air frantically; then the place where they had been was empty. Only a foaming and splashing of the water marked the spot where Lotor and Eyes o' Flame had met once more.

Mat Norman, wielding his paddle lazily, glanced at the moon and decided that it was time to go home. The storm tide had kept him up late. All afternoon and evening he had watched the waters rise higher and higher until the miles of green salt flats in front of his house were completely covered. Knowing that the tide would not reach its crest until near midnight, Norman realized that something unusual was taking place. The hurricane season had not yet passed altogether, but there were no signs of an approaching storm. Norman concluded that a hurricane was moving up the coast well out at sea, too far away to be dangerous, but near enough to cause an extraordinarily high tide.

The still waters glittering in the moonlight lured him to the landing where he kept his small bateau. For hours he paddled over salt flats which ordinarily stood several feet above high-water mark. He was a mile or more from home, paddling along the edge of a wooded tongue of land where tall pines ranged themselves in a long line, when drowsiness came upon him.

He swung the boat around and retraced his course along the pineland's edge. Just before rounding the point of the peninsula, he saw dimly in the moonlight a big bird perching on a high limb of a pine. From its shape and size he knew it to be a horned owl, probably the same owl which he had encountered a few nights earlier and to which, in accordance with a custom of his, he had given a fanciful name.

He stopped the boat and sat for a while watching. Old Eyes o' Flame, he judged, was on the lookout for marsh rabbits driven from their accustomed haunts by the rising tide.

Suddenly Norman saw the owl leave his perch, sweep outward in a descending half circle, swing noiselessly down to the water. The big bird did not rise again; from the spot where he had dipped to the surface came a sound of wildly beating wings. This soon ceased; but Norman saw a commotion in the water just at that spot, and instantly, with strong thrusts of his paddle, he drove the boat forward.

He could hear the tops of the marsh blades brushing against the bateau's bottom. The water was not more than four feet deep; but not even the tip of an owl wing was visible when he reached the place—only a churning and swirling of the water as though a struggle were proceeding beneath the surface. Norman hesitated an instant. It might be a small shark that Eyes o' Flame had struck by mistake; it might be an otter or something else that could bite. He took a chance, thrusting in his arm as far as he could reach. Almost at once his fingers closed on both feathers and fur.

Norman had paddled halfway home when Eyes o' Flame, the great horned owl, took his leave. For a while he had lain, apparently more dead than alive, on the forward thwart where Norman had placed him, making queer gurgling noises in his throat, his round eyes dazed and glassy, his head wabbling weakly. Soon, however, he struggled to a sitting posture, the gurgling sounds ceased, his eyes became again alert and defiant.

Norman was wondering whether those wet wings would bear the owl aloft, when suddenly the wings opened, the big horned head was thrust forward menacingly, the strong curved bill snapped twice with a sharp, metallic sound. Next moment Eyes o' Flame was gone.

Norman watched him fade into the gloom, then glanced again at the little tailless coon, draggled and tousled, lying in the bottom of the boat, his wet fur flecked with blood where sharp claws had pierced his neck so deeply that Norman had not found it easy to withdraw them. Lotor the Lucky had not moved. He lay as limp and still as when he had first been lifted from the water. Though he still breathed, his eyes were closed. Norman shook his head.

He was sorry. For years he had known the old bobtailed raccoon, and often he had studied the record of Lotor's wanderings, recognizing his trail by the four missing toes and the crushed heel which caused the little coon to limp. Norman knew that he would not find that trail again in the wet paths through the rush-grown meadows or along the margins of the marsh plains. The luck of Lotor the Lucky luck which was really the reward of wisdom—had failed at last.

At the landing, Norman laid down his paddle, and stepping forward past the coon, took a turn of the bowline around a post. The boat's momentum carried it forward a few feet so that it swung broadside against the bank where myrtle bushes formed thickets here and there and live-oak limbs overhung the water. Norman jerked the rope twice to tighten it on the post, then turned.

He saw a small raccoon with only the stump of a tail climbing from the boat to the bank. The raccoon moved with considerable agility. Limping a little, Lotor the Lucky ambled briskly up the slope and vanished in the shadow of the myrtles

INVENTIONS THAT PAY WELL

(Continued from Page 38)

up a laboratory in his humble home and started to work. Fate moved him into the executive department.

There are probably more men playing with science and invention today than ever before in the history of the world. I happen to know one group that is planning to make gold. No, they are not crazy. They know that it will cost them far more than the gold is worth, but they want to try it, just for fun.

Thomas A. Edison has spent many thousands of dollars experimenting, and not always with an immediate practical end in view. Invention is both his play and his work. In addition to his many successes, he also has an imposing record of failures—that is, from the commercial point of view. In brief, he doesn't make a new fortune every time he attacks a new problem. I shall name just one of his failures—in the commercial sense—but it is one that might have broken both the spirit and purse of a less resourceful and hardy person. Mr. Edison has spent a large fortune on motion pictures for use in the public schools—pictures designed to take the place of textbooks, at least to some extent, and eventually they may be used. Who can say? But he thought at the time that they would meet with friendly reception. I heard him testify on this subject one day on the witness stand—and he laughed about it.

Benjamin Franklin had a thoroughly amateur sportsman's point of view as an inventor. He was even opposed to patents and defended this conviction in his autobiography. He said that every man profited from the inventions of others and ought to be willing to contribute gratis whatever he could to the advancement of science. His stove, in which he took great pride, was manufactured in England without his permission at a considerable profit to the man who infringed what ought to have been a patent; but this troubled Franklin not in the least. However, Mr. Franklin had written a pamphlet setting forth the advantages of his stove and when the English manufacturer also swiped his pamphlet without giving credit, the great American thought it was a low-down trick and said so to all whom it might concern. That touched him where he lived.

The record seems to be fairly clear that science has been advanced by men with the sporting point of view of Benjamin Franklin just about as frequently as by men who starved and died for serving mankind. On the subject of martyrs to science one will encounter many interesting and few mournful points of view among scientific men. Recently the professional inventor previously quoted who referred to himself as a hired hand said:

"It is sad, of course, that every man cannot complete his work and make it commercially profitable; but in some instances the very nature of the task should have given warning in time to avert tragedy. The human race ought not to be indicted because it failed to recognize instantly and reward generously a man whose achievement was a harbinger of things to come rather than a practical thing.

"To my way of thinking, the really great tragedy is for a man to be so far ahead of his time that after he discovers a basic principle he has no materials with which to work. That happened repeatedly in aëronautics before the gasoline internal-combustion engine arrived. I don't want to wander off into a long technical discussion, so I will invent an inventor of the type I mean. Let us suppose a man living in the age when the wheel was comparatively new—I mean any kind of wheel. One of the next steps was discovery of the principle of the treadmill. That must have been a startling, tremendous and very important step forward in its day; not comparable, of course, with the bow and arrow, but still very vital. Now let us imagine our inventor looking at a treadmill and conceiving the principle of the bicycle, for they are not so very far apart. The bicycle is quite an achievement

"So now we have our supposititious man fired with a great idea—and it is a great idea; but what can he do with it? He has very little metal, if any. He has no rubber. Steel is not invented, much less, steel tubing. The ball bearing lies thousands of years hence. Axles and hubs are of wood, lubricated perhaps with water. But he sets to work and makes a bicycle, and it is no good. That, I say, is pure tragedy for the man is so far ahead of his time that he can't really be sure of even his basic discovery in view of such an unsatisfactory demonstration. There is nothing for him to do but go his way and die. He is right, but he is both defeated and baffled. It seems to me that a man might easily survive and smile if he failed of commercial success and fame but knew he had demonstrated his principle. That in a way is victory. To the true scientist it is the most important victory of all. Not to achieve this personal, internal satisfaction after working with the truth, I say, would be pure tragedy. And just such things as that have happened many times.

"If a man wants to buck that game he ought to do it with his eyes wide open and prepare his soul to withstand the shock. If not, let him invent something the world is eager for."

And what is the world eager for? One man's testimony is as good as another's where all must guess. I can make a few suggestions. Any improvement on well-drilling machinery is welcomed, and there is always an eager market for appliances to stretch barbed wire while it is being nailed to fence posts.

Among the most forward-looking buyers of inventions are American dentists. When something valuable appears they hop on it, with the result that they have vastly encouraged the inventive genius of their profession. New lighting effects for places of amusement such as theaters find a ready market. Amusement devices of all sorts are profitable. A friend of mine recently sold the patent on a new kind of target for a shooting gallery. Give the public something it can use right now and the world is your oyster. But it might be just as well not to make gold, unless for the fun of it. It is not probable that you can manufacture it at a profit; and if you did, just think how many persons would hate you!

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CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28

don't need it; and sure enough I got Water at last, down in part way between here and where China is on the Map.

I bought me a Pump and an Engine and stuck about a Mile or so of steel casing and plunger rods down the hole and built me a concrete tank and started her Up and it wasn't more than a day or so before I had More Water in the tank than most Folks around here ever saw at One Time since the year of the Big Rain—the time the Cloud wandered off in here from the Gulf of Mexico or the Pacific Ocean and couldn't find its Way out and got Lost and Lonesome and finally started to Cry and just Bust Loose all over everybody and liked to have Drowned some of us. You've No Idea how Good a Little Water looks out in a Place like this and What a Pleasure it was to get enough of it All Together in 1 Place at One Time to put Both your Feet in at Once. The first few weeks I used to sit on the edge of the Tank All Day Long, just hanging my feet in the Water and Sploshing it around and Looking at it and Listening to it and having more Fun than a Country Boy drinking Soda Pop at a Circus

Folks come Forty Miles just to See it and one Woman said it made her think of Mobile Bay when she was a little girl. The tank wasn't very big only a Few Feet square—but she hadn't seen Mobile Bay or much Other Water for a Long Time, since she come out here, so I didn't argue with her, and I offered to let her hang her Feet in the Tank some time if she wanted to, for Four Bits a Hang, because Water is Worth Money out here, and she said when they sold their Steers and got some money she was coming down and Hang them for a Week if I didn't Mind. If the Feet and the Water last long enough and it Don't Rain I expect I will make enough some day to pay for drilling the well.

After all the time and Money I spent and the trouble I went to Fixing up for that Dog Goned Frog, I can't get him to Swim. The day I got the Tank Full and as soon as I'd Sploshed around in it myself First, I called the Frog up and dropped him in the Tank and by Gosh he was the Most Surprised and Astonished Frog you ever See. I didn't know he had so Much Life left in him. I've seen Dogs with tin cans tied to their tails, Burros with Go Quick poured on them, Men sit Down on Scorpions and Get Up Pretty Lively, a Tourist Fall into the Grand Canyon once, a Mexican Horse Thief with the Sheriff shooting at him, Maud S and Axtell coming down the Home Stretch, the old Fast Mail on the C. B. & Q. R. R. coming in 10 Minutes Late and Some Pretty Fast Girls in My Time but the way that Frog come out of that Water made them all look like some Slow Motion Pictures I saw the Time I sold the Glory Hole Mine and Got Some Money and went to Phoenix and Saw The Sights. He acted like he thought I was trying to Murder him a purpose and before I could get a Bucket and Save any of it he had Sploshed most of the Water out of the Tank and beat it for his Hole under the Garage. It was 3 or 4 Days before I could get him to come near the Tank again and I am going to let him take his time and Get Used to it gradual and not Throw him in any more because I can't afford to Lose $8 or $10 worth of Water Forcing him. If he don't learn hisself before long I am going to send over to Ocean Park and get a Life Guard to come over here for a Few Weeks and Learn him because I'm getting Tired of Folks making Fun of him All the Time and asking Such Foolish questions about Why Can't He etc. when How Could He when he never saw No Water before All his life as Big like my Tank Full is. It aint his Fault he's Seven Years Old and can't Swim near as much as it is mine for Hatching out a Frog in the middle of the Arizona Desert, so it's up to me to do the Best I can for him.

One afternoon me and the Frog was sitting up on the edge of the Tank, me a Sploshing my Feet around in it and Dreaming and him a sitting there looking at it and Wondering where So Much of it come from, when all of a sudden I saw him Cock his eyes sideways and look down in the water and I felt something nit my Foot and what in the blankety blue blazes do you suppose I saw swimming and diving around down there in my Tank? My OLD WATER BEETLE big as life and sure as shooting, cross my heart and hope to die, swimming around under the water and diving back and forth just as natural as he used to in the creek at Taylor's Grove back near Creston, Iowa, over Thirty Years ago.

How in the Devil do you suppose he ever got here? Thirty years is a Long Time but Creston, Iowa, is a Long Ways from Salome, Arizona, and he would have died from Thirst long before he could have crawled here. He aint got no wings and if he did have he couldn't fly that far and if he did fly that far in 30 years How could he find my Little Tank of water out here in the middle of the Desert, almost as soon as it was built and about as big and noticeable comparatively as a Fly Speck on the Moon. Don't tell me there aint No God or else How Come can things like this Happen?

The very Next Day when I went up to the Tank to Splosh my Feet and see my Water Beetle again to convince myself that it was sure enough so and I wasn't dreaming, there was Half a Dozen Skooter Bugs skimming around on top of the Water just like they used to do thirty odd years ago back at Taylor's Grove.

What do you Know about that, some of you Bugologists?

Sometimes now when things get to Looking Blue and I get to feeling Bilious under the Belt and a Little Yellowish between my Shoulder Blades and thinking Oh, what's the Use, I go up to the Tank and Splosh my Feet around in the Water and see the Skooter Bugs and Watch my Water Beetle swimming and Diving around and then I say: "By Golly, Old Boy, You are Only a Bug, but You Never Quit AND NEITHER WILL I!"

Thirty Long Years is Many a Day and the Desert is Large—and Dry; if a Little Old Bug can Find His Way THE LEAST I CAN DO IS TO TRY!

—*Dick Wick Hall.*

"My Stars, Claude! Turn Off That Radio and Come to Bed"

Ephraim the Grizzly

THIS is the tale of Ephraim,
Ephraim the Grizzly Bear,
He of the curving talons,
He of the silvered hair.
Lord of the snow-topped ranges,
Lord of the vales below;
This is the tale of Ephraim
Told in the Long Ago.

Hot was the sun of August,
Cool was the ferny glade;
Ephraim, the monster Grizzly,
Lay in the cedar shade.
Proud of his bulk and vastness,
Proud that his limbs were strong,
Ephraim the big and burly
Bragged in a rumbling song:

"Great is the might of Ephraim!
Broad are his hearty paws,
Huge are his brawny shoulders,
Strong are his crunching jaws!
Feared by the Wolf and Panther,
Feared by the Race of Man,
Biggest of all is Ephraim,
Chief of the Grizzly Clan!"

There, in the glow of summer,
Poised on his vibrant wings,
Darted the tiny Hummer,
Swiftest of feathered things,
Trilling in elfin laughter
Down from the crystal sky,
"Boast of your lordship, Ephraim,
When you have learned to fly!"

Loud on the pond the Beaver
Smote with a slapping tail:
"Big though you be, old Ephraim,
What does your bulk avail?
When," said the craftsman Beaver,
"When did you dream a dream?
When did you build a wigwam?
When did you dam a stream?"

Briskly the bright-eyed Chipmunk
Chirped from the aspen limb:
"Big are the paws of Ephraim,
Small are the wits of him.
Dull as a barren mountain,
How does he spend his time?
Where has he digged a storehouse?
When did he learn to climb?"

Perched with a green pine tassel
Back of his coat of gray,
Chattered the bold Camp-robber,
Chided the roving Jay:
"Swift is the stroke of Ephraim,
Sharp are his claws—
and still,
What is the good of
Ephraim?
What can he do
but kill?"

Full to his height,
the Grizzly,
Rearing to make
his mark,
Growled as he drove
his talons
Gashing the cedar
bark,
"There is the Scar
of Ephraim
High on the living
tree!
Who has the reach
of Ephraim?
Who is as big as
he?"

Such is the tale of
Ephraim
Told in the tents
of Men.
He that will boast of
Bigness,
What can he boast
of, then?
Such is the tale of
Ephraim
Told where the
Klamath glides.
They that will boast
of Bigness,
Naught can they
boast besides!

—*A. Guiterman.*

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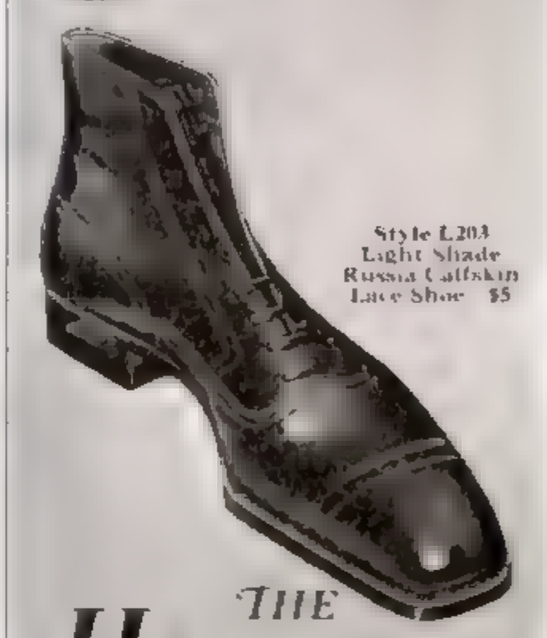

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Does your furniture serve you—or make you a slave? Do you have to coddle it and protect it constantly—or see its beauty vanish under the stress of daily wear and tear?

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Be sure you find this Label on the bedroom furniture you buy.

JOE YORICK STRIVES TO PLEASE

(Continued from Page 23)

"Yes, indeed," growled Tom Gentry, closing his desk book. He rose and stalked from the room. He found Miss Murnane engaged in transcribing a speech for the Record and he said to her, "I'm going for the day. Go inside sometime before three o'clock and tell the gentleman waiting there that I've been called away and won't be back."

"And if it's very important, Mr. Gentry?"

"I'm going from here to the Capitol, and then I shall take a short stroll before lunch. There's nothing doing here, and I need a breath of fresh air. I'll be resting at the hotel during the afternoon."

"I really think you've been doing too much night work lately, Mr. Gentry, if you'll excuse me," said Miss Murnane, sorting her sheets.

"The work must be done," he said, shrugging his shoulders with an air of resignation to duty. He was ashamed of himself at once for working a deceit on her, and he said in a paternal tone to his shrewd-eyed and middle-aged secretary, "Good morning, my dear young lady."

He walked through the tunnel to the Capitol. He was looking in the rotunda for a gentleman of his acquaintance when he saw Joe Yorick coming through the main doorway.

"Didn't keep you waiting, did I, Tom?" panted his visitor, hurrying up to him. "That lady told me you were waiting in the Capitol and then we were going out for a walk. Walking is no treat to me, Tom, though I thank you just the same. I don't care for walking. You got business to do here, Tom? Go right ahead and attend to it, and I will tag along and see the sights. Don't let me interfere with you, Tom, will you?"

"Oh, certainly not," said Tom Gentry.

"That's right. Well, let us go and look at those doors here that the people are all looking at. What are they looking at?"

"Those are the famous Rogers bronze doors showing scenes from the life of Columbus."

While Joe Yorick was studying the panels of the door in imitation of a motley group of sight-seers, Tom Gentry sighted a very presentable gentleman ascending the steps outside. The newcomer was as big of frame as Tom Gentry, but without the young congressman's athletic leanness; because of the masterly tailoring of his lounge suit of black-and-white check, his fleshiness was not evident at a glance. Seeing Tom Gentry looking down at him, his teeth gleamed momentarily under a brown mustache as neat as a hat brush, and he waved a cordial hand. Tom recognized Doc Pommerer, a man whom Tom was proud to know, a good fellow of wealth and leisure who had no evident connection with the official side of Washington life and whose chief pleasure was to do a good turn for a friend.

"How is Mr. Gentry this morning?" inquired Pommerer, clasping Tom's hand and looking into his face with friendly solicitude and the merest twinkle of foreknowledge in his deep-set eyes. "In the pink of condition, I trust?"

"Not so good, Doc," said Tom, smiling a bit sheepishly.

"Katzenjammer?" queried Pommerer, permitting himself to smile gravely. "To be perfectly candid, Gentry, I was afraid for you last night; I feared you'd remember the evening for some hours afterward. You had a good time, and that's the main thing: but you know we must pay for our pleasures, my boy. You were in great form last night, Gentry."

"Yes, I guess I made rather a fool of myself, Doc."

"Oh, pshaw! Whatever became of you after you did that eccentric dance with Middleton, that shipping man? He was far more gone than you were; he was running about the grounds and shouting for you. Straight home, eh? An old head on young shoulders! But you had a good time, and that was all I hoped for when I asked you to come with me."

Joe Yorick had followed as the two men slowly moved toward the center of the rotunda.

"Hey, Tom," he said now, pulling the representative's sleeve, "what is that fellow doing to that door? Give a look, will you?"

"Yes, yes, I see him," said Tom snappishly, turning away.

"Who's that?" asked Pommerer.

"An infernal nuisance," grumbled Tom. "I don't know who he is, Doc. He's been pestering me all morning."

"Why don't you send him about his business?"

"Well, Doc, one can't exactly do that in politics, you know. I tell you I don't know who or what he is, except that he's from back home. Never mind him; I'll get rid of him."

"I see. What had you in mind to kill the afternoon?"

"I imagine I'll lie down and take a nap. I don't feel up to much, Doc."

"Pshaw! I'll run in on you around two o'clock, and if you're not feeling right, I'll guarantee to mix you a pick-up that will make you as good as new. I want you to come out with me to Middleton's houseboat in the river off the Basin; Middleton told me to be sure to get you. Oh, by the way, Gentry, how do you stand on that Far East Commission?"

"You mean the joy ride, Doc? I'm against that sort of thing on principle."

"Joy ride? I refer to the project to charter a ship and send a commission of sixty congressmen and their families on a four months' cruise through the Orient. It will equip our representatives with first-hand information, and it's certain to be an excellent thing for international friendship and trade relations. Suppose it does cost a half million or so—I think it is a perfectly wonderful idea. However, the merits of the thing aside, I wish you would throw it a vote as a favor to me. Some friends of mine have interested themselves in the plan and they asked me to speak to you."

"I had intended to vote against it," said Tom slowly and troubledly. "It seems to me a sheer waste of public funds. However, Doc, if you make it a favor ——"

"I was reading about that business in the paper last week," said Joe Yorick from the background. "The paper said they will keep tabs on the congressmen who voted for that grab and print their names, and I says to myself, 'You will not have to keep tabs on Tom Gentry, because he will knock that scheme into a cocked hat!' Say, Tom, I remembered what you said about economy and cutting down taxes, and that paper handed me a laugh. Say, Tom, I could just see you before me, shaking your fists and hollering, 'The time has come, citizens, to stop this criminal waste of money out of the American people's pocket, and if you send me to Washington I'll stop it!' Hey, Tom?"

"My car's in the street," said Pommerer impatiently. "Let's go down and take a ride about and talk this matter out in peace."

"I'm afraid it's no use, Doc," said the representative pleadingly as they walked toward the door. "That loud-mouthed fellow put the thing as most people will see it. It will get the newspapers after us, and besides it's a very bad time to throw good money away. Don't you think so yourself?"

"I'm not pressing you, Gentry," said Pommerer with a trace of stiffness. "I put the matter on the plane of friendship. I'm going over to a conference with the people interested now, and I had expected to be able to vouch for you. I shall be very glad to have you ride with me."

Tom walked beside him in silence. He did not wish to disoblige so excellent a fellow as Doc Pommerer, and he was sure that he could have promised to vote as requested if his thoughts had been permitted to dwell undisturbedly upon the beauty and obligation of friendship. He could have dismissed his scruples as mere ungenerous faultfinding if that confounded fellow had kept quiet.

"What do you want now?" he demanded brusquely.

Joe Yorick had pulled his sleeve again as he was crossing the threshold of the Capitol.

"Excuse me, Tom, but we got to protect public property. Just look at that door there and see if anything is missing off it, will you?"

"Certainly there's something missing, Yorick," said the representative, pointing at the panel which was supposed to show Columbus in chains. "Don't you see the chains are gone? Some souvenir hunter pulled them off and stole them."

"Just what I thought," exclaimed Joe Yorick. "You wait right here."

He hurried off in pursuit of a group of sight-seers.

"Now's your chance," said Doc Pommerer. "Let's slip into the car and we'll be away when he comes back." They walked quickly down the Capitol steps and entered Pommerer's closed car.

"Of course, I had counted on you, Gentry," said Pommerer, "but don't let me persuade you to do anything you think inadvisable. Will you smoke? The cigar lighter is there under your hand." He was busy with his levers.

"You know I'd be only too glad to do it for you, Doc," said Tom Gentry loyally. "My feeling in the matter may be only a prejudice."

"It is, depend on it, Gentry. You'll perceive that, if you consider the thing in a businesslike way. Isn't it your experience, Gentry, that if you wish to do business with a man, the thing to do is to make him your friend? Unless your mind is closed, Gentry, I should like to have you wait for me until two o'clock, and we'll go out to Middleton's and sit around a table and have a sensible talk."

"Stop a moment, Doc," said Tom Gentry, looking through the window. "They seem to want us."

A uniformed attendant was running down the Capitol steps. Pommerer drew the car to the curb and opened the door to permit the man to deliver his evidently urgent message.

"You're wanted up above, congressman."

"What for?"

"I don't rightly know, sir, but the captain told me to hurry down and catch you. It's something very important, sir, I think, because I heard them talking about taking the matter up with the Secretary of State, and they're excited."

Tom Gentry descended from the car.

"You'd better not wait for me, Doc," he said. "They've been expecting Japan's answer to our note on that Mexican incident, and I dare say it has just come through. See you again, Doc."

He climbed the steps hurriedly and reentered the rotunda.

"Here's the congressman now," said someone; and Tom Gentry was set upon at once by a dignified old gentleman whose eyes blazed with anger and whose white goatee quivered. "What is this absurd accusation you bring against me, sir?" cried the old gentleman. He was in the van of a party of ladies and gentlemen who were leveling hostile looks at the representative.

"I have accused you of nothing, sir," said Tom Gentry.

"Now, Tom," protested Joe Yorick doggedly, making his way forward, "didn't you say this old party here took the chains off Columbus? I pointed him out to you when he was monkeying with the door and pulling at it, and then we went and looked to see what he was up to, and you said the chains were gone. You saw him taking them, didn't you, Tom? Injuring public property, I call it."

"Certainly not," said Tom Gentry. "I did not see the gentleman take anything."

"What Mr. Wilmot was doing, congressman," said the attendant who was guiding the party, "was shaking hands with Columbus. You know the custom, congressman. And as far as the chains are concerned, they were stolen years ago, and you must know that too."

"Mr. Wilmot," said Tom Gentry earnestly, "I am extremely sorry if I have caused you any inconvenience, and I assure you that nothing was further from my thought. I implore you not to hold me responsible for anything this person here may say or do, and I assure you that he has annoyed me more than he has annoyed you."

"You are sorry now, sir," said the old gentleman, refusing to cool off so quickly. "Let me tell you that you will be sorrier yet, and I shall not permit you to drop this affair. Let me tell you, sir, that my wife's cousin is the Third Assistant Secretary of State, and I shall take this matter up with him in a most serious way. You have not heard the last of it, sir!" He turned upon a lady who had been whispering to him and cried petulantly, "Now, my dear, do let me manage this thing! No, I shall not let it drop, I tell you, Julia. Why, the very idea of ——".

The lady kept his attention and drew him away and the party retreated slowly out of

5 Letters that tell the story

"There are many shaving creams on the market but I never found one which has the soapiness and lather-producing properties embodied in Williams."
Mr. C.—Wrentham, Mass.

• • •

"On a recent trip to Bermuda I found many complaining because they could not shave with hard water. I had my tube of Williams along and it worked just as well as if I were home. No trouble at all, and it produced the same amount of lather."
Mr. K.—North Tonawanda, N. Y.

• • •

"After using Williams for some time I can say without hesitation that it is the finest shaving cream I have ever tried. It softens the beard, allays irritation and leaves the face soft, silky and refreshed, and not with that dried-up, starchy feeling I have experienced with others."
Mr. B.—Hendersonville, N. C.

• • •

"To satisfy my own curiosity, I decided to see how long a tube of Williams Shaving Cream would last. Shaving every day a beard of more than average stiffness, I took my first shave from the tube on February 1, 1923, and the last on October 6—a period of 248 days, representing the same number of shaves. The result was in every way satisfactory and I satisfied myself as to the superior lasting qualities of Williams."
Mr. W.—New York, N. Y.

• • •

"I told a friend about your shaving cream with the 'Unlosable Top for Losable Tempers' and believe me, before dinner we went down to Wright's Drug Store where he purchased a tube of what I consider the best shaving cream manufactured."
Mr. H.—Philadelphia

Williams
Shaving Cream

AQUA VELVA is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. For free trial bottle write Dept. 112 A.

Before you pour Alcohol in your radiator stop all leaks and prevent others/

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Warner Liquid Solder will make *any* car's water system leak proof. Use it NOW! Don't wait until the leaks start. Simply pour in your car's radiator. As harmless as water. Positively stops leaks instantly, prevents rust and removes the scale that causes leaks. Will not clog the cooling system or injure the engine in any way.

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to work just as quickly, effectively and harmlessly, with alcohol or any other anti-freeze solution. Order Warner Liquid Solder at once. You can't get the complete and permanent results it gives from any substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you—use coupon. Money Back If Not Satisfied.

WARNER LIQUID SOLDER

If your dealer cannot supply you use this coupon

WARNER PATTERSON CO
914 S Michigan Ave Chicago
Enclosed find seventy five cents. Please send me one can of Warner Liquid Solder.
Name
Address
Town State

earshot, leaving Tom Gentry and Joe Yorick in possession of the field.

"Ha-ha!" laughed Joe Yorick.

"Does this amuse you?" asked Tom Gentry fiercely.

"Did you hear what that old party said about the Secretary of State?" chuckled Joe Yorick. "Threatening you, he was, Tom. Say, he don't know that you don't give a hoot for the whole blamed cabinet when you're doing your duty, hey, Tom? He reminded me of that speech you made on Columbus Day in the Star Theater, when you said, 'If you send me to Washington, I will pursue that corrupt gang without fear and favor and even if the trail leads into the White House itself!' Well, naturally, Tom, you not being afraid of the President, it hands me a laugh to hear this old party talking about his cousin. Say, Tom, when I tell the bunch about this they are going to laugh themselves sick. They know you, Tom, hey?"

"I imagine they do," said Tom Gentry.

He eyed the round-shouldered and heavy-stepping little man and considered ways to shake him off without offending through him a voting group of unknown size.

"Say, Tom," said Joe Yorick, "how far is it to Washington's Monument?"

"About a mile and a half."

"As far as that? That is a long walk, but I ought to go and see it, oughtn't I, Tom? Don't let me interrupt your plans, Tom; I will go wherever you go."

"You must see the monument by all means," said Tom Gentry. "You should spend the rest of the day there, Yorick. I'm going for a brisk constitutional myself, and I wish you could come, but I know it would be too much for you. You'll be able to walk to the monument, though, if you take it gently. Let's go."

He strode down the steps and along the curving walk that led to B Street Northwest; he expanded his big chest and flexed the muscles of his shoulders as he walked. Joe Yorick trudged faithfully along, but said, "Don't walk so fast, Tom. You know you're a young fellow."

"Nonsense!" said Tom Gentry sturdily. "You're going to enjoy this, Yorick. Step out!"

He was doing about four miles an hour as he rounded the corner into Pennsylvania Avenue. Joe Yorick had fallen a dozen paces behind, but was evidently too hard-pressed to renew his request for an easier pace. An unlucky encounter with an effusive acquaintance caused Tom to halt while Joe Yorick overhauled him, and the two pedestrians were abreast when they turned from Louisiana Avenue into B Street Northwest again.

"These street names get a fellow all mixed up," gasped Joe Yorick as the soaring white shaft of the monument appeared before them. "It just goes to show what people get when they do not use brains, but you know how streets are named in a regular city, Tom. Why don't you introduce a bill in Congress to change the names of these streets to First Street and Second Street and Third Street, and First Avenue and Second Avenue and Third Avenue, like they are in New York? I bet a man can't step out in this city to buy a cigar without studying up his geography, and if he lives on B Street he cannot go home until he can box the compass. So that is Washington's Monument! Well, Tom, I will say it is almost as big as the Obelisk in Central Park."

"There's no comparison in size between the two at all."

"Get out! Is the Obelisk as big as all that? Well, that just goes to show that a man never really appreciates New York until he sees other places. I must have another look at the Obelisk when I get back. So that is where George Washington is buried, hey? What are all those people waiting for?"

"They are waiting for the elevator to take them up to the top."

"Yeah? What is the idea of burying Washington on top? That is a new one on me. You certainly have to travel to see things. Look, Tom, there's steps. Ain't the people allowed to walk up? Let's walk up, and not wait, Tom."

"Certainly," said Tom, with sober face, and he strode toward the stairway. As they began the staggering ascent, Joe Yorick initiated a monotonous mumbling which he continued without let-up.

"What are you saying, Yorick?"

"Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve," said Joe Yorick, keeping his gaze on the steps and motioning that he was not to be distracted.

They plodded upward. They passed groups of leg-weary people who were walking down to view the divers memorial stones built into the walls of the monument. Tom had time and inclination to stop and to study these stones, and to pore over the inscriptions in Chinese and in Welsh and to puzzle out the names of patriotic societies long since gone and forgotten. Joe Yorick looked neither to the right nor to the left, but continued with downcast eyes his rising count.

"One hundred!" he shouted, and drew a deep breath. He seemed to be making heavy going of it.

"We'll have to go a little faster, Yorick," said Tom, smiling with cold cruelty.

He climbed faster. The calves of his legs were beginning to make themselves felt, but he was cheered by the reflection that Joe Yorick must soon crack under the incessant effort. He spurted and rounded a turn, dropping Joe Yorick from sight. The sweat started out on him, but he plodded on grimly for the sake of winning free. The slither of Joe Yorick's feet died away behind him and he believed his follower had given up the exhausting grind. He was somewhat surprised when a hoarse whisper reached him from far down the unending staircase, "Tom! Hey, you, Tom!"

"What is it?" he called.

"Tom," said the invisible Joe Yorick, "are you sure this is the same building? I have counted up to five hundred, Tom, and I just notice this stairs goes in circles. I think we are lost, Tom."

The news that Joe Yorick was losing heart was encouraging. Tom was twenty-seven and athletic, but he had permitted himself to go soft during the past several months. He felt that he was atoning for his carelessness, and he held himself to the task he had set, though his legs grew steadily heavier and his heart pumped more quickly. He stopped to view every inset stone now; he was sitting below one and dabbing at his forehead when Joe Yorick came upon him around a turn.

"Seven hundred and twenty-five," mumbled Joe Yorick, climbing like a piece of machinery. "Is that you, Tom?"

"Say, Yorick," said Tom, "are you on the level about wanting to walk up?"

"It is certainly a long ways," said the little man. "Maybe we had better go back and take the elevator. Whatever you say, Tom."

"Then we'll go ahead," growled Tom resolutely. He rose to his feet and began the climb again.

"Twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight," chanted Joe Yorick.

They reached their goal at last, with Tom Gentry still in the lead. He had drawn on his last reserve to keep in front, and he slumped down onto a bench and sat with heaving chest and aching legs and listened to Joe Yorick mumbling, "Eight hundred and ninety, ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-five!"

He sank down beside Tom with evident relief.

"Eight hundred and ninety-five steps, Tom," he said, weary but triumphant.

"Eight hundred and ninety-eight," said the officer in charge of the observatory floor, correcting him.

"Did you walk up?" asked Joe Yorick.

"Indeed, not. But I've walked down and I know how many steps there are."

"Do you claim there are more steps going down than there are coming up?" demanded Joe Yorick argumentatively.

"Of course not."

"You certainly did, and the congressman here heard you. I just counted the steps coming up, and you said there were more going down. Well, my argument is, it don't stand to reason, and I will leave it to Congressman Gentry here. What do you say, Tom?"

"Of all the fool arguments," sighed the congressman. "Is it possible that you are not sure there are as many steps going up as going down?"

"Me?" breathed Joe Yorick aggrievedly. "Not at all, Tom. That is just what I claim. It is this party here who claims there are more steps walking down than there are walking up, and what I am saying is he don't know what he is talking about because he never walked up and counted them. Why, Tom, how could there be more?"

"Pardon me," said a visitor politely, looking from Joe Yorick to Tom Gentry, "you are talking about some feature of the monument, are you not? I have served in an advisory capacity with the Senate Park Commission, and I believe I am entirely familiar with the structure. Can I help you?"

"What we are arguing about," accepted Joe Yorick, "is whether there are more steps in this building going down than there are going up. What I claim is that there are just the same number, and it stands to reason."

The visitor blinked and stared at Tom Gentry.

"The gentleman is a congressman, if I heard you aright?"

"One of the best," said Joe Yorick proudly. "This is Congressman Thomas Jefferson Gentry, mister."

"Good heavens!" breathed the visitor, moving away.

He returned to his party and spoke to them, and they looked at Tom Gentry curiously. He strove to appear unconscious of their scrutiny, but it annoyed him, and he rose and strode to the elevator. Joe Yorick followed him into the car and stood close to him, looking up worshipingly into his face as the car descended.

"You look hot, Tom," he said. "Wait till we get downstairs and I will buy us both a nice drink. Hey, Tom?"

A lunch wagon attached to a decrepit donkey and presided over by a pipe-smoking colored woman was stopped beside the one-story structure wherein tourists waited for their turn in the monument's elevator. Seeing the appetite in the eyes of the approaching Joe Yorick, the colored woman whisked the donkey's blanket from the cart, displaying the erstwhile shielded watermelon slices and segments of coconut floating in water and ready-cut pies and sandwiches. Several government clerks came quickly, to snatch their noonday meal and to save for pleasure what they could of the half hour the Government allowed them at noon.

"What are you got for a cold drink, lady?" asked Joe Yorick. "Wait up, Tom!"

"Sass?" suggested the proprietor.

"Make it two," said Joe Yorick. He took the five-cent bottles of sarsaparilla and pulled at the corks. As they would not come under his fingers, he worried them with his teeth; he broke the corks off, one after the other. "Got a corkscrew, lady?"

"Ain't got none," she said, reaching for a bottle.

She tried to push down the cork with her forefinger, and then she tried her little finger, but that one, too, would not go into the small neck of the bottle.

"Let me," said Joe Yorick, taking back the bottle.

His fingers proved also too massive, and he went quartering about in search of a stick or a nail, exhorting Tom meanwhile to restrain his thirst. He discovered under the wagon a little negro lad playing in the dust, and he bent down and reached out, tendering the bottle to the child. "Push in that cork with your finger, sonny, will you?"

The child pushed the cork down into the liquid as requested, and Joe Yorick snatched the bottle from him and ran with it to the watching Tom Gentry, leaving behind him the little fellow sucking his suddenly sweetened finger.

"There you are, Tom," said Joe Yorick hospitably. "Ice-cold!"

"I don't think I care for any," said Tom, whose thirst had been effectually quenched by what he had seen.

"Go ahead," Joe Yorick pressed him. "Here's mine, Tom. You ain't depriving me. It's all paid for, so you might as well enjoy it, Tom. Take it, Tom, and I'll get you a nice sandwich."

Tom took the bottle, and while Joe Yorick was returning to the cart, went quickly to a receptacle for waste papers and dropped the bottle into it. His action was not observed by the kindly Joe Yorick, but it was not missed by the little boy under the cart. It seemed to the lad that he had been unfairly treated in having been given a bottle of sarsaparilla and then having it snatched from him, and he crawled out and set up a loud wailing.

"What's the trouble, child?" asked a female clerk.

"That big man yonder got mah sass!"

"Oh, go on," she said good-naturedly, sizing up Tom Gentry at a glance. "He didn't take your sass, child."

"He did too," wept the child. "And he done hid it in that ba'el. I seen him."

"Nonsense!" said Tom Gentry gruffly.

(Continued on Page 56

News of First National Pictures

Introducing "Inez from Hollywood"

ARE movie stars regular folks? Are their lives all tinsel; always artificial? You won't think so after you see Inez from Hollywood Sam Rork's new photoplay It is a sincere and human drama of studioland and an actress whose real self is a strange contrast to her carefully manufactured reputation as "Hollywood's heartless heartbreaker" You'll like Anna Q. Nilsson (left) as the vivacious Inez. In fact you may even love her And confidentially you won't be alone at that do Lewis Stone and Mary Astor are other principals

Below—
Inez comes to save her sister—at any cost.

Right—
Little Fay, innocent of the world and its ways, shows her gifts from the man who had once offered Inez gifts.

Above—
It is Fay's wedding day—but she can never be known as the sister of "Inez from Hollywood."

Miss Moore's Greatest Role

THANKS to Edna Ferber, Colleen Moore has her most wonderful role in "So Big." And thanks to Miss Moore herself. *Selina Peake* the central figure of Miss Ferber's popular novel, will be remembered as one of the most real, vivid, and sympathetic screen characters of all time

In the oval on the left is Colleen as the banged-haired, lace-collared belle of yesteryear. In strange contrast is the scene on the right The piquant little schoolma'am of ten years past has become a battered, strained soul fighting for her boy.

"So Big" will be in many theatres during and immediately after Christmas week.

A Drama Filmed on Top of the World

TO make "Frivolous Sal" J. K. McDonald took his entire company to Mount Rainier, Washington, there to photograph the scenes that make this picture one of the most unusual of the year It is a gripping story of a mining town with America's most gorgeous scenery in the background.

Ben Alexander, Mae Busch and Eugene O'Brien have leading roles in the picture. You will find one of your biggest thrills in the fight in an aerial tram-car high over a deep gorge.

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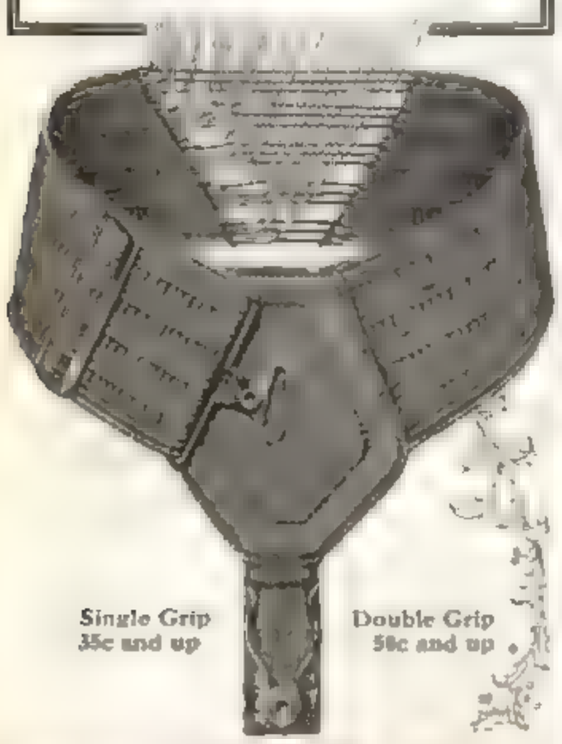
Give him Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs and you will give him comfort for many months. Practical little gifts chuck full of the personal comfort so dear to a man's heart.

And there are Brighton Wide-Webs with gold plated mountings for dress wear, Brighton Wide-Webs especially built for wool socks, Brighton Wide-Web Golf Garters and Brighton Wide-Webs for daily use.

You will find Brighton Wide-Webs at the better men's wear counters everywhere—attractively packaged for the holidays. And along with them you will see Pioneer Wide Belts, and Pioneer Suspenders—all boxed appropriately for the season.

Brighton elastic is devised for comfort. A special curing process gives remarkable ease—absolutely no binding; even the most tender legs won't feel Brighton Wide-Webs. And each strand is wrapped with soft yarn to guard against the deadening effects of perspiration and thereby insure double wear.



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PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.

For 47 Years Manufacturers of
Pioneer Suspenders Pioneer Belts
Pioneer-Brighton Garters

(Continued from Page 54)

The little fellow ran to the barrel and threw up ragged papers.

"Here 'tis, ma'am!" he cried, bringing up the bottle.

"I saw him hide it, Carrie," said another female clerk.

"Of all things!" said the first female, surveying Tom Gentry with contempt. "The idea of a man like you taking a bottle of sass from a little colored boy!"

"Took what?" asked Joe Yorick, returning with sandwiches. "Get out, lady! Why, say, this is Congressman Gentry. What would he want to be taking this boy's bottle of sass for? He got a bottle of his own. Ain't you, Tom?"

The representative paled with vexation, seeing himself thrust once again into a ridiculous situation by the officious Joe Yorick. He turned on his heel and strode away. Joe Yorick would not desert him, least of all now when his hero was in a difficulty; he followed after him manfully, turning from time to time to menace pursuers.

"How about taking in the Lincoln Memorial, Tom?" he suggested, pointing off to the left at the stately temple wherein the memory of the great President is enshrined.

"You may take in anything you darned well please, Yorick," said Tom Gentry. He clenched his teeth and strode straight ahead on Virginia Avenue.

"Well, I might not have a chance to see you again for a long time, Tom," said the little man, noting with obvious perplexity that his hero was in a very bad temper. "I will walk along with you, Tom."

Tom Gentry looked aside at him with sharp resentment. Tom was just-minded, and he could not self-respectingly flare out at Joe Yorick and send him to the devil; he had created this little man and put words into his mouth. And his combativeness had been aroused; he would not flee so contemptible an adversary by hailing a taxicab and leaving him at the gutter edge.

"I'm for walking, Yorick," he said. "Stop when you're tired."

"I was tired of it long ago, believe me, Tom," said Joe Yorick.

But he trudged along at Tom's elbow to New Hampshire Avenue, where Tom turned to the right and again to the left, following Pennsylvania Avenue out toward the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Tom struck into the tree-shaded path along the bank of the picturesque waterway. The exercise cleared his head and restored his good humor, but it did not reconcile him to the company of Joe Yorick. He waved cheerfully to the voyagers who were traveling on the boats of the Canal Towage Company from Cumberland to Washington, but his replies to the comments of his companion were yes and no. He vouchsafed no word of explanation when he left the canal and started the three-mile hike that brought them to the National Zoölogical Park. They had covered nine miles.

Something had been puzzling Joe Yorick. His face lightened with understanding when he saw the park before them, but it darkened again when Tom continued his unremitting stride.

"Tom," he said with hesitation, "could I ask you a question? No offense, you know. Don't any cars run out here?"

"Certainly."

"Well, why don't we take a car where we are going, Tom? I got money."

"Don't want to. Walking for pleasure."

"Pleasure," repeated Joe Yorick thoughtfully. And after an interval he said in a low voice, "Does this for pleasure."

As they emerged from the park on the northerly side he said plaintively, "Tom, this is certainly wonderful sport and I am having a great time, but hadn't we better sit down and rest? My shoe hurts me, Tom."

"Don't let me take you any farther, Yorick," said Tom, swinging right along. The pace was telling on him and he had had all the walking he needed, but he was sure that Joe Yorick would crack shortly. The little man's endurance surprised him, but did not disturb him. Tom valued himself on his physical prowess and was confident that he could walk down a succession of Joe Yoricks. The thing had come to be a contest. He had planned lightly to rid himself of his affliction by walking him off his feet and his pride would not permit him to change his method now. He strode along Irving Street at the regulation one hundred and twenty steps to the minute, skirted the United States Soldiers' Home and Howard University, and turned at four o'clock in the afternoon into the straightaway along North Capitol Street. Two miles away, the vast and shining building after which the street was named closed the vista. Those two miles were the last of seventeen and they would be the hardest. Tom strove fiercely to increase his pace, though his long and muscular legs were complaining in every muscle and sinew.

"Hold your horses, congressman!" cried a voice as he was passing the City Post Office on Massachusetts Avenue. "What's your rush?"

Tom stopped and shook hands with the gentleman who had accosted him. It was Otto Ranzenhofer, an auctioneer by profession and a member in good standing of the Tammany district club to which Tom owed his rise in politics.

"Been taking a stroll," said Tom.

"So was Sherman," said Ranzenhofer, glancing from Tom's inflamed face to his dust-coated shoes. "Been hunting you all over, Tom, and it's so late now we got to move quick.

"There's a business men's delegation from the Eskimo Club waiting over at the hotel, and we want you to take us over to see the Postmaster-General."

"About what?"

"About making me postmaster of New York. Didn't Jimmy write you we were coming? I saw the leader at the club yesterday and he said he was writing you and telling you what to do."

"Who's telling Tom what to do?" put in Joe Yorick at his side.

"So you want to be postmaster, do you, Otto?" said Tom. "What do you know about being postmaster?"

"What do you know about being congressman?" said Ranzenhofer comfortably. "I want to be, and Jimmy Clahan wants me to be, and I guess what Jimmy Clahan wants is good enough for you and me, isn't it? So come on over to the hotel, Tom, and take the delegation around to the Postmaster-General and introduce us."

"Ha-ha!" laughed Joe Yorick. "That's rich!"

"Who's your friend, Tom?" asked Ranzenhofer, glancing at Joe Yorick with heavy-lidded eyes.

"Say, mister," said Joe Yorick amicably, "you are got my friend Tom dead wrong. He don't wear any man's collar, Tom don't, and no political boss can dictate to him. He yields to no man, Tom don't. Tom's backing Mr. Morley, the first assistant that's been thirty years in the department, and you go back and tell Jimmy Clahan, and that's my advice to you."

"Yorick," said Tom furiously, "you go along about your business. If you follow me another step I'll call an officer and give you in charge."

He took Ranzenhofer's arm and walked quickly away.

"Now, Otto," he said persuasively, "don't you think it's a bit too much to ask the Postmaster-General to appoint you? You don't understand the work of the department, Otto. From all that I hear, there's a strong public sentiment in favor of this man Morley. When even a fellow like that one back there knows about it, you can imagine how sharply intelligent people are watching this appointment. So, all in all, Otto, I really do believe that it would be for the best ——"

"Hello!" grunted Ranzenhofer, looking into Tom's face with disagreeable surprise. "What kind of talk is this, Tom? Go on and declare yourself; are you breaking with the organization?"

"Not at all," said Tom nervously.

"Then don't talk tommyrot. Pull yourself together, man. The delegation is waiting at the hotel and we expect to see you there as soon as you can wash up. Is that an appointment? Very well."

The candidate for the New York postmastership stalked away in a huff. Joe Yorick sidled up to Tom Gentry.

"Not mad, are you, Tom?" he said wonderingly.

"Keep away from me, Yorick!"

"Please, Tom," said Joe Yorick, walking sideways and stumbling over his own feet, "say you are not mad with me. I can't leave you like this, Tom. I got to catch the five-o'clock train back to New York, and I got something else to do for the next half hour; but I cannot leave you like this, Tom."

"Look here, Yorick," said Tom Gentry, turning on him, "what in thunder do you mean by hanging onto me all day long? I was never so annoyed in my life."

"Why, Tom," said Joe Yorick with drooping mouth, "I was trying to make a friend out of you, Tom. That's why I went around with you, Tom. Didn't you—didn't you want me to?"

"Yorick," said his traveling companion bitterly, "if you have not made a friend of me by now, I can tell you you never will. All right! Great guns! I'm your friend, but if you follow me another single step I won't be responsible."

"Thanks, Tom," said Joe Yorick relievedly. "You had me worried for a minute, Tom, because you are the only friend I got in Washington, and, thinks I, I will stick by Tom Gentry if I got to go home on my uppers. Tom, you are certainly a walker, and you ought to be in the department. Well, Tom, old friend, if I may call you friend, will you do me a favor? Go over to the Veterans' Bureau, Tom, and find out why some smart Aleck cut down my boy's compensation. Naturally, I did not ask you right away, as you would think that was all I came for, and that I did not come to visit with you like you asked me. I would not bother you even now, Tom, but you are the only congressman I know here, as I moved over to Jersey this spring and I haven't got acquainted over there yet."

"Do you mean to tell me, Yorick," said the representative loudly, "that you haven't even got a vote in my district?"

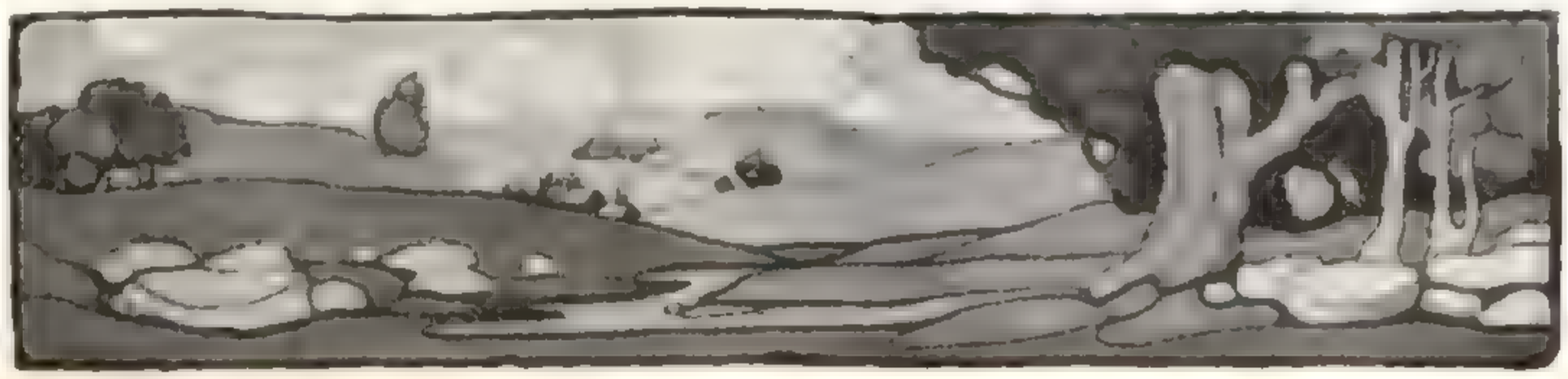
"You are a great joker, Tom," said Joe Yorick, chuckling. "What do you care about votes, hey, Tom? Well, here are the papers, if you will take them. I will just have time, if I hurry, to go over to Washington's Monument and walk up those steps again. I am not a man to be stubborn, and this time I will count carefully and see who is right. They close the monument at half-past four, don't they?"

"Did I hear you say," said Tom Gentry slowly, "that you are going to walk up to the top of the Washington Monument again? Good Lord, man, what kind of infernal machine are you?"

"There you go again," said Joe Yorick indulgently. "Don't you remember when we shook hands that night you asked me my business and I said I was a mail carrier? Sure you do! Fifth grade and silver star, Tom, and that is why walking is no treat to me; but I enjoyed that walk with you, Tom, and don't you think I didn't. You are certainly full of fun, and the bunch will have a good laugh when I tell them how you took me out for a walk. Hey, Tom?"

"I give up," said Tom Gentry. "Give me the papers."

"Good-by, Tom, old friend!" cried Joe Yorick, running for a street car on Massachusetts Avenue.



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A favorite Christmas gift—the Sampler.

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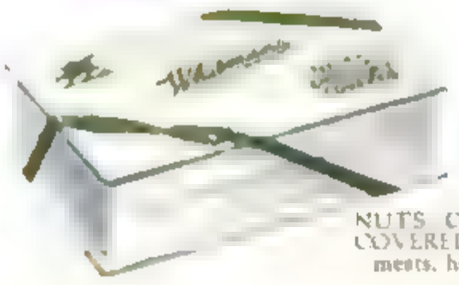

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THE SAMPLER—
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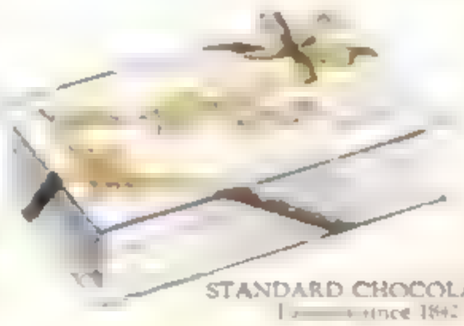

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SAN FRANCISCO CALIF MONTREAL CANADA

BARTER

(Continued from Page 34)

thrown one of those priceless coverlets made of the separate breasts of a multitude of eider ducks, so fine and dense and soft as to be in texture between fur and feathers. On the stained, discolored wall hung a mirror of *bombé* glass in a Florentine frame.

"My word!" Allaire whispered. "This room alone would assay at about a hundred thousand dollars."

"Don't tell me that this old carpet is Aubusson," I said.

"It is, though. That rare early rose, if you were to put a vacuum cleaner on it! Only a connoisseur could see through the dinginess and stains of all this stuff."

"And the house falling apart," I said. "But where's the owner, and what's to prevent some pirate putting in here and helping himself to a fortune, though not one person in a thousand would recognize it as such?"

Leaving these riddles unsolved, we continued our search. But the place was abandoned, temporarily at least, unless the furtive proprietor had nailed himself up in some room.

The first squall whirled furiously off, though the wind still blew with cyclonic force.. Looking out through a momentary brightening, I was relieved to see the Tinker—lying about where she had been, though slued a little and with a slight list that told of her having taken the ground. But there was still no chance of our getting off to her, and I wondered a little when that would be.

We went and found the old butler in the kitchen, a sort of cookhouse in the rear and built also of heavy ships' timbers with solid oaken knees. He appeared to be preparing some sort of food in an iron pot with three legs; pepper pot perhaps. He looked up at us with a sort of simian grimace no doubt intended for a smile. But he could not speak; seemed unable to make more than the most inarticulate of mumbles. To all our questions he answered with little nods and what we took for reassuring gestures of his apish hands.

It was a relief at any rate to know that the schooner was safe, though hard aground. The latter did not worry me, as I thought it probable that she would float as the pressure of the wind eased or its direction changed to drive the water back in again.

I went out then and struggled down to inspect our dinghy, and was not surprised to find that it had been badly strained and opened up along the garboard strake, so that it would take some considerable repair to make it float again. There was no other boat that I could discover; but even if there had been, I did not believe that we would be able to get off aboard the schooner that day.

Allaire had stayed in the house and I did not tell her we might have to be its guests for the night. Apparently the proprietor had gone off somewhere and was prevented from returning, if indeed he intended to return shortly. I had no idea as to where the nearest neighbors might be found. We had not intended to visit this part of the Bahamas, and my chart was the small-scale one of the Atlantic Coast from Halifax to Haiti.

That furious day wore through in some fashion. The old butler, as if taking it for granted that we were to be respectfully entertained, offered the best afforded by the establishment. At about midday he served us the food that we had seen him preparing, which proved to be, as I thought, a pepper pot of sorts, though it would have needed an analytic chemist to discover the ingredients. It was appetizing, well seasoned and rich, with gumbo and rice; and with it he served us baked yams and a sort of spoon dish, coffee; also ship biscuits and guava jelly.

He also set before us an old silver-mounted decanter of excellent wine that Allaire pronounced Chambertin.

"Our mysterious host does himself not so badly," I said, making an effort at cheer.

Allaire did not respond to this. Not only was the constant roar of the wind and creaking of the house getting on her nerves but also, I imagined, the slim prospect of getting back aboard the schooner for the night.

Presently she asked, "How are we going to get off aboard, Pom?"

"I'm afraid we can't until Cyril is able to come in for us, Allaire."

"Well, I'm not going to spend the night in this fearful place if I have to swim for it!"

"There is no use swimming for it unless the wind eases," I told her. "It would be like trying to swim up Niagara."

Then, as I had expected, the early twilight was cut off abruptly and the night came down with a sudden increase in the fury of the wind, or perhaps it was the gloom that made it seem that way.

The old butler had built up the fire with pitch-pine knots and by the light of it and a hurricane lantern he served us a supper of fish, cold smoked ham and salad, with a bowl of oranges and bananas.

"Why does he take this trouble with us?" Allaire asked. "One might think that whoever owns this fearful place had gone off leaving orders that guests were expected and to be entertained."

"Not likely," I said. "Put it down to old colonial hospitality, the taking it for granted that visitors must be cared for."

Then after supper came the question of our accommodations for the night.

"The sooner you go to sleep," I said to Allaire, "the sooner you'll get the night over with. There's that big four-poster and the eider coverlet. You'd better connect with them both."

"How about you?" she asked.

"I'll stretch out here by the fire."

But Allaire, though brave enough by day, now found herself unable to face the terrors of that big ghostly room and the fearful noises caused by the fury of the storm. I pointed out that, on the whole, these were better than utter silence would have been or a hush through which might come noises eerie and strange and inexplicable. Those made by the wind had at least no mystery about them.

I went up with Allaire and a candle, but she would not hear of my going down again.

"You camp over on that chaise longue," she said. "I'd go off my head if I were to wake up and find myself alone."

The night wore on in some fashion, both of us sleeping fitfully, I think, though Allaire never made a sound, while I at least did not snore. Then, a little after midnight, I was awakened by a sudden profound hush more disturbing in its contrast than the roaring of the hurricane. It awoke Allaire also.

"The wind has stopped," she cried.

"Yes, we must have got just the skirt of this, the felly of the wheel as one might say, which, of course, is turning faster."

"Perhaps it's the storm center," she suggested.

"I don't think so. It's too utterly still. But we can soon tell."

We waited, when it finally became evident that the wind was not going to begin again. In the relief from this tension we both dropped off to sleep, more restfully on Allaire's part; though I woke at the end of an hour, having the schooner on my mind. I got up and looked out to discover that the sky had completely cleared and shone with a multitude of very brilliant stars. Either we had been struck, as I had said, by the mere rim of the hurricane, or else it had actually been more in the nature of a violent squall.

I got to thinking then about the treasures that the old place contained, and wondering who and what the owner could be and why he chose to live isolated in the ruins of this former grandeur when he had the means for comfortable existence in some more cheerful surroundings.

It looked to me as if long years ago some great ship of the line had been cast ashore there and much of the wreckage saved by the keymen of the region, who, before the establishment of lighthouses, had been wreckers and pirates more or less, known to display false lights and then cut off vessels in distress.

I remembered the story of a governor-general of the Bahamas, who in making his annual tour of inspection had asked these folk what he could best do for the improvement of their conditions, when their naïve answer had been, "Take away these accursed lights that have ruined us."

Dropping finally to sleep, I was awakened by a glow of rosy light streaming through the eastern windows and Allaire stirring about.

"Good morning, Pom," she said. "This looks a little better."

I sprang up and there came at that moment a hail from outside. It was Cyril, who had come ashore in the dory. I ran down and out to ask how they had fared aboard.

"It was pretty bad," he said, "but there's no damage to speak of. We're hard aground, but I think we can warp off on the high tide."

"There's only a couple of feet of it," I said.

"Well, it was low when we went up and then the wind shifted. The dinghy's going to take some carpentering."

The old butler, true to form, served us coffee and biscuits and fruit. Cyril had already breakfasted, and went back to bring in Mrs. Fairchild.

I said to Allaire, "When we go we'll reward this old man with some of our trade stuff."

"I don't think we need to be in any hurry to go, Pom."

"Why not?"

"Well, here's a Golconda of wonderful things. Since this has degenerated into a trading voyage, we might start here."

I shook my head.

"This place is under a hundred miles to Palm Beach inlet, and whoever owns it must be entirely aware of the value of his things."

"I'm not so sure. If he did, I think he'd mend his roof, and I doubt if anybody knows about it. We came in his absence and there was nothing for old Pompey to do but take us in." She had named him Pompey, which seemed most apt. "Perhaps if the master had been here our reception would have been less hospitable. There's no telling what wonderful things may be in all these locked rooms; and the chances are, I think, that he keeps the other doors locked too. Besides, this is entirely off all the water routes."

"Well," I said, "if he feels inclined to trade, our whole stock in trade, with the boat thrown in, wouldn't fetch half the value of this room alone."

Seen by daylight, there was a wild and abandoned beauty about the place. Some turkeys and chickens were scratching about. The old hound was sunning himself on the rotted porch.

We spent the morning in getting the Tinker off the ground. Cyril was nearly right about her floating on the flood tide, though it needed some shifting of heavy cargo forward and heavy work at the windlass to warp her clear. This took us until noon, when the scanty tide was at full flood.

Allaire now insisted that we remain at least another day in the hope of meeting the owner of the mysterious old place, and her argument was sound.

"If you were to come on a heap of treasure, guarded only by a dumb old negro and a blind old hound, you wouldn't sail off without finding out who owned it and what he intended to do with it eventually," she said, "and that's practically the situation here. We might be able to make some sort of a trade, if only for the dishes we ate from. That was a willow platter, and the big Staffordshire plates were signed by Heath. He might care to do a little business; and even if he doesn't, it would be worth our while to find out something about it all."

We decided therefore to wait. Allaire and I made another effort to get some information from old Pompey, but he merely clucked and nodded and grimaced, waving his hands in a vague way toward the coast of Florida, from which we imagined that his master must have gone over to the mainland, though when he might be expected to return there was no means of finding out.

Exploring the key, we found it to be like many scattered along the northeastern fringe of the bank; but unlike the rest of them, it had been planted years ago in fruit and flowering trees brought there from some other place, many of which had endured. It looked to me as if loam had been brought also and spread in the hollows of the hammock ground about the house. The water was from a huge cistern.

After luncheon Cyril and I were working at the dinghy, when we looked up to see a squat sloop-rigged tub that might have been a sponger coming into the lagoon at a good clip under power. That would be the hermit, I thought, back from a run to the mainland.

But this guess proved wrong. There came ashore in a flat-bottomed skiff a florid red-haired man and a boy of about sixteen. The man, who was passably well dressed, appeared to be surprised to find us there.

(Continued on Page 60

An Eight That Challenges All Eights and All Superior Sixes

The Highest Development of the Internal Combustion Engine for Use in a Passenger Car

Hupmobile is an institution—a closely knit organization of men who for 16 years have submerged their individual identities and acted as a unit for the good of the whole.

It is the serious intention of Hupmobile to invite comparison between the performance of the new Hupmobile Eight and all other eight-cylinder cars.

Hupmobile has designed and built this eight because of a deep conviction that the advantages of the eight have been needlessly denied the average American family.

In that respect the Hupmobile Eight is a distinct departure in eight engineering—a widening of the usefulness of the eight which removes it from the realms of indulgence and makes it a practical, economical family motor car.

Many years ago, the directing head of Hupmobile, in answer to a question submitted to him in a general executive session, said with characteristic earnestness and sincerity:

"Gentlemen, I honestly believe the Hupmobile to be the best car of its class in the world."

This expression of deep and abiding conviction was adopted by the Hupmobile sales department as the source and center of a world-wide merchandising movement.

It came in due time to be shared by thousands of distributors, dealers and salesmen. They in turn impressed their unshakeable faith in the rugged honesty of Hupmobile upon hundreds of thousands of owners until Hupmobile became synonymous, wherever cars run, with invincible reliability and value.

Now history is repeating itself.

Once more, met in executive session several months ago to review the performance of the Hupmobile Eight in tests covering tens of thousands of miles, the question of many years ago was put to the directing head of Hupmobile.

The answer was precisely the same as before:

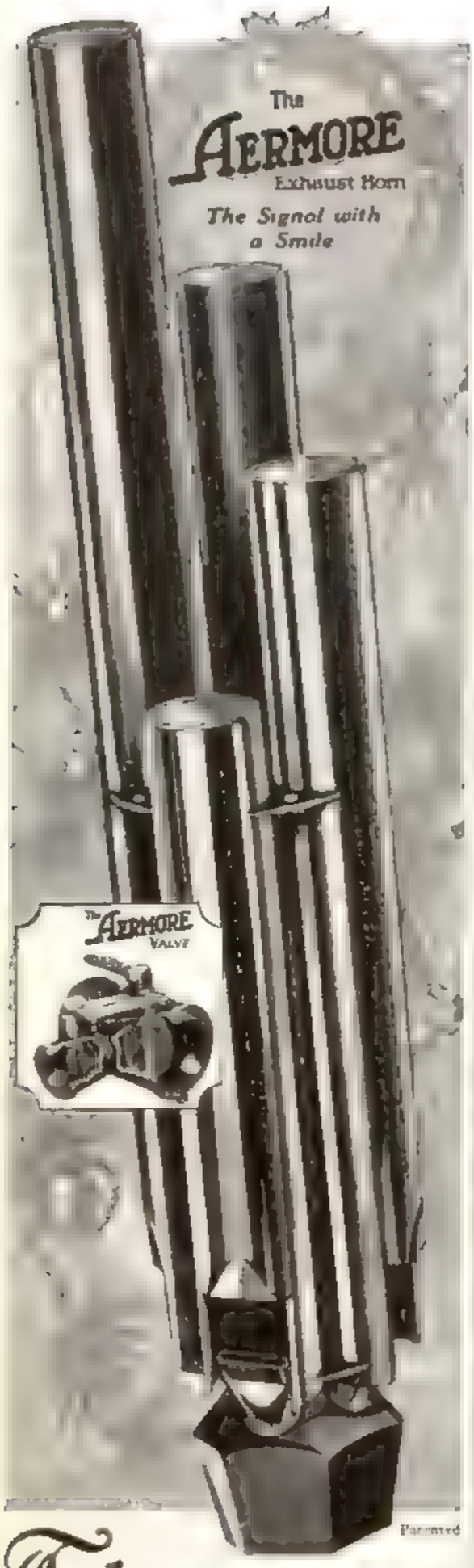
"Gentlemen, I honestly believe this Hupmobile Eight to be the best car of its class in the world."

What is *promised* in a new car is not nearly so important as the character of those who *make* the promise.

It is Hupmobile which promises you an eight which can truly and justly be called The Car of the American Family —which sincerely invites comparison with all eights and stands ready to demonstrate superiority to all sixes.

Hupmobile is an institution—a closely knit organization of men who for 16 years have submerged their individual identities and acted as a unit for the good of the whole.

Further information about the Hupmobile Eight will be published in next week's issue of The Saturday Evening Post.



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Price Complete with Valve and Dash Control

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If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name. Also make and model of car. We will send Aermore in gift package direct to you or your friends.

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Automotive Equipment

Price Setters of Quality

(Continued from Page 58)

He spoke with the inflection of a longshore Floridian, agreeably enough, but warily. I asked him if he was the owner.

"Reckon so," he answered. "How come you-all run in here? Kinder off the route."

I briefly explained the situation. At this moment Allaire and Mrs. Fairchild came up, when Allaire took further explanation upon herself, giving it a twist that seemed to me entirely unnecessary.

"We're what you might call seagoing sun hunters," she said. "But if we found a place we liked we might buy it and keep it for a winter home."

"Well, there's lots of nice prop'ty over on the mainland, ma'am. I got some shore lots I'd sell cheap. This here's too lonesome for any but a hermit like what used to own it."

"Who was he?" I asked.

"Nobody seems to know just how the fust one come to settle here. He died way back in the '50's and he'd lived here then as long as anybody could remember. Some say he was a pirate, but I remember hearin' my grandpaw tell as how he was skipper of a big British ship that piled up on the reef in a hurricane, bound back to England from Havana. This old house was built partly out of her timbers. But so long as I can remember, old Captain Crookshank has hung out here. He died only a coupla weeks ago. I come out to take possession."

Allaire's eyes shone.

"Then he left the property to you?"

"Yes, ma'am; that is, in the line of business. He come into my store one day nearly a year ago and says, says he, 'Mr. Sanders, I need some supplies and I ain't got no more money, so I tell you what I'll do. I'll make over all my prop'ty to you when I die and have the deed drawn up now if you'll engage to bring me off a hundred dollars' worth of stores every three months.' He was pretty old and poo'ly, and I didn't reckon he could last more than a year or two longer, so I agreed. He showed me what was in the house, and while it ain't wuth much, I reckoned I hadn't oughter lose anything to speak of. He had an old deed datin' way back nigh on to a hundred years, but the lawyer said it was all shipshape and proper."

I glanced at Allaire and didn't like the hard expression of her face. It was that gaming-table face again.

"Then you've come now to get the stuff?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am, what I can carry, and what seems like it might be wuth totin' away. Been inside?"

"Yes. It's just an old ruin."

"That's what. There's some old beds and chairs and things, but the carpets is all wore out and most of the rooms empty. The dining-room table is sorta quaint and old-fashioned, but it's pow'ful heavy. I thought I'd sorta wreck the place and sell it maybe for junk."

"What do you value the whole thing at, just as it stands?" Allaire asked.

"Well, I don't know. These here keys ain't got much value, and I dunno if it would be wuth while to cut out them live oaks."

"We like it for just what most people would object to," Allaire said—"its lonesomeness, and the house might be patched up for a few hundred dollars."

"Yes, ma'am, the frame of it is right solid. If she was reroofed and patched up a mite, she'd last a long time yet. I suttenly hadn't counted on makin' no trade, though, when I come out here. I gotta store at Jupiter Inlet. It beats me that anybody'd want to live here. Let's go take a look inside."

We made our way up to the house. As we walked along, Allaire asked, "Hasn't anybody ever been out here?"

"Nobody but me that I know of, ma'am. The old cap'n was right shy. If he see anybody comin', he'd go in and lock the door. Some folks 'lowed he might be hidin' out for somethin', but I never took no stock in that."

"How about his old servant?" I asked.

"Oh, he's been here long as anybody can remember. Must be over a hundred years old. Nothin' to do but just leave him here to dry up and blow away."

We went into the house.

Mr. Sanders surveyed the priceless tapestry, the beautiful old pieces, then shook his head.

"Nothin' here you could give away, I reckon," he said. "I've heard tell some folks sets a heap o' store on suchlike old trash, but I reckon this here's too far gone."

He picked up one of the chipped Staffordshire plates, glanced at it contemptuously and scaled it into the fireplace, where it broke. Allaire suppressed a scream.

"Oh, don't, Mr. Sanders! Just think how many years these old things have been eaten from!"

Sanders laughed.

"There now, ma'am. It looks like you was one of them people I just mentioned, sorta romanticlike. Well, I'm a practical business man myself. If you take a fancy to any of this stuff you can have it at your own price."

I felt a little dizzy. So also did Allaire, for she turned quite pale.

"We haven't but very little money, Mr. Sanders, but we've got a lot of stuff aboard our boat that you might like to trade for."

"What sorta stuff?" he asked.

"Oh, all sorts. One of our party, Mrs. Fairchild, is the widow of a retired sea captain. He left her a ship chandler's store at Beach City, but its trade was ruined by a new modern one that opened up down by the wharf. Then she tried dealing in notions, and was doing fairly well, when they started a big five-and-ten-cent store just across the street. That killed her business, so she weeded out the best of her stock and we loaded it aboard our boat, thinking that we might be able to trade it off down South here, if we found a place to locate."

"That was a funny idea," Sanders said; "but it sounds sorta sensible too. What all you got?"

"The sort of things that ought to have some standard value anywhere," Allaire answered easily. "A few small marine motors in good condition, and rope and wire and some mixed hardware and paints and oils, and a few small anchors and boat fittings, blocks and things. Mrs. Fairchild can tell you better than I can."

It struck me that Sanders' small green eyes showed a gleam of interest. Perhaps, as a storekeeper and dealer in such commodities as Allaire had shrewdly mentioned, it struck him that here might be the chance to make a good trade after all. An odd party of Northerners who for some reason had seen fit to pool their resources and seek winter sanctuary in the South. Still, he was puzzled.

"I don't quite get you folks. How come you happen to fetch up way out here?"

"Any port in a storm," I quoted, "especially one like this last. We were pretty well offshore and this was the nearest shelter, so I ran in."

"You see, Mr. Sanders," said Allaire, "Mr. Stirling was a naval-reserve officer during the war, and since then he's been assistant superintendent in his uncle's boiler factory in New Jersey. But a little while ago he had a nervous breakdown from the noise, mostly his uncle's noise, and had to give up his job. So we got him for our sailing master."

"I see." Sanders looked blanker than ever. "The schooner was the prop'ty of Mrs. Fairchild?"

"No, she belonged to my brother, who died two years ago," Allaire explained. "She's been lying idle, and as I had planned coming South for the winter, I thought we all might as well get some good of her. I met Mrs. Fairchild through Mr. Stirling one day when I was in Beach City."

Sanders nodded, like a man to whom all has been made clear. But he did not look the part. Allaire assisted him a little further.

"Mrs. Fairchild was going to sell out her stock for what it might fetch, but her store manager, Mr. Whitecliff"—she looked at Cyril—"told her that she might as well give it away. But he thought that down South here she might be able to trade it off for something like its value, if not in money, then for a cottage site or something of the sort."

Sanders looked a little less bewildered.

"Well, mebbe he was right." He glanced around appraisingly at the desolation on all sides. "Or if it was a key you all fancied ——"

"We never thought about a key," Allaire said; "but it's struck Mr. Stirling and me that something might be done with this place."

"Well, come to think about it ——" Sanders began, then petered out. It was evident that his imagination was not up to saying offhand what could be done with it, unless to touch a match to it. Mrs. Fairchild and Cyril were looking at Allaire with the fascinated expression of two children watching a fairy that might reveal itself for some few moments to their astonished eyes, and not quite sure whether it was a good fairy or a bad one.

"It's so picturesque," Allaire explained, "and so remote from the cares and bothers of ordinary daily life."

"Sure is, miss," Sanders admitted. "No close neighbors to pester a body."

"There, I see you get my meaning, Mr. Sanders. Now I've got a friend who would love to have a key like this"—Allaire looked round at the fearful place with a rapt expression—"a poetic waste of sea and sky and sand."

"Well, there ain't no accountin' for tastes, miss." Sanders' patience and discretion were beginning to slip a cog or two. "Now about this here stock you was speakin' of—these yere motors and things."

"Oh, yes!" Allaire came back to earth again. "If you happen to feel like trading off this lovely romantic spot for some of those things, I think I could make an arrangement with the others. I'm sure that I could sell it to my friend at a little profit. He's very rich and wants some sort of base to put into when cruising on his yacht."

Sanders glanced at me as if to say, "Hasn't this childishness gone far enough?" But I laughed and said, "Miss Forsyth knows what she's talking about. I think she could sell her friend an orange grove at the North Pole, sight unseen."

He raised his bushy red eyebrows and for the first time a gleam of understanding shone in his small sun-reddened eyes.

"Oh, o' course, if it's like that, let's go out and take a look at that stuff of yours, miss."

IX

WE ALL went off aboard the Tinker, when there ensued a transaction in barter such as probably had not occurred on that coast since the early Spanish voyagers traded off their beads and gayly colored prints and hawk bells for nuggets of virgin gold, if ever they did that in the Bahamas. We left it all to Allaire, and whatever may have been the emotions of the two others, I found myself torn between avarice and honesty.

There was, however, this compensating feature: That Sanders himself was not entitled to it. Either the old captain did not know the market for the objects that surrounded him, or else he had grown attached to each and every one that remained and desired that they should continue to surround him until his death. His predecessor might have known about it, or it might be merely that his ship when wrecked had been carrying out these articles of furniture for the colonial palace of some high official or early rich planter.

It was possible that the ship had come to grief in just such an outer fringe of hurricane as had just swept the place—been caught too close in through some fault of her master from which he knew he could not be exculpated, so that he had preferred to maroon himself for the rest of his days on that desolate spot rather than return to ruin and disgrace.

Who his successor had been was impossible to say; possibly his son; or he might have drifted in or been picked up, a sort of sea waif.

At any rate the first inhabitant had evidently purchased the key from the colonial government of his day, since the title had been searched and passed on, as Sanders assured us. It was probable that even in the case of any flaw, his long tenure must have established a valid claim that none would attempt to contest.

So here was opportunity fairly clamoring on the hatch, and I could not help but wonder what man or woman in our position would have failed to seize it. If Sanders was satisfied with his bargain, what more was he entitled to? It was not a case of bread on the waters, as if his inheritance had resulted from disinterested kindness. He had told us frankly that he had made the bargain because he did not think the present holder could last much longer and there might be a slight profit in it. It had cost him only about three hundred dollars.

Allaire, now assuming the rôle of owner, exhibited a false naïveté of which Sanders most obviously tried to take advantage. He saw in her a sentimentalist who had taken a fancy to what he considered the veriest rubbish, and it must have seemed to him from our noninterference with Allaire's bargaining that she was the spoiled child of the family or the one to hold the purse strings.

I had not the face to take part in this transaction. I left it to Allaire, and before

(Continued on Page 62)

Turns Dirty Oil *into* Clean Oil *As Your Car Runs*

Often as you go through the mess and inconvenience of changing the oil in your crankcase, you are not escaping the danger of damage from dirty contaminated oil.

There *is* no escape but PUROLATOR, which turns dirty oil into clean oil, automatically and continuously, as your car runs.

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In some minds the question of dilution may arise, and in that respect it is important to note that it is the consensus of engineering opinion everywhere that contamination is by far the more serious factor. Note what engineers say in another column.

Dirt in the oil is what does damage to an engine, and the latest engineering conclusion is that even oil with a moderate percentage of dilution is not harmful—*if it is filtered and kept continuously clean.*

That is the big thing—to keep the oil clean all the time. To save the muss and fuss of frequent crankcase draining; to save the constant expense of wasting oil.

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It is made for any motor in any car, truck or tractor.

Its attachment does not interfere in any way with the motor or its operation.

What Engineers Say

The presence of contaminating foreign matter demands draining the crankcase, rather than any decrease in the potential lubricating value of the oil. The latter retains this characteristic and is only prevented from effectively performing its intended function by the foreign matter which has accumulated

From "Lubrication," published by the Texas Company, U. S. A

And so we in the lubricating field advocate drainage of the crankcase frequently, not particularly because the oil becomes diluted, but because the oil becomes contaminated. While it will stand thinning out alone and still possess ample value to accomplish its primary function, contamination seriously hampers it

From a paper read before the Society of Automotive Engineers by E. F. Hallock of the Vacuum Oil Company.

There are two objections to crankcase drainage First, the user does not obey the instructions. Second, such draining very rarely removes more than one-half the accumulated solids which lie in the oil pan and immediately contaminate the new oil

By A. L. Clayden, chief engineer of the gas engine research of the Sun Oil Company

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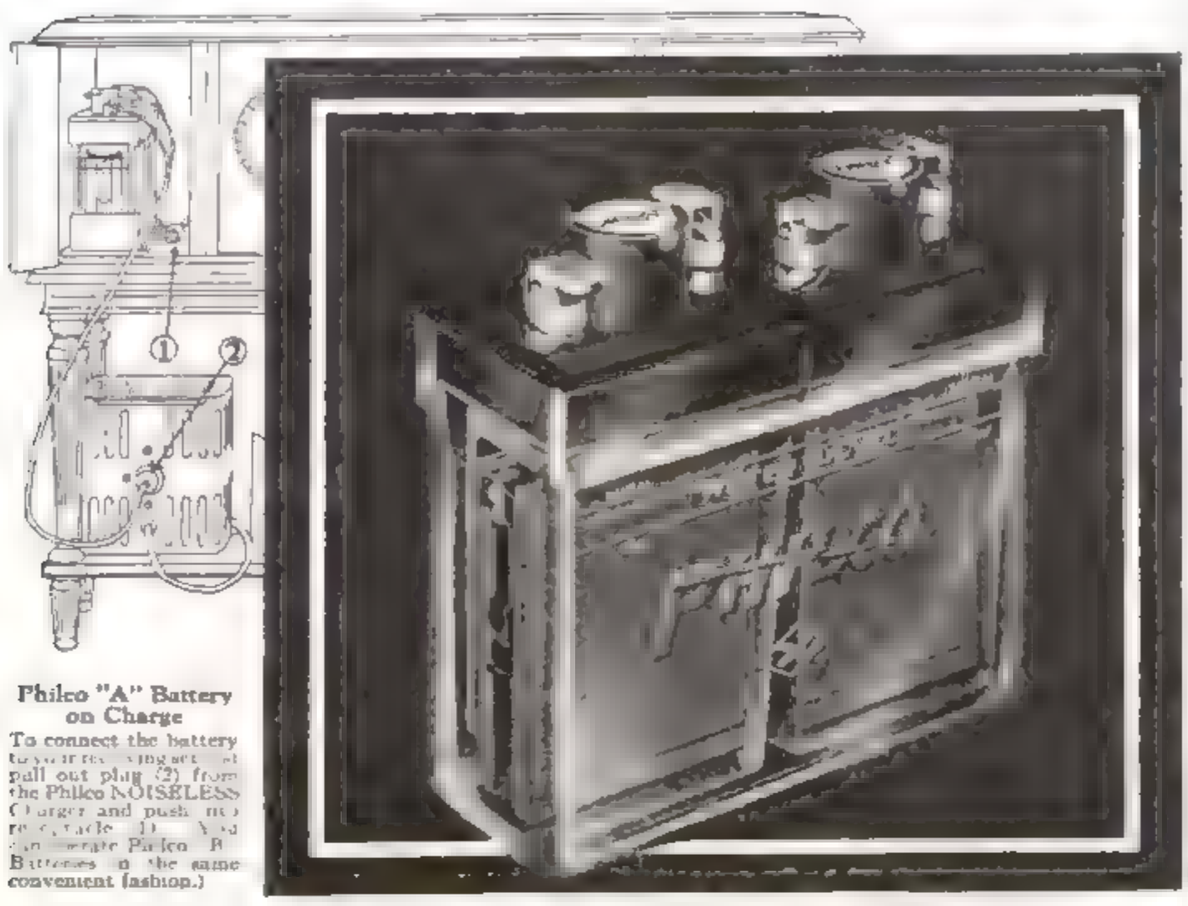

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To connect the battery to your receiving set pull out plug (2) from the Philco NOISELESS Charger and push into receptacle (1). You can operate Philco B Batteries in the same convenient fashion.

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Here's a Philco Storage "A" Battery for dry-cell tubes that cannot lose power on the dealer's shelf—that can be charged time and time again—that occupies even less space than three dry cells, yet does the work of six. It's economical, too, because you buy a battery only once.

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To recharge—just shift the plug from the radio socket to the charger socket. No moving batteries—no changing wires—no worry over burning out tubes by getting positive and negative mixed.

Philco makes batteries of similar convenience and economy for storage battery tubes and for your automobile. See your nearest Philco Service Station, Radio or Music Dealer—or write us.

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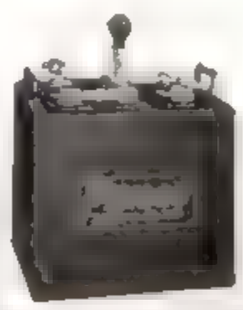
Spray-proof. Stay dry and clean always. Built-in Charge Indicators.

Type UD86 for storage battery tubes. . $16

Type UD44, a dry cell replacement enabling you to get better results out of dry cell tubes. Occupies less space than three dry cells and may be installed permanently in the radio cabinet. Price $8



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Type RAR and RW for storage battery tubes in beautiful Adam-brown mahogany-finish cases harmonizing with your radio cabinet. Price . . . . . $14.50 up

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(Charger prices include plugs and receptacles)

PHILCO DIAMOND GRID BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 60

the sun got low that capable young woman had finished by making a sweeping trade of the stuff for which we had swapped the stock in Mrs. Fairchild's store for the entire contents of that old barrack of a house, and secured a six months' option on the purchase of the whole key at a purchase price of five thousand dollars. A very good radio set was the price of the option.

Sanders could not conceal the fact that he considered himself to have made a splendid bargain, and was a little apologetic.

"You see, it's like this, folks," he said: "When me and the old captain made that agreement there was two things I couldn't reckon on. For all I knew he might have hung on for years, ten or fifteen yet, me keepin' him supplied at the rate of four hundred dollars a year. And of course it never entered my head that somebody might come along and take a fancy to the place."

"Of course not, Mr. Sanders," Allaire agreed. "And there was always the chance that the old house might burn down or blow away."

"That's right, ma'am. Besides, this here out-of-the-way island prop'ty ain't like real estate ashore. It's only got a value for some party that hankers to be off the beaten track, or a rich man such as you was speakin' of that's got his yacht and wants to come here with a party of friends to take his comfort like they see fit, and nothin' to hinder."

"Yes," I said dryly; "no danger of being raided out on a sand bar like this."

"Well, I sure hope that Miss Forsyth may be able to make a little turnover. I handle right smart of real estate on the mainland, and this here is out of my line. But it strikes me that before trying to sell it you better spend a little money and fix it up a mite. Just as she stands, it's enough to scare a body away."

"It certainly would me," Mrs. Fairchild said somberly. The good woman had held her peace throughout the transaction, but was plainly upset about it.

"I think," said Allaire, "that Mr. Sanders might as well load this stuff aboard his boat and take it back with him. You could go along, Pom, to make sure that the deed is all in order and to get the option drawn up."

"That's a good idee, ma'am," Sanders agreed. "Before I signed my agreement with the old captain I made sure that his title was clear. My l'yer sent the papers to Nassau, and the report was that so far as they were able to discover the ownership couldn't be assailed. But for your own satisfaction, you better do what you say."

He got in the dory then and went over to bring his sloop alongside. As soon as he had gone, Mrs. Fairchild gave voice to her long-suppressed emotions. She desired to be shown, for which she was scarcely to be blamed, having seen the equivalent of her whole stock in trade calmly swapped off by the high-handed Allaire for what must have looked to the good woman like the dingy, shabby contents of a fearsome old ruin of a dilapidated frame house stuck out on an unheard-of key of the scattered multitude in the Bahamas.

Allaire patiently explained the situation, calling on my amateur but fairly expert knowledge of antique furniture for corroboration.

"At a conservative estimate, the stuff in that house would fetch at any auction a hundred thousand dollars," she said. "But if properly handled, it might sell for twice that amount. I have helped my friends buy such things, and I know."

"How about the duty?" I asked.

"It's not dutiable. The main thing now is to get it loaded aboard and out of here before anybody on the mainland tips off Sanders. He is going to boast a little about his trade, and that might rouse a curiosity that could ruin everything. I'm not worrying about the deed for this island. Undisputed possession for about a hundred years is deed enough. But I want to get a legally attested bill of sale for all this old stuff and then get it away from here before anybody comes nosing round. That's why I think one of you ought to go ashore and stick to Sanders until it's drawn."

"Why not go yourself, Miss Forsyth?" asked Mrs. Fairchild.

"Too much risk of my being seen and recognized, and people wondering what I am up to. About half my friends are over there."

"The person to go with Sanders," I said, "is Mrs. Fairchild. To begin with, this stuff is really hers. Most of it was traded for what came out of her shop. Sanders understands it that way, and can make the deed out to her. But here's another point: Allaire is right in saying that we ought to get it away from here before anybody sees fit to butt in, and that's going to be some job. Cyril and I will have to do some intensive furniture moving."

"Right, Mr. Stirling," Cyril agreed. "What if this Sanders spills the beans to some bloky in the know? He might decide to bring him off for a look-see before going through with it."

"But how am I to get back here?" Mrs. Fairchild wailed.

"You had better not try to come back," I said. "Just get your receipt and the option, then take the first train to New York and wait for us there. We will get the stuff aboard, then beat it North as fast as wind and gasoline can take us."

The poor woman looked distressed and a little dazed. She was about to make another protest, but Allaire forestalled her in that limpid unanswerable tone of hers.

"Here's the point, Mrs. Fairchild: The object of this voyage was barter, and now we've tumbled on such a chance as we will never get again. So let's go while the going's good. Antique dealers and their scouts have raked this country and Europe with a fine-toothed comb. Motor cars have made that possible, until there's scarcely anything worth having left. Or, where there is, the owners are educated in values. Doing it in a boat is a new departure, and though we didn't count on that, yet here it is. So let's make the best of it."

"Yes," I said, "and if we slam it through, then we'll have a proper stake to do it better next time."

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Fairchild. "Well, if that's the way you all feel about it ——"

"Here comes Sanders with his sloop," Cyril said.

We unshipped the skylight, rigged a whip, then snaked out the proceeds of Sanders' trade and lowered them aboard his bulky motor sloop. Not much of a job, what with Cyril, Sanders, Sanders' lumpish son and his boatman and pilot, a powerful Bahaman negro with the distinguished name of McIntosh.

The moon was full, and as the sea was smooth and weather indications fixed fair, Sanders decided to start immediately on his run back to Jupiter. It was then about nine P.M., and he figured to fetch in before ten next morning.

Mrs. Fairchild bade us a rather strained farewell, not that she resented our decision, but because the whole performance impressed her as being irregular to the point of disreputable, I think, and she was the soul of old-fashioned respectability.

"And here you are, out here without a chaperon," she said to Allaire.

"Business women can't bother with chaperons, Mrs. Fairchild, however much they sometimes need them. But I think I'm safe enough, don't you?"

"I think you would be safe 'most anywhere, Miss Forsyth—safe for you, that is. Some women and girls are naturally that way." And with this final shot she went over the side.

x

FOR about an hour after Sanders' squat tub had waddled out to sea, we three sat on deck talking future plans. It was a fine night, but hot, without a breath of air stirring, and would be stuffy below. The moon was full and very bright, almost overhead.

Allaire was saying, "This whole thing has been so easy so far that I'm almost afraid there must be a joker to crop out somewhere," when Cyril, whose senses were uncommonly acute, suddenly slanted his head as if to listen.

We were all silent. Then, as if one had placed a stethoscope to the bosom of the sea, there came sounds like the deep, muffled beating of its heart. I caught it intermittently at first, as did Allaire, for she exclaimed, "They are coming back! Mrs. Fairchild must have lost her nerve, or perhaps I had better say changed her mind."

Cyril shook his head.

"That's not Sanders' jolly old churn. It's got a quicker beat."

"Who then?"

"Perhaps a passing boat. Perhaps—the joker."

But a few moments assured us that it was not a passing boat. The beat of the exhaust was growing more distinct, and had a sort of bubbling sound. Directly to the westward, about half a mile distant, there was

(Continued on Page 64)

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RAIN—snow—cold weather! These are the times you most appreciate the two-fold convenience of this new-type car—the Studebaker Duplex-Phaeton.

It is a glorious, joyous, free, airy open car when you want it. Then when it storms it may be transformed into a comfortable, weather-tight enclosed car—in 30 seconds. And without even leaving your seat.

There's no fuss or bother to put up curtains while the snow beats in. No inconvenience trying to match them up on a dark or stormy night. Instead, you simply lower the roller side enclosures of the new-type Duplex body—it's as easy as drawing down a window shade.

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In design and finish there is new beauty; steering mechanism, fenders and body lines especially designed for full size balloon tires; automatic spark control; lighting switch at your finger tips on the steering wheel; genuine Spanish leather upholstery; new ease of operation; velvet clutch action plus finish and fittings of the very highest quality.

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(Continued from Page 62)

another low key with broken dunes and a patch of low scrubby trees—cedars, I think. This sinister visitor sounded to be just the other side of these. Then, as we stared in that direction, two slender masts moved out from behind them, the hull still hidden by the sedge-covered dunes.

"That beggar is coming here," Cyril said quietly, "otherwise he'd not be in so close. This bally place ain't so private as we'd thought."

For several moments we watched those ominous spars moving steadily along. Then I rose and hauled the dory alongside.

"What now, Pom?"

Allaire's voice was husky with foreboding, as if a pirate were coming in. But then we had reason to know that the old freebooting days had turned back on us again. Here we were, two men and a girl, in that desolate abandoned place, and a good many thousand dollars' worth of property over in that old shell of which the battered roof was now silvered in the right moonlight.

"That fellow's coming in, I think. What his errand may be I can't guess, but it might be somebody who knows the value of that stuff and has learned that the old captain has died. I'm going ashore."

"I'll go with you," said Allaire.

"Perhaps that might be better. Cyril had better stay aboard. Let's say we bought the property a week ago and expect a working gang out here tomorrow."

"That's a good plan," Cyril agreed. "And there's something else you might say, Mr Stirling, if you'll excuse me for suggesting it."

"I can guess, Cyril. That Miss Forsyth is Mrs. Stirling."

"What?" gasped Allaire.

"It would give us more class, and that's always important. Here's our lay: We are a young married couple who have cruised South on their boat to look for just some such *paradis à deux* as this. We learned that Sanders had come into possession of the place, just as he told us, and bought it from him. We are expecting the contractor and labor gang that he's to send over to put the place in order under our direction. Cyril is our sailing master. Got all that?"

Allaire nodded, then gave a stifled laugh.

"Why not let Cyril marry us and be done with it? I believe a sailing master has the right."

"'Fraid there isn't time," I said. "Look, he's rounding to turn in."

"But I've got no wedding ring."

"Here then." I slipped the signet off my little finger. "If you should have to meet these unexpected guests you can turn the shield inside. It's no joke, Allaire. The tougher the crowd, the less respect for a girl whose papers aren't in order. That kills the morale of your position."

"All right. Let's hope it doesn't kill my own." She held out her hand, then, as I slipped the ring on the proper finger. "I Allaire, take thee, Pom ——"

"Be still," I interrupted, for somehow this sent a quiver through me. "It's plain that Mrs. Fairchild was right when she made that parting wise crack."

Cyril's big luminous eyes were fastened on us with a curious expression, less amused than glowing, eager, as if anticipating romance not so far away. There was a good deal of the dramatic about this boy. I gave the dory painter a savage tug, yanked the boat in, then scrambled down and held out my hand to Allaire.

"Get aboard. Hurry!"

She stepped aboard, then glanced back at Cyril, who was staring owlishly at us.

"It's plain I'm shackled to a brute, Cyril. Good-by. Don't give up the ship."

Feeling more of a fool than I had for years, I picked up an oar, dropped it into the chock in the stern board and started to scull in to the jetty. As we reached it the schooner was pushing slowly and cautiously in through the narrow channel between the two keys, a leadsman in the chains singing out the soundings in a harsh cockney voice. "And a 'arf—fower ——"

I helped Allaire onto the jetty, when we walked back under the shadow of a pine and stood watching. The schooner was a trim enough little vessel of the Gloucester or Boston fishing class, rather small as they build them now, spoon-bowed, with short bowsprit and pole masts with no topmasts, or baldhead, as fishermen say. She was painted black and deep-laden, and it was not difficult to guess her cargo.

Allaire now made a guess of her own:

"I think I get it, Pom. This key is a depot from which to supply a stretch of the coast opposite. Shouldn't wonder but what brother Sanders had a little side line."

"Perhaps, but I doubt it. If he was working that sort of graft, he wouldn't have wanted to turn over the place to us."

"Well, it might be others then. Bimini is pretty closely watched. It would be a cinch to distribute from here."

"Then here's your chance," I said grimly. "Looks as if your luck had turned. Everything seems to be coming your way."

"Why, yes, darn it, just when I'd got converted to lawful trade!"

"Well, if you think you would like this unlawful sort better, all you've got to do is to tell the skipper that you've got an option on the island and would listen to a proposition. First carry your antiques North and market 'em, then come back here and be queen of the Bahama Boozeneers. Carry out your first idea."

"Serve you right if I did," she flashed.

"Then go to it," I said. "I shan't stop you."

"Will you come in too?"

"I? Just about as quick as if this were two hundred years ago, and I were the sort of broken gentleman I am now, and put in here for shelter as I have, and met up with a gang of filthy buccaneers who offered me a captain's billet."

"But you've bought liquor from bootleggers, haven't you?"

"Yes; and I'd have bought dried beef from the buccaneers if I'd needed it as badly as I've known myself to need a drink. But I would never have turned one myself. Listen, Allaire! There are some of us who don't believe in certain arbitrary laws and don't obey them strictly as regards what we consider to be our personal necessities. But it's a long way from that to purveying illicit wares for money. I might go to a race track and surreptitiously back my horse, or look into a gambling house and throw a twenty on the red. But I would not make a book or run a gambling dive. If I've got to be legislated into the virtue of abstention, whether I like it or not, then let them go ahead and put us all on that high involuntary plane."

"I see," said Allaire. "You would not expect a man to obey a law that forbade him to kiss his wife on Sunday, but would recommend an enforcement of a law for locking all the wives up over Sunday."

"Oh, I'd do that anyhow," I snapped. "Look, they've anchored just astern of us."

The schooner had let go her anchor when the water shoaled to four fathoms, and now as she tailed out astern of the Tinker I was surprised to see that there was not much difference in size. She was too small for a Grand Banker, but a very tidy, able-looking little vessel, built perhaps for lobstering or inshore mackerel and herring seining.

We could now hear Cyril's voice talking with somebody aboard her, but were unable to catch the words. The conversation sounded amicable, though there was the sort of intonation to the voice from the stranger that suggested the Englishman of patrician class questioning a servant. Curt, and with a brusque rising inflection at the end of short interrogatory clauses. The inflection proclaimed the nationality beyond all doubt.

"Sounds like some swell of the Royal Yacht Squadron gone in for trade," I said.

"Yes, or a British naval officer that's lost his billet and turned rank. He would spot Cyril's Bare-mooda accent and talk to him as if he were a sweep. Let's go back out there, Pom."

"We will if you like," I said; "but after hearing that swank talk I feel we ought to guard our tapestries more than ever."

"When dealing with gentlemen one can't be too careful," Allaire agreed. "From the tone of his voice, I'd say that he could tell a Gobelin from a piece of theater curtain."

"Well, let's go out and ask him the news from Nassau," I said. "We are supposed to have been marooned about a week."

"And how long have we been married?" Allaire murmured, and slipped her arm behind me, her hand on the farther shoulder.

"Long enough to have got over the pawing stage," I snapped, "and this is a poor time and place for mocking badinage. Come on then, let's go."

"Wait, they're coming in."

We heard the whining of sheaves, then a boat hit the water with a splash.

"Jump down, one of ye!" barked the peremptory voice. "Handle your oars!"

"That sounds ex-R. N.," I said. "We'd better go up to the house."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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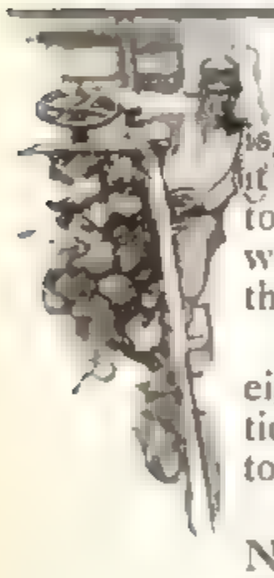

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A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY

(Continued from Page 9)

"I know what you're thinking," said Angela. "Well, mamma won't come this time. She's at home with a headache. You needn't be afraid."

Everett moved his hat restively through his fingers.

"I'm not afraid," he said.

And her voice came back, just as he remembered, just as if it had been yesterday, half careless, half contemptuous.

"Oh, yes, you are," said Angela. "I might have known you would be. You're afraid to take my hand."

Everything that had gone was like yesterday again, from the careless tone she used to the taunting way she held her head. As she took his hand to climb down from the saddle, his face went redder still, and a strange resentment mastered him. Her weight came on his arm, and as she looked at him, her lips curled upward very slowly.

"Thank you," said Angela. "You can let my hand go now, if it embarrasses you so much."

Everett's answer came before he thought, through some involuntary reflex of pride.

"It doesn't embarrass me," he said, "any more than it embarrasses you."

"You needn't be so rude," said Angela. "Why should I be embarrassed? Hold my hand if you want to. It won't look any queerer. Walking with you's queer enough."

And she smiled at him again, and Everett's voice grew thick.

"Then why do you?" he demanded. "There's no reason why you should."

"I don't know what got into me," said Angela; "curiosity, I suppose. Aren't you pleased I remembered you? Haven't you ever wondered where I've been all this time? Did you know I was abroad at school?"

"How could I help knowing?" answered Everett. "It's all anyone talks about—what you all are doing."

"You don't like me very much, do you?" said Angela. "I don't suppose you like any of us."

"Have any of you ever done anything," asked Everett, "ever, to make me like you?" And Angela smiled back.

"Why, of course not!" she said. "Why should we? But it's funny—you're the first one I ever heard say a thing like that. Really it's rather nice."

"Nice?" echoed Everett. "Do you think it's nice to stop a feller on the road and make fun of him?"

"Don't say 'feller'!" replied Angela. "You can really speak quite nicely when you try. No, I think it's nice to know someone who doesn't like me. It's so different. Dear me, I suppose I must be going now. Hold my horse's head, please."

Once she was on her horse again, the whole episode seemed unreal. What had she wanted with him? Everett could not tell. She gathered up the reins and patted at her hair.

"I don't suppose," she said, "you'd like to come and see me."

Suddenly the way she spoke seemed like some atonement for all that had gone before, and suddenly he felt his heart beat faster.

"I wish you would," said Angela, "even if you don't like me. I'd like it just the same."

"Why should I?" he asked. "I guess you're not any different from the way you've always been. You won't have any use for anyone like me."

"Oh, well," said Angela, "if you're afraid ——"

"I'm not afraid!" retorted Everett. "Why should I be afraid?"

"Well, if you're not," said Angela, "I'll be in our summerhouse at half past eight tonight."

Everett stood staring down the road at a cloud of dust and then at the dust at his feet. The mark of her small riding boot was still there close beside him, and that was all. Yet his heart was beating fast. The things he said, the things she said, kept running through his mind, without sequence or relation, like things of no importance; and perhaps they had none then, for he was very young to read between the lines. The touch of her hand was still on his. Her voice seemed to linger in the rustle of the trees. He could see her still in her close-buttoned riding habit. No, it was not the things she said. In the end they were as nothing.

"I knew you'd come," she said.

And Everett Jenkins thought she was like Maude in the garden that early summer night. Her dress was light, like the Hollingshead blush roses, and across the garden the light from the French windows fell softly on her face.

"I told you I wasn't afraid," he said, and his voice was very low; and the things he said and the things she said still made no difference then.

"Here's the summerhouse," said Angela. "Tell me, are you glad you came?"

Never before had he passed through the Hollingshead gates. Across the garden, the house seemed larger than he had ever imagined, a dark, tall shadow against the sky, pierced by square after square of light. About him were the flower beds, fabulous flower beds, like some garden of Arabia. For a moment it came over him that it was all like a story, to be accepted without ever reasoning why. Not a day ago he had been a village boy, and now Angela's hand was resting on his arm. Her hand was on his arm, and Everett stood very still for fear she would move it.

"Are you glad you came?" she asked.

"Yes," said Everett, and it was hard for him to speak; "yes, I'm glad I came."

"You can call me Angela, if you like."

Her voice was as soft as the evening breeze.

"Yes, Angela," said Everett.

"And you used to hate me, didn't you?"

"Yes," answered Everett, "I guess I did."

"But you don't hate me now."

It was too fanciful for truth. Was there any wonder his voice trembled when he answered.

"No, Angela," he said.

"Tell me"—he could hardly hear her, for her voice was not more than a whisper—"Everett, tell me you don't hate me."

"I don't ——" began Everett hoarsely, and stopped.

"Tell me," whispered Angela. "Won't you tell me?"

Dimly he could see her face turned toward his, and the thing he did was through no volition of his own.

"I love you, Angela," he said, and bent his head and kissed her.

It took him time to understand what happened next. Even long afterward, whenever he thought of it, the same puzzled, baffled feeling would come over him that he felt then. For just as he kissed her, Angela gave a little start. There was a noise in the summerhouse. Someone else was there. Everett stepped backward, with the blood pounding in his temples, and saw a shadowy figure with a white shirt front.

"Geoffrey!" cried Angela, with a little catch in her voice that might have been laughter or tears. Yes, it was Geoffrey Hollingshead. Everett knew the slope of his shoulders as he stepped into the light. "Geoffrey!" cried Angela. "You didn't have to interrupt!"

"But see here," replied Geoffrey in a level drawling voice, "isn't the show all over?"

"But he did it so nicely," answered Angela. "You didn't have to spoil it all."

"But isn't it all over?" Geoffrey repeated.

"That's like you!" cried Angela. "Always interfering at the wrong time! I wish I hadn't done it; but don't say I didn't though!"

"Oh, I'll pay up, if that's what you mean," said Geoffrey. "But you didn't have to go so far. What are you taking it so seriously for?"

Everett turned toward him quickly, and he was glad that no one could see his face.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Don't you see it's a bet?" faltered Angela. "Don't be so cross about it, please! Geoffrey said you wouldn't. Do you think I'd have let you kiss me if we hadn't bet on it?"

"But why," asked Everett stupidly—"why should you do that to me?"

"Now look here," said Geoffrey, "you're not taking this thing right. I'll admit, maybe, it is a bit rough on you. But look here, hasn't it ever occurred to you that you've always been a bit upstage about us, ever since those hornets bit you? Well, I just thought you'd keep on being, if you kept it up so long—and a bet's a bet, isn't it? You might take it like a gentleman."

(Continued on Page 68)

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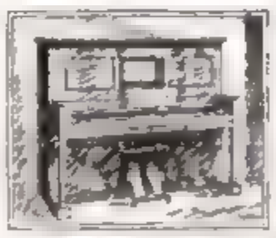

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(Continued from Page 66)

Everett felt his heart pounding in his throat. Inside him something was stirring—striving to get loose.

"Do you think," he asked, "you've treated me like one?"

"Now what's that got to do with it?" demanded Geoffrey. "I'm asking you to take it like one—that's all."

"All right!" There was no mistaking what was going to happen next when they heard Everett's voice. "All right, you damned stuck-up fool! Then let's see you take this!"

IV

AFTER all, that afternoon at tea there were more reasons for Mr. Hollingshead to be interested than for Mrs. Hollingshead when Everett's name was mentioned.

"It's our place to encourage a boy like that," said Mrs. Hollingshead.

"Perhaps he doesn't need encouragement, my dear," said Mr. Hollingshead; and perhaps he was the best to judge, for he had heard the noise in the summerhouse that night.

By the time Mr. Hollingshead arrived, Geoffrey and Everett were at it on the lawn. As Mr. Hollingshead perceived them he stopped, though he must have known they were fighting. Only when he became aware that Angela also was there did he give a slight start.

"Deuce take it, Angela!" he said. "I thought you were upstairs reading to your mamma!"

"Papa," cried Angela tearfully, "aren't you going to stop them? They're fighting, papa!"

Mr. Hollingshead placed his hands in the pockets of his velvet smoking jacket and pulled out a gold cigarette case.

"But they don't seem to wish to stop, my dear," he said. "And why stop them? They seem to weigh about the same. By Jove! That other fellow's not half bad, though! Look at 'em! Confound it! What's the matter with Geoffrey?"

"Oh," sobbed Angela, "he's fallen down, and it's all my fault. It's all my fault!"

Mr. Hollingshead tossed down his cigarette.

"I suspected it from the first, my dear," he said. "You'd better thank your stars your mother's safe upstairs."

Geoffrey Hollingshead was already getting up, but far from rapidly.

"Come on!" he gasped. "What you waiting for? D'you think I've had enough—when I'm just getting started?"

And then Mr. Hollingshead stepped between them. Little lights were dancing before Everett's eyes and everything seemed unsteady, but distinctly he heard Mr. Hollingahead's voice.

"Ah, good evening," said Mr. Hollingshead. "I hope you've found my lawn good footing; but would you mind disregarding what my son just said? He has had enough for one night, don't you think?"

"Here!" cried Geoffrey, struggling against his father's arm. "Just because he hit me a couple of times ——"

"Take him away," gasped Everett, "if you don't want me to hit him again!"

"Now that's very reasonable," replied Mr. Hollingshead; "and now—shall we finish the rest indoors? You won't object to stepping in, I hope—quite informally, you know?"

Everett's head was in a dizzy whirl. His face smarted and his hands ached, but his anger made him forget who he was or who was speaking. It even made him forget his inadequacy as he stood there facing Mr. Hollingshead.

"Go into your house and have you all laugh at me?" His voice was thick with something close to tears. "I won't go into your house till I own your damned old house! You'll see what happens some day!"

Mr. Hollingshead's hand fell lightly on Everett's shoulder.

"Nonsense!" he said. "You'll need to wash your face—and no one's going to laugh. Now think it over—don't you owe me some explanation for being here at all?"

When Everett knew he had to go, he went without a word. He followed Mr. Hollingshead, with Angela and Geoffrey, up to the stone terrace. Mr. Hollingshead had lighted another cigarette.

"Yes," he said, "you both can thank your stars your mother's safe upstairs."

As they entered the house Everett could not help but look, as one looks who enters some forbidden place. There was the drawing-room, with its shiny waxed floor and gold chairs and sofas; and then a long hall adorned with rows of pictures in huge gilt frames. Through a half-open door he saw the dining room, and caught a glimpse of more pictures and a sideboard covered with silver. Oak woodwork, overdecorated furniture, length after length of rugs, high, dark ceilings and closed shutters—Everett saw it all as they walked quickly past. Perhaps it was all ugly—already people were saying so—but the weight and the permanence of the Hollingsheads were there.

Mr. Hollingshead led the way. His shoulders, in his purple velvet jacket, swayed gracefully as he strode along, so that even his back was a perfect thing to watch.

"Perhaps, under the circumstances," he said, "my study is the best place. This way, please."

Once inside his study, Mr. Hollingshead closed his door carefully. There was a massive flat-topped desk in the center of the room and colored prints hung thickly on the wall. Mr. Hollingshead leaned against the desk and placed his hands in his pockets and looked pleasantly at the group before him.

"Now," he remarked, "will anyone tell me what all this is about?"

In back of Geoffrey hung a series of pictures depicting the Rake's Progress. For Geoffrey and Everett both, it was a fitting background. With faces out of shape, with rumpled hair, minus neckties and minus collars, they looked at Mr. Hollingshead in silence, while Angela stared at all three of them with her handkerchief over her mouth.

"Papa," said Angela brokenly, "it's all my fault. Geoffrey bet I couldn't get him to kiss me—and I won."

Mr. Hollingshead had a card player's face. If he was surprised, he gave no indication except for a slight raising of his eyebrows.

"By 'him,'" said Mr. Hollingshead, "do you mean this young man? Yes? And then—what happened next?"

"Geoffrey came out and—and ——"

Geoffrey Hollingshead took a step forward.

"I couldn't help it, sir," he explained. "What else could I do when he hit me first?"

Mr. Hollingshead looked at Everett with greater attention.

"Let me see," he asked at length—"who are you? Ah, the real-estate agent's son. Geoffrey, he was perfectly right to hit you. Shake hands with Jenkins and tell him you're sorry."

Everett had stood stock-still till then, but all of a sudden something shook him like a leaf, some passion half made of anger and half of tears. The way that Geoffrey looked at him, the way that Mr. Hollingshead leaned indolently against his desk grew suddenly to the enormity of insult.

"I won't shake hands!" Everett was almost startled by his own voice. "If he touches me—he'll see what I'll do!"

Mr. Hollingshead shrugged his shoulders.

"Quite within your rights, of course," he said. "We'll leave out the handshake. Geoffrey, tell him you're sorry."

"I'm sorry," said Geoffrey.

"You're not sorry," Everett retorted, "and you know you're not."

"Exactly," said Mr. Hollingshead; "but he will be. And now, Angela, it's up to you." Mr. Hollingshead looked thoughtfully at the ceiling. "I understand," he continued, "that you induced our friend, Mr. Jenkins, to bestow a chaste salute upon you under false pretenses. We won't discuss the delicacy of it. The point is that you cheated, Angela, in order to win a wager. As I see it, the only honorable thing for you to do is to pay Mr. Jenkins back."

"Papa!" cried Angela.

"Angela," said Mr. Hollingshead, "if you want me to settle this without having it go further, you'll have to do what I consider equable. It seems to me it's wholly up to you to kiss Mr. Jenkins, as things stand now. We're all waiting." He smiled slightly and nodded toward Everett. "It's only fair—what, Jenkins?"

Everett's eyes, however, had such a curious look that involuntarily Mr. Hollingshead removed his hands from his pockets.

"Yes," said Everett, "it's what you think is fair—fair to take me in here and to punish her with me. Why have you got a right to do it? Haven't I something to say?"

"Very justly put," said Mr. Hollingshead. "Naturally, if you refuse—but

(Continued on Page 70)

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(Continued from Page 68)

you're sure you won't change your mind? Angela, I should say you were out of a devilish bad bargain. And now, Jenkins"—Mr. Hollingshead thrust a hand into his trousers pocket—"you've had a bad evening, it seems to me, and really I can't let you go without doing something. Your suit now—you've got it all torn, and you're not to blame. Please don't misunderstand the spirit in which I'm doing this—but you'll agree we owe you a new one?"

Out of Mr. Hollingshead's pocket, between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand came a twenty-dollar bill, and in the back of Everett's mind a voice went ringing—Mrs. Hollingshead's voice. There, in Mr. Hollingshead's study, the phrase came back—"But people like that don't mind pain quite the way we do." It was curious how Mr. Hollingshead's gesture went with those half-forgotten words.

Everett took the bill and tossed it on the floor.

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Hollingshead, and he seemed genuinely surprised. "You don't want it? Well, remember, if you ever should want it ——"

"I won't forget," said Everett. "I'm not forgetting anything."

"Geoffrey," said Mr. Hollingshead, "press the button and tell Edward to show Mr. Jenkins out. You won't mind, at least, Mr. Jenkins, if I wish you a very good evening."

V

IT'S curious how things come bounding back over a sea of time, how forgotten matters keep compounding, until finally they lose their original shape and meaning. Though it is the way of order, and the way of choice and chance, the surprise of it is always new. How was Mr. Hollingshead to guess that Everett was not the kind who ever would forget, that somehow his life would come to grow around a trivial little episode? Indeed, Mr. Hollingshead never wholly knew.

That whole trying time was scarcely more than a vague recollection when Mrs. Hollingshead mentioned Everett's name that afternoon at tea. It all was laid away somewhere in the archives of the more amusing times, and times were not nearly so amusing then. There were new tarred roads in the Inlet, new houses, and new uncomfortable ideas. In contrast, the old landmarks seemed to be growing very old. The mansard roof of the Hollingshead house had acquired a weather-beaten look, and the gray paint on the sides was growing tarnished and almost entirely out of fashion. There was no way of understanding Everett Jenkins when it all was a little hard to understand.

"Now, George," said Mrs. Hollingshead, "people in our position owe something to the community. You mustn't forget that."

"Don't worry, my dear," said Mr. Hollingshead pleasantly. "We won't forget. We keep right on owing it—more and more."

"George," said Mrs. Hollingshead, flushing slightly, "how can you act so? I mean we should encourage anyone like the Jenkins boy. It might be an inspiration that would last him all his life."

Mr. Hollingshead raised his eyebrows slightly, and then frowned, as though he was trying to grasp some elusive thought.

"Angela," he said, "what was that about the Jenkins boy, quite a while ago?"

Could it have been so long ago? For some reason Angela looked unnaturally ill at ease.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Hollingshead, and a certain trace of weariness had vanished from his eyes. "By Jove, now I remember! Look here, Angela, have you ever seen him since?"

"Why, George," said Mrs. Hollingshead, "why should she ever see him?"

Yes, it was all returning like something which had lain dormant but which had always been alive. Angela was looking at her father with a slight frown; but before she answered, the coincidence grew more complete. Geoffrey, in baggy knickerbockers, smoking a cigarette, came walking noisily across the polished floor.

"Jenkins?" he said. "What's that about Jenkins?"

"Why?" asked Angela, and one might almost have thought she was startled. "What makes you ask?"

"Funny, that's all," said Geoffrey. "Just heard downtown that Everett Jenkins' father got a stroke this morning. They say he's cashing in."

There was a pause—a curious, embarrassed silence, as though something had been done that was rude and indecorous.

"By Jove!" said Mr. Hollingshead. "Now who'd have thought of that?"

"Dear me!" murmured Mrs. Hollingshead. "Why, Angela, what makes you look like that? It's one thing to be sorry, but really I don't see ——"

Perhaps Angela herself never saw or understood the emotion which possessed her; so many things had happened, so many more important things.

"I think you're all horrid," she said. "Why is it we've always been horrid?"

"Well, I'm hanged if I see what you mean."

It was Geoffrey who spoke, but Angela turned on him so quickly that he did not continue. Suddenly, without warning, the past was running into the present in a most peculiar way.

"Well, you should see," returned Angela. "After what we've done to him, we ought to do something decent now."

"Now here," cried Geoffrey, "you don't mean that thing that happened when we were kids? Now honestly, Angela ——"

It was beyond Geoffrey and beyond Angela herself, perhaps, why her cheeks were flushing as though it had happened yesterday.

"I don't care," she said. "If nobody else will go, I'm going myself. At least we can ask if there's anything we can do."

"My dear!" Mrs. Hollingshead pushed her chair back from the tea table. "Whatever has got into you? If you feel so, why not send a servant?"

"We can't!" cried Angela. "Oh, I can't explain; but if you knew, you'd see why one of us ought to go."

"George," said Mrs. Hollingshead with sudden inspiration, "do you know anything about this?"

Mr. Hollingshead himself seemed slightly puzzled and looked at Angela queerly.

"Not exactly," he said; "no, not exactly; but who'd have thought old cards would come turning up like this?"

It was the cards—all in the way they turned that afternoon. There was no other explanation for the thing that Angela did. Back in the past, whatever it was that prompted her was waiting all the time. It took her to the white frame house where the Jenkinses lived, and up the front-porch steps. Everett himself opened the front door, and they both looked startled when they met. It was the past again. It sent a flush to Everett's cheeks, though he should have known much better, and somehow even Angela seemed to forget exactly why she came.

It made an absurd, embarrassed silence, as each looked at the other, and anything might have happened then. Yet nothing happened. Inside, there were muffled footsteps and a voice at the head of a flight of narrow carpeted stairs. The sound brought Everett to himself and made him close the door behind him without asking her to come in.

There was a mark of strength upon him which he had not possessed before. His shoulders were broader, and the outlines of his face were clearer and less rounded, and his hand, as it closed on the door knob, was heavy and sure; but after all, it did not seem so long ago. As Angela looked at him, all his old emotions returned. In spite of everything, he was still a village boy, for she seemed curiously the same. Her expression was just as he remembered it, and the look in her eyes and her voice.

"Mother sent me down," said Angela, "to ask how your father is."

There was a pause and a slight compression of Everett's lips; but even before he answered, it was clear he had not forgotten.

(Continued on Page 72)

The FOOT ARISTOCRATIC

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(Continued from Page 70)

"She sent you down?" he asked, still looking at her. "Please tell her she's very kind."

"Isn't"—Angela looked back uncertainly—"isn't there anything we can do?"

"Thanks for asking," answered Everett, "but we're doing everything we can."

And again they both stood silent.

"I saw you twice at college," said Angela abruptly.

"Yes," said Everett, without a change in his voice, "I know you did—when I was an usher at the football games."

Angela's cheeks grew redder, and suddenly she looked away.

"Can't you get over hating us?" she asked. "It's not good for you, you know."

Everett's face grew redder also.

"I wish you wouldn't make me talk about it now," he said. "Don't you see? It's hard to forget some things, no matter when they happened." Angela smiled slightly.

It was the same faint smile that he always remembered.

"Do you know," she said, "that I'm engaged? It's going to be announced next week."

Everett stood stock-still, but his voice had altered when he answered.

"Why should you come here now and tell me that?" he asked.

Angela tilted back her flowered hat.

"I thought you might be interested," she said.

"Why should I be?" answered Everett. "You ought to know I'm not."

"Oh, yes, you are!" said Angela.

There was the same assurance, the same half-amused tolerance that was always in her voice. It made Everett forget himself again, and made his breath come fast, and something in his look made Angela step backward, as though she was afraid.

"Why don't you go away?" he said hoarsely. "Won't you go away?"

For just a moment he forgot himself, and, wide-eyed and frightened, Angela stared back at what she read upon his face.

"Oh," she cried, "please don't look like that! I never knew you'd feel—I never thought ——"

Everett snatched open the front door, but he answered her, forgetful of everything, careless of who might hear him.

"You did! You always did! And you'd never have spoken so to anyone else! Go home and laugh about it, but don't ask me why I hate you—all of you—now!"

He turned away so quickly that he hardly felt her hand upon his arm.

"Everett," Angela was saying "Everett, I'm not laughing. I'm ashamed, dreadfully ashamed. Can't I do anything! Let me see your mother and ask if I can't help."

Everett's face grew very white. His arm and his whole body trembled.

"That's like you," he answered hoarsely—"like all the Hollingsheads—to try to patronize us now. Ask your servants before you try again. My mother died last winter. They'd have told you that!"

And that was all—or almost all. Angela drew a little sobbing breath, but before she could say what she had in her mind to say, Everett was quite himself again.

"Don't!" he said. "Please don't say any more."

And after all, enough had been said—quite enough—enough to prevent both Everett and Angela Hollingshead from ever being quite the same again.

VI

EVERETT'S father spoke that night for the first time since they had brought him home. Everett watched him as he lay motionless in his black-walnut bed. Until that day his father had never seemed to age. To Everett, he had always appeared the same through all the years—an uncommunicative and patient little man—and now his father's face was a ghostly white.

"Are you there, Everett?" he asked.

It was strange how low his father's voice was, and how dull and unfamiliar. It gave the illusion that it was not his father but a stranger who was speaking.

"I want to tell you something. No, I'm not going to stop. You listen to me."

"Don't bother, father," began Everett.

"But I'm going to," said Mr. Jenkins. "Can you hear? I'm going to say something to make you jump. You'll be a rich man some day."

"Father," said Everett, "the doctor says ——"

"Bother the doctor!" said Mr. Jenkins. "He can't do anything. You don't believe me, eh? You think I'm raving, eh? You look through my desk and see if I'm raving. I've got deeds and options on half the land in town. I've been doing it on the quiet. I knew the railroad would put in another track. There'll be trains to New York in less'n an hour next year. You don't think I know what I'm saying, eh? Oh, yes, I do! I learned this morning the railroad's putting in another track, and it sort of keeled me over. You thought I was poor, eh? Well, no one'll think I'm poor after I'm gone!"

Everett stared incredulously at the pale, waxlike face. It was hard to understand that he had reached the end of a road that night. It was harder still to realize that something had been going on of which he had never dreamed.

"Is that," he asked uncertainly, "why we've always been so poor?"

"Paying off loans at the bank," said Mr. Jenkins. "A man's got to be poor when he's doing what I've been doing."

Was it land his father had been thinking of, as he sat drooping in his armchair of an evening, smoking his corncob pipe? Suddenly Everett knew that he had never known his father, and that no one had ever known him. Suddenly he found an answer to a dozen half-formed questions. That was what his father had always been doing—waiting and buying land. It was why their house was bare. It was why their lives were bleak.

A part of them all had gone into it—cold, unhappy days of youth, sparse clothes and hours of work.

"I know what you're thinking." It was the voice from the bed again, thin and unworldly, not like his father's voice. "I might have made things easier, but you won't blame me, Everett. You'll be a rich man some day."

Would he be rich? Even when he fully knew, it was hard to understand. Always he would think of his father riding in his buggy, a shabby, stooping man, hunched above the reins and looking fixedly over the ears of his ambling horse; and always his father's voice as he last heard it would come chiming with his thoughts:

"And you've got the stuff in you to carry it along. You'll be a rich man some day."

VII

DEPENDABLE—that was what they began to say about Everett Jenkins. It was pleasant the way he took it, when the pendulum swung up. He took it without emotion or flashiness or conceit. He never even moved from the old house or changed his father's office in the front room. His quietness and lack of assumption were pleasant things in those days when everything was changing. By the time that people began asking Everett to dinner, Southwest Inlet was no longer Southwest Inlet. A certain peace and leisure and spaciousness was leaving it forever. In a year—in two years he could not remember how it had looked. There were signboards along the roads and plate-glass windows in the stores. The rolling hills that had been hay pastures were cut into squares like checkerboards and stacked with sewer pipes and timber.

"I never had anything to do with it," he used to say. "My father did it all."

Everett had a way of making a pleasant impression, even with the people who hated to see the Inlet change. When he was asked to join the country club he was very diffident, and people liked him better for it. He never thrust himself on anyone's attention, perhaps because he knew that he had been in shirt sleeves only a very short time before.

Always that time seemed to Everett like restive imagining, without order or limit. There were consultations with lawyers and then there was the war. People began asking him to do all sorts of things. He found himself on committees, and later he was in uniform. It was strange in those days that he still thought of the Hollingsheads, but he did not forget.

When he came back from France he saw them in their new Italian car hurrying up the street. Their house was still standing on its hill, almost the one place in Southwest Inlet which had not changed. He should have seen how things were going then, if he had not seen before.

Mr. Hollingshead still was going to town, though his hair was growing white at the temples. Geoffrey Hollingshead was going in his own way too. He had taken up with the young married set that lived near the club, and late at night anyone could hear them from the road. There was all sorts of talk about the Hollingsheads—how Angela had broken two engagements, how the staff of servants was being cut—but Everett did not understand. He never saw them to speak to, and he was always silent when their name was mentioned. Even when everyone else guessed it, he did not suspect that the Hollingsheads were losing their hold. For him, the Hollingsheads had grown to be unchanging and too much a part of himself ever to be different.

Mr. Hollingshead's voice came to him as a complete surprise over the office telephone. It was years by that time since he had heard Mr. Hollingshead speak, but Everett knew his voice. Gradually it was dawning on him that what his father had said was true. He was beginning to be a rich man then. He was beginning to have a certain place and to be an accepted fact, and his life was flowing in a smooth and pleasant channel. He was even beginning to remember hard times pleasantly, but a voice swept it all away. Somehow Mr. Hollingshead's voice made everything he had done and seen almost nonexistent. He was back where he had started again—almost back in Mr. Hollingshead's study, with the hunting prints on the walls.

"Are you there, Jenkins?" Yes, it was Mr. Hollingshead speaking. "And how are you today?"

That was what he said, always as polite as ever. No one could say that Mr. Hollingshead was not polite right to the very end.

"I'm all right," said Everett.

"Good!" He could almost see Mr. Hollingshead smile. "Frankly, between you and me, I'm not quite so well today. I want to see you, Jenkins. Can you come to the house tonight?"

For a long while Everett sat staring at the wall. Time had given him a capable, unshaken look, and already there were wrinkles about his eyes and lines about the corners of his mouth. Nevertheless, the emotion which he felt was as fresh and unblunted as though he had never grown older. His heart was pounding fast again. He felt a slight tremor in his fingers.

Down the years they came before his eyes. How clearly he could see them, how often he had seen them, Everett only knew. Always they were like a pattern, decorated by fancy, almost like the progress of the Medicis upon their chapel wall. There was Mrs. Hollingshead, with her billowing sleeves and veil, and Mr. Hollingshead in his velvet smoking jacket, and Geoffrey in his dinner coat, Angela in her frilly dress—a bitter, moving fresco for the lean years, the dull years, the trying, restless days.

It was always just the same, complete and constant. Even the Hollingshead drive was quite the same. The decorative shrubbery rose up luxuriant on every side and the trees still arched their branches above his head. Before he thought, his footsteps grew more cautious, just as they had before. Nothing that had happened had left him. He knew that it would never leave him, quite.

Angela came to meet him halfway down the drive, and somehow he was not surprised, for it made the past and everything complete.

"Hello," said Angela. "Why didn't you drive up? I've been listening for your car."

There again it was the way it was always. She might have seen him yesterday from the way she spoke.

"I knew you'd come," she said.

"You knew I'd come?" he asked. "What made you know that?"

He looked at her curiously and tried to keep his voice in a natural level key. It was strange how little she had changed. Even the half smile on her lips as she looked back at him was quite unaltered.

"Because you're the kind that would," she said, and turned toward the house. "You're just the same," she added. "Now don't be cross. We don't always have to be unpleasant to each other. It's rather nice you're just the same."

"I wonder," said Everett. He found it hard to reach a ready answer. "How did you guess that?"

It seemed to him that Angela's face was strained, almost frightened, and that her voice was not quite natural.

"You still don't like us, do you?"

Though Everett did not answer, the lights from the Hollingshead windows were on his face, and what he felt was written so clearly that there was no need to tell it.

"Oh, dear," said Angela. "I thought you might be getting over it. You're so successful now."

"Angela," said Everett, and stopped, actually embarrassed that he had used her name, "have any of you ever done a kind thing or said a kind thing to me?"

"Oh, dear," said Angela, "if you don't like us, what made you come tonight?"

For the first time Everett looked ill at ease. He started to speak and stopped.

"Well," said Angela, "won't you tell me why? I wish you would."

"You'll only laugh at me," said Everett, "just the way you always do. Do you remember the time you told me I was afraid to come?"

"Oh," cried Angela, "but that was so long ago!"

"But just the same," said Everett, "I didn't want you to think I'd be afraid tonight. There, you're laughing now!"

"I don't know why I am," said Angela. "I really don't know why, unless—because it's all so dreadful."

But Everett hardly heard her. They were walking down the hall. He was surprised that no one let them in. He was surprised by the silence. For there was an emptiness, a sort of brooding vacancy, which he did not remember. There it all was—shadowy beams, oak woodwork, and pictures ensconced in bulbous frames, just as Mr. Hollingshead's father had hung them. Yet something he remembered was gone. It was not inspiring, but almost dreary.

"Don't look," said Angela. "It's awfully shabby now."

It was shabby, and it made him almost sad, for it was like disillusion to see it all so changed. Yet though the house was different, the Hollingsheads were still the same. They were in the drawing-room. Mr. and Mrs. Hollingshead were seated by a table with their after-dinner coffee cups. They must have been speaking of something as Everett and Angela came in, for there was a slight suspense of half-finished words. Mrs. Hollingshead, seated in a gold armchair, was playing with her handkerchief and looking at Geoffrey, who stood beside the window. Mr. Hollingshead rose and brushed some cigarette ashes from his dinner jacket, and, curiously, he gave the impression of brushing something else away, or of trying to brush it.

"So there you are," he said. "Angela found you, eh?"

Quite as though nothing had happened, as though it was the most natural thing in the world to see him there, Mr. Hollingshead held out his hand, and then Mrs. Hollingshead was speaking in the same cool voice that he remembered:

"It's good of you to come so early, Everett."

Everett Jenkins gave a slight start. Her remark was so distinctly out of keeping that he knew something must be wrong, but Mrs. Hollingshead still was speaking:

"You don't mind if I call you Everett, do you? We've known each other so long ever since that day at the golf club. Do you remember?"

Did he remember? Everett felt his face grow hot as he remembered—and there she was calling it back, as though he would enjoy remembering. Though he cast vainly for some answer, he could not understand. And now Geoffrey was coming up, holding out his hand and smiling.

"Hello," he said. "Remember last time you were up here? Funny, isn't it, thinking of it now?"

And then, though Everett still looked blank, Geoffrey's hand closed over his.

"Never told you I tried to get hold of you at college once," Geoffrey was remarking. "I've always wanted to put the gloves on and have another go."

Everett Jenkins' mouth fell a little open. If they had been overcordial he might have understood; but they were not. Obviously they were not trying to be anything else than what they were. Not a note seemed out of key and not a word seemed forced.

Angela was the only one who seemed ill at ease. Angela was looking at him, and her lips were trembling, but Mr. Hollingshead was speaking again.

"Sit down," said Mr. Hollingshead, and he sat down himself quite wearily. "By Jove," he added, as though impelled by a sudden burst of frankness, "it's good to see a friendly face!"

A friendly face? It was what Mr. Hollingshead had said, beyond all reasonable question. Something was taking Everett beyond his depths. He was convinced that Mr. Hollingshead must be jesting, but he

(Continued on Page 77)

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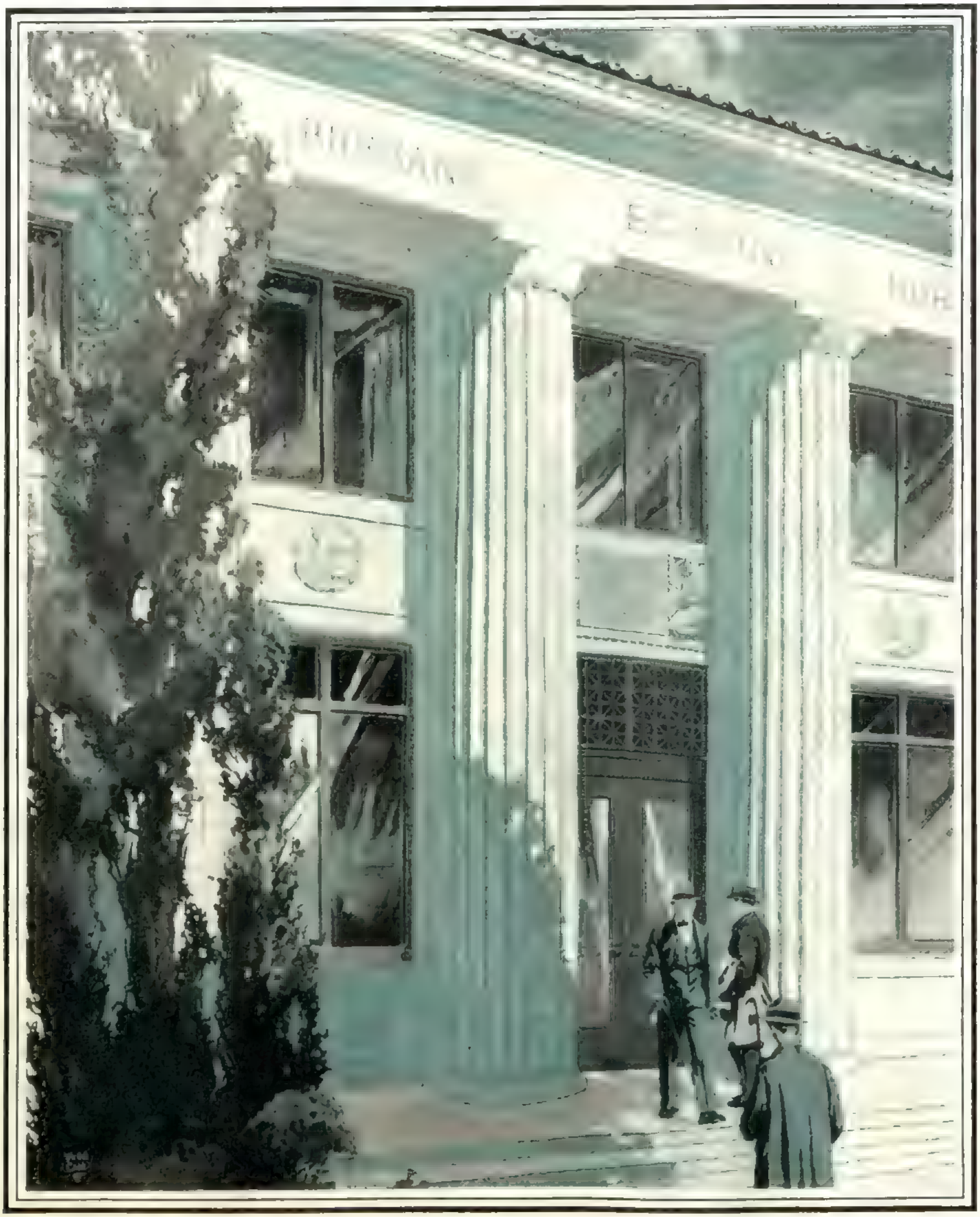

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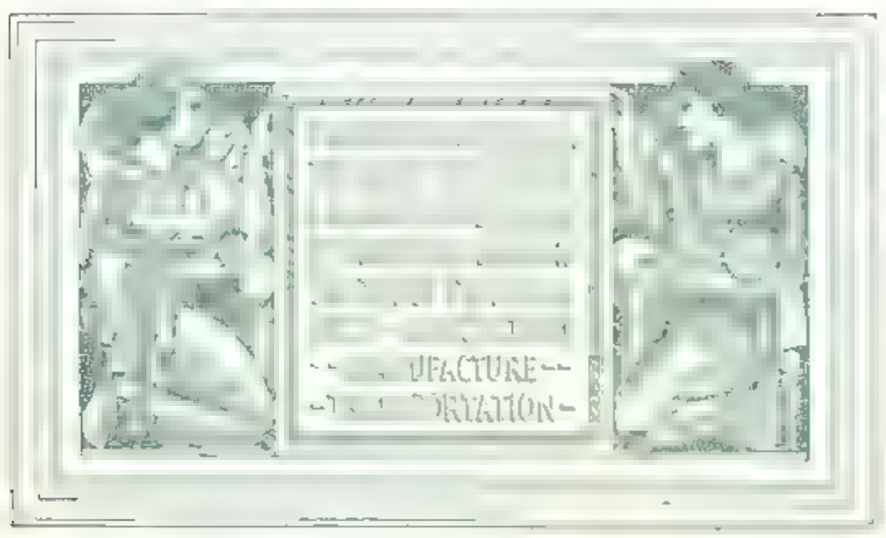

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was doing it in a most consummate way. Instead of irony, there was relief in his voice which sounded so completely genuine that Everett's cheeks went scarlet. He wanted to speak, but his words stuck in his throat, and before he could find his voice, Mrs. Hollingshead tactfully took up the threads.

"It is nice," she said. "It makes it really pleasant, with so many new people and with everything turned upside down, to have someone who's known us always. It makes it so much easier."

Though her tone was as cool and as pleasantly balanced as ever, Mrs. Hollingshead's words came slower, and beneath the hard electric light she suddenly looked her age. Mrs. Hollingshead paused, and mechanically, but still gracefully, she half raised her handkerchief toward her lips and then dropped back her hand.

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Hollingshead, leaning back and crossing his legs, "that's exactly it—quite the way I felt. When it came over me that things were rather mixed up—enough to need some advice, you know—I began casting about in my mind for someone I knew and who knew us, and then it came over me"—Mr. Hollingshead smiled and nodded—"it came over me, there's Everett Jenkins right downtown. We've all known him a devilish long time. He's a friend of the family."

Everett Jenkins leaned forward and stared at Mr. Hollingshead. There he sat, leaning back in his chair, with his hands drooping wearily on the arms, as though the day had been a hard one, but as though he had said the most natural thing in the world.

"I beg your pardon," he said hoarsely, "but what was that you just said?—that I'm—that I'm ——"

Mr. Hollingshead raised his eyebrows.

"Why, what the deuce?" he exclaimed. "A friend of the family, of course! Naturally, I wouldn't have asked you here if you weren't."

There was a pause, a slightly strained sort of silence. It had all gone too far for irony, much too far to grasp. As Everett stared at Mr. Hollingshead, he had a feeling that the floor had given way beneath his feet. Again he tried to speak, but he did not have time, for Angela had interrupted him in a strained, embarrassed way.

"Everett!" she cried. "Oh, Everett, don't you see? Can't you understand? They think you like them!"

"Like us, Angela!" exclaimed Mr. Hollingshead "Confound it, of course! Confound it, is there any reason why he shouldn't?"

"My dear," gasped Mrs. Hollingshead, "how can you say such a thing, when he's known us always?"

Could anything have been more characteristic? Everett understood it then. In a single speech Mrs. Hollingshead had stated the entire Hollingshead creed and philosophy. His mouth felt dry and his head felt light He felt a curious weakness and an undiscovered sense of the futility of things. Had they been going on for all that time without knowing they had hurt him? He knew it was true, intuitively and beyond contradiction There was nothing hidden, nothing else. He could tell it from Mr. Hollingshead's voice, from the blank surprise in Mrs. Hollingshead's eyes Had they never noticed? What had they thought? he wondered. And then in the back of his mind the answer came that they had never thought at all.

They had never thought at all He could read it in their faces as they sat in shocked surprise at the idea he might not like them. Somehow, as he sat weakly looking at them, his animosity and dislike were slowly dying down and fading into wonder

But Mr Hollingshead was speaking again in a slightly lower tone.

"The fact is it's about the house, Jenkins, and you're in the real-estate business. You know about houses."

"About the house?" echoed Everett. "I don't quite see ——"

"Ah, but you will see," interrupted Mr. Hollingshead. "It just happens—I'm pretty badly squeezed just now, and I've got to raise the wind."

"Oh, George!" cried Mrs. Hollingshead. "Don't—don't put it in such a vulgar way!"

Mrs. Hollingshead had half raised her handkerchief again, but that was all. Mr. Hollingshead was sitting a little straighter, but there was no other sign. Nevertheless, Everett knew, and guessed the thing they were holding back. He knew why the house was so quiet and why Mr. Hollingshead's temples were gray. Though Mr. Hollingshead was still polite, he had not wholly hidden what he felt.

"My dear," he was saying, "now just hold on tight! You've seen the wagon tip before. Just because it's tipping a little more than usual, you mustn't mind. I'll get around the corner." And he turned to Everett with a slight shake of his head.

"It's always hard not to make it vulgar when you're talking about money—eh, what, Jenkins? The devil of it is, the banks won't take another mortgage."

"Another mortgage!" Everett began uncertainly. Something solid was leaving him, something which was almost like the corner stone of all belief. "You've got another mortgage on this place?" Half consciously, Everett had risen from his chair. "You don't mean"—the wonder in his voice was the wonder of years' illusion—"you don't mean you're as hard up as that?"

Mr. Hollingshead shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear fellow," he said, "there come times in the best regulated lives—you understand?"

"But you must be rich," said Everett stupidly. "You've always been."

"Sometimes," replied Mr. Hollingshead, "not always. When people run the way we do, we can't keep on being rich all the time. A little turn in the market—you understand. It's funny—all I want is an absurd sum—say, fifteen thousand—and I'd get right back as soon as the list goes up; but the devil of it is"—he shook his head in a slightly puzzled way—"I can't seem to borrow this time. Everybody's stuck, and the banks—by Jove, I don't know what's the matter with 'em! They say the place isn't worth another cent, when it cost my father three hundred thousand to build it!"

He shook his head a second time, and Everett made no reply. It was hard fully to understand what Mr. Hollingshead meant, for he spoke with a pleasant, almost detached interest. Yet while he spoke, the strongest of Everett's beliefs was going and the background of everything he knew was changing. The permanence of the Hollingsheads, their house, their garden—all were going like a vision, just the way the past was leaving Southwest Inlet.

"Ready money," said Mr. Hollingshead—"I ought to have remembered it's very seldom ready when one is ready for it. Rather neat—did you hear that one, my dear?"

"Look here," said Everett incredulously, "you're joking, aren't you?" It was the one obvious explanation and like the Hollingsheads to be joking. "Things can't be the way you say they are, or—well, you wouldn't talk like that."

His remark was greeted by a short surprised silence, and suddenly Mrs. Hollingshead made a slight choking sound, and Geoffrey turned from the window.

"Come now," he said, "don't you see?—father's just making the best of it."

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Hollingshead, "I've always treated money lightly, and why should I change my attitude when things are a little tight?"

"But what do you want me to do?" demanded Everett.

Mr. Hollingshead leaned back in his chair.

"Why, the simplest thing in the world," he replied. "If the banks won't loan more on the place, it doesn't mean that someone who trusts and understands us can't do better for us. Ah, you get my drift? Naturally, with your connections, you can help me raise another fifteen thousand. Of course, I don't mean for you to loan it, necessarily; but just to act as my agent to raise it—you understand?"

And then the irony of it twisted Everett's lips and clutched sharply at his breath, so that he found it difficult to answer, and Mr. Hollingshead's pleased look of confidence made his thoughts grow light.

"You see," said Mr. Hollingshead, "it isn't exactly business, but as a purely personal matter, as a friend of the family ——"

And his words were lost in a polite suggestive silence, and Everett cleared his throat.

"How much," he asked, "have you got in mortgages already?"

"Now that's the joke of it," returned Mr. Hollingshead blandly—"only seventy-five thousand."

"Seventy-five thousand!" gasped Everett. Involuntarily he stared about him, and the amount made him slightly dizzy "On this place, as it is now? And you think ——"

But his incredulity was lost. He might as well not have spoken.

"There!" cried Mr. Hollingshead triumphantly. "I knew you'd be surprised. I told 'em at the bank anyone would be surprised at a meager little amount like that on a gentleman's estate!"

Everett stood stock-still. He seemed to have lost his faculty for thought and for coherent speech.

"And you expect me ——" he began.

"Exactly," said Mr. Hollingshead. "There you have it. By Jove, what a relief it is to get business off one's chest!"

"Everett!"

Angela's voice was breaking on his thoughts and scattering them. She was standing in front of him, and suddenly he became aware that her cheeks were wet with tears.

"My dear!" began Mrs. Hollingshead, but Angela did not listen.

"Everett, why don't you stop him? Why do you keep on listening to him talk so ridiculously without telling him how you feel? Don't you see he really thinks you'll help us? It's cruel of you—dreadfully cruel!"

But Everett did not answer. He understood what lay behind Mr. Hollingshead's words by then. He was looking at the twisted gold chairs and at the polished floor and at Mrs. Hollingshead. Something had dropped from his eyes. The look of everything told him clearly that the Hollingsheads were nearly done, and yet he could not tell then how he felt, for he did not know. He only knew he felt no triumph and no anger.

"What the deuce do you mean, Angela!" exclaimed Mr. Hollingshead, starting to his feet. "What do you mean is cruel?"

"Don't you see?" sobbed Angela. "Oh, don't you see?—he hates us!"

Mr. Hollingshead raised his eyebrows, but Angela's outburst was something which he never understood. Before anyone had time to answer, before he knew exactly what he was saying, Everett Jenkins heard himself speaking.

"Don't say that," he was saying. "Don't make it any worse. It's just because I didn't understand—because none of us understood."

And the Hollingsheads never understood. He knew they never would.

"Now what the deuce," cried Mr. Hollingshead, "is there to understand?"

And again Everett heard himself speaking in a strange, undreamed-of manner, which, none the less, seemed natural and a part of the time and place.

"Nothing, Mr. Hollingshead"—could it be possible he was saying it?—"nothing at all, except Angela doesn't understand either. I've always been a friend of the family, I guess. You've meant a lot to me always. I don't suppose I'd ever have amounted to anything if it hadn't been for you. You've come to the right man, Mr. Hollingshead. I'll—I'll fix it in the morning."

He did not bother to tell how he would fix it, but it all seemed natural, quite as though he knew it would always happen.

Even when he found himself standing in the Hollingsheads' drawing-room with Angela's head against his shoulder—even that did not seem so strange or particularly out of place, when everything was turning upside down.

"Angela!" cried Mrs. Hollingshead.

"You needn't mind, mamma," said Angela, "as long as he doesn't. I've always wanted to, and besides, it isn't any queerer than what he said just now."

"Look here!" cried Geoffrey. "What in blazes is the matter? She—she's kissing him!"

"Now what the deuce?" exclaimed Mr. Hollingshead. "What is this going on!"

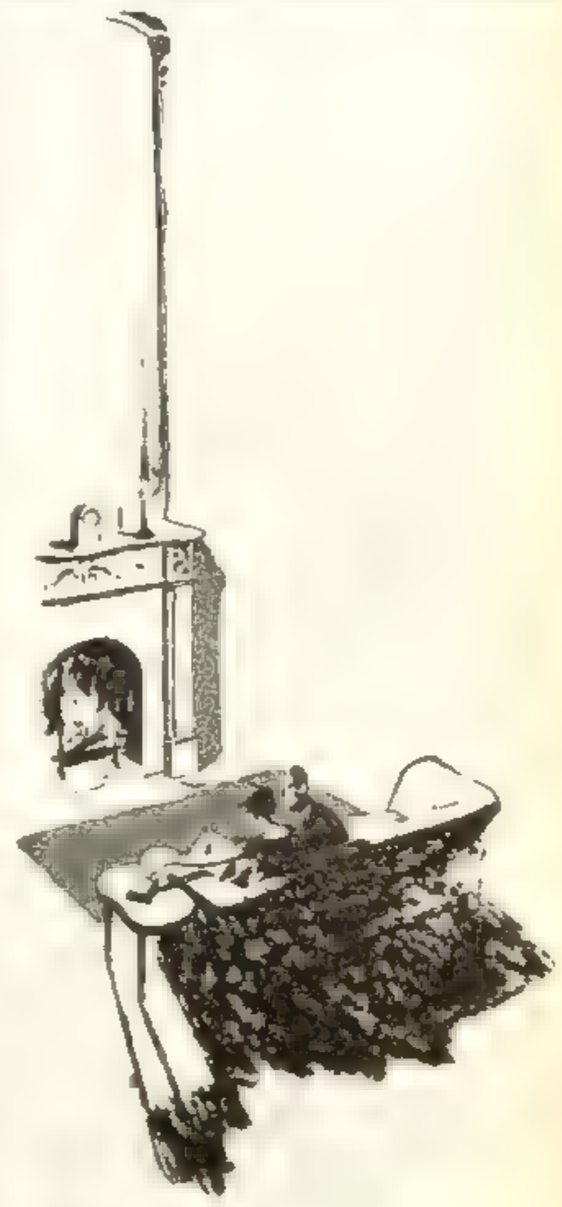
"What always has been going on," replied Angela—"always. Everett—Everett, don't you see, you're in the hornets' nest again!"

And Everett Jenkins gave the oddest sort of answer, though it seemed to him quite natural.

"I guess I've always been," he said, "except I didn't know."

And before anyone could say a word or even grasp what had happened, Everett spoke again, louder and in a way that was close to laughter, though what there was to laugh at was beyond the rest.

"I don't mind," he said, "because—it must be because I don't feel the pain quite the way you do."



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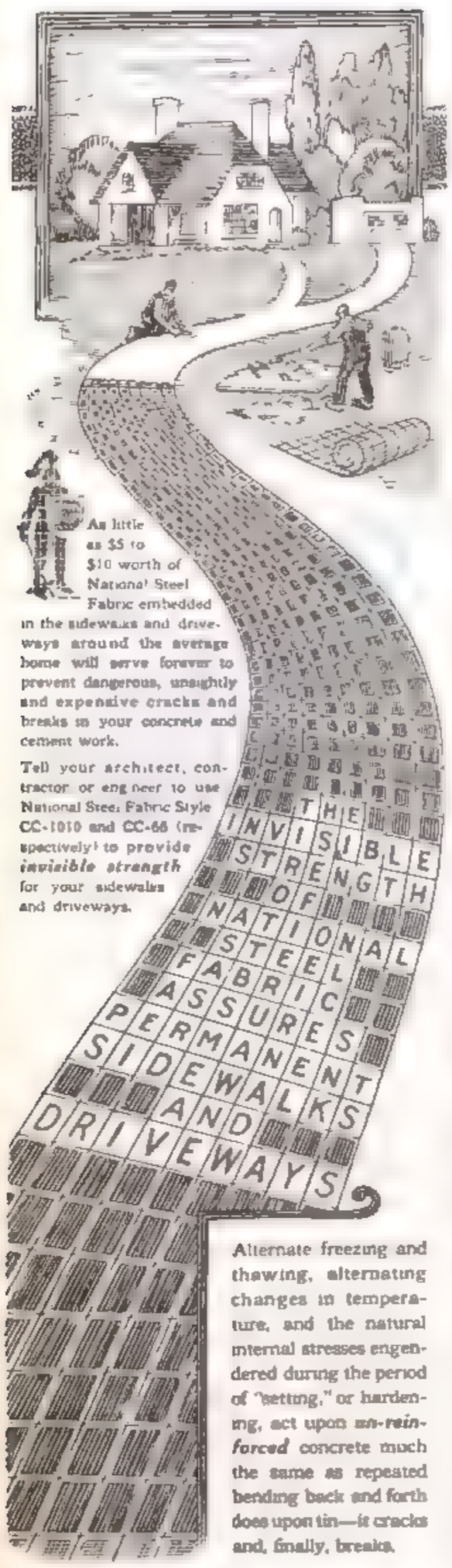

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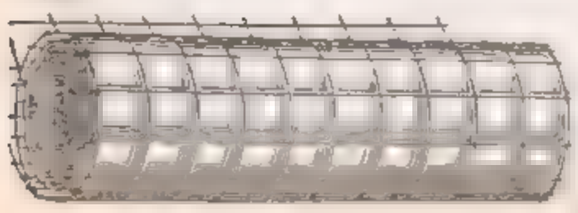

DOUBLING FOR CUPID

(Continued from Page 19)

"But my heavens, lookit the cost!" says Al. "Ten dollars a day them loafers are getting now. And you got to have them two whole days—one here for rehearsal and one for the party. And transportation! and Ike!"

"I don't care what it costs if it is a success," I says. "Go the limit, Al. Only make sure for me that Ike picks good ones, and assorted."

"But you won't know their names!" says Al. "How you gonner introduce them, eh?"

"Oh, I won't introduce 'em," I says. "In England they never introduce people in private houses. Ain't you ever heard about that? And if I am forced to, why I'll take a chance and say Lady Vi, meet Mrs. Schuyler, or shake hands with Governor Temper, or something, see, that sounds prominent. Have Ike tip the crowd off so's they will be expecting it. And tell 'em it's all jake to pitch in and eat—the food won't be props, if the guests are."

"Marie, it's done already!" says Al. "My, you are a smart woman! Such publicity as this will be as well! Believe me, I'll send a coupla fellers down with still cameras, and the publicity department will attend to the rest."

Well, having got that settled, it was time to go, so I gathered up my gloves, purse, scarf and other feminine accessories.

"Well, better go awful careful on that publicity stuff," I says. "I ain't trying to fool the whole entire public; I am merely intending to make good my bluff to Lady Violet and show her a pleasant time. Better call all hands for Wednesday, on the set with make-up at four P.M. sharp. And, say, better let 'em dribble in a few at a time, in cars, see? It'll look more natural. So long, Al, and thanks a lot."

"You are welcome, Marie," says Al. "But I ask you out of friendship for me, put some of that smartness of yours working on my troubles too. If you think of anybody like Nasha Mola, only better, give me a ring."

Well, Al showed me out then, and there was that boy still sitting on the bench. When he seen me coming he was right on the job, smile and all.

"Oh, Miss La Tour," he says, jumping up, "didn't you, by any chance, speak to Mr. Goldringer about giving me a job?"

"Yes, I certainly did not!" I says. "I'm not casting anything but aspersions today." And I swept past him like a vacuum cleaner. Hot bozo! The nerve of some people!

Well, anyways, it's the truth that every oncet in a while you can like a person and be real friends with them in spite of the fact they are a genuine swell, if you get what I mean, and this was the way I felt about Lady Violet. Also, she felt the same towards me. For several years now I had been trying to burst into Rosemere society, not because I wanted to be friends with them—on account for the most part I didn't. But I wanted to be able to see nothing of the neighbors instead of merely not seeing them. A person likes a little free will in them matters. Of course, I knew a few of the folks in town well enough to wonder whether they was going to bow this time or not; and after I got home from Al's, I got also to wondering would I take a chance and invite any of them to my big reception.

But on the whole I come to the conclusion it would be better to take no chances. For once I would merely snap my fingers at that upstage Rosemere bunch. Lady Vi would be gone before they more than realized that she was staying with me. I would be in the delightful position of not asking any of 'em to meet her, and so I also would have at last scored in our social game.

Well, anyways, when Lady Violet showed up the next day, I sure was glad to see her. I and that girl talked the same language, even if she done so with a English accent. She was a little thing, and when she hopped off the train she looked as cute and swanky as anything fresh out of Hollywood.

"Oh, my deah! This is simply topholer'" she says. "I'm so frightfully glad to get away from Newport. Everyone I met there was at least sixty years old! I do hope you have a nice sporty crowd here."

"Oh I've asked quite a sporty crowd for tomorrow afternoon," I says in a hurry. "I only hope they won't be too much so."

"Can't be!" says she. "D'you know, I've always heard about the younger Americans being fearfully good sports, and I'm keen to meet some of them. These Allingtons I've been stopping with are friends of mother's whom she met when the Eiffel Tower was built."

"And they belong to the original steel-construction period," I says. "I get you! Well, come on, let's get up to the house. It's almost teatime."

I thought that was pretty good, see—that about the tea. I wanted everything to appear at home just as if we done it every day; and although it was going to be a awful strain, still I thought I could manage it over the few days she would be with us. But ma, who is a big help to me socially, in that she helps keep me out, had ideas of her own.

No sooner had I got Lady Vi to the home in our Risotto, which our English visitor called quite too duckie, and showed her to the royal bedroom set I had fixed for her, and she had whistled in a cute way she had over our simple little hundred-room cottage, and etc—well, when we had gone out on the marble terrace for tea, then ma come down in of all things, her idea of a tea gown, a garment that looked considerable like what she used to wear out into the ring over her fleshings when I was a kid and she was with the circus. When she seen Lady Vi, ma walks right over and grabs her by both hands.

"Welcome, dearie!" she says. "Why, you look just as human as anything! I was scared you'd be wearing a crown or something. My, what a cute sports suit! Turn around and lemme look at it!"

Lady Violet looked kinda surprised at that, but she smiled and done as ma asked, and then we all sat down and that pie-faced butler of ours commenced to serve tea his own way, in spite of ma throwing him a loud mad stage whisper now and then for napkins, more butter and etc.

"For the love of tripe, ma," I says, "where did you get that thing you've got on? It looks like what they wear on the beach over to Doughville, that expensive French resort."

"Well, it ain't," says ma. "It's a tea gown I got out especial for this occasion. I ain't read the Duchess' novels all my life without knowing the English all wear tea gowns for tea. This is the first time we ever had afternoon tea," ma goes on to Lady Violet. "That's why Marie ain't used to it," she says. "I hope you will excuse my daughter, on account she certainly has turned this house upside down for you, she's that crazy to give you a good time. Ouch, Marie, that's my foot!"

"And I'm just too grateful for words!" says Lady Vi. "This is the very nicest place I've been since I reached America. I'm going to have an awfully nice time here, I can see that."

"Fine!" says ma. "It sure is pleasant to have company in the house for a change. Marie, why don't you give the girl something to eat? These measly little cakes ain't nourishment for a squirrel. Say, Eddie," she says to the butler, who pretty near dies of it every time she calls him that—"say, Eddie, go get some nice thick bread and butter and jam."

"Ma!" I says, kind of faint, on account I may not of had afternoon tea at home before, but I have played many a high-hat sequence on the lot and they always had these little prop cakes. But our company had perfect manners.

"Bread and butter!" she says at once. "Lovely! I'm famished!"

Well, I never yet knew of a family behaving like you wanted them to when company was around. They may average up 90 per cent during the annum; but let a guest come into the house, one you especially want to get a good impression, and that's where the 10 per cent comes off the perfect mark. For a sample, I had hoped Junior would convey a Eaton-school atmosphere when he showed, and he did. But it was Eaton only in the sense there was jam on his ears, and he was looking for somebody to be the enemy in a war he was having in a trench the plumber had left back of the kitchen. And having them excellent English manners you read about, why Lady Violet let that child make her do it, and first thing I knew the two of them was all over the garden together, yelling their heads off.

Well, that was two panics my family had pulled on me, and so there was only Jim, my husband, left to dread. All husbands seems to have some kind of special interest which their wives spend a lot of time trying to keep them from boring guests with the subject of it, see, and Jim's was fishing. Just give that man a mess of hooks and fishing line in some old cigar box or something, and he gets so happy and interested a person has got to explain to strangers that it ain't a case of the asylum leaving him out because he's harmless. Just get him started on fishing and he's on his way. I have pretty near come to a point where I am afraid to serve fish for dinner for fear it will remind him.

Well, when Jim got home from the studio this evening, he had been, of all things, playing a sequence where the juvenile, which is him, meets the girl on her father's Scotland estate while fishing. And the minute Lady Violet and he was made acquainted, she had to ask him what he was acting in now; and of course that got him going to the point where pretty soon he was dragging her off to look at the stuffed fish he keeps in our private pool and billiard parlor.

"Now, Jim, she don't care anything about your old fish!" I says. "Do talk about something interesting!"

"But, old deah, I'm nuts on fishing!" exclaimed Lady Violet. "And I'd love to see his salmon, indeed I would!"

So for pretty near all the rest of the evening he had the poor girl in there; and as I had to make some final arrangements about the party I was staging next afternoon, I was obliged to leave them be, although thoroughly disgusted with the way my folks had shown theirselves up. But when I went upstairs with Lady Vi at about eleven P.M. I got a surprise. Instead of leaving me go with some polite remark when I says good night if you want anything just let me know, she pulled me into the room with her.

"Oh, do come in a minute!" she says. "I have told my maid to go to bed—I want to talk a while. Do you mind?"

"Sure not!" I says, and sat down in one of these double-portion Louis Katz chairs the place was furnished with. "Go ahead, shoot!"

"Mrs. Smith," she begun, "do you mind if I say I really like you awfully?"

"Tickled to death to hear it!" I says. "Same here, dear; I did from the start. You are the real goods, even if you are English, if you'll excuse my saying that. But I think you know what I mean."

"I know," says she. "We usually feel just that way about Americans too. But as a matter of fact, the point is, you and I have been fortunate enough to find a real friendship. One doesn't stumble upon the feeling every day."

"You said a mouthful!" I says. "And when a person does, why they are jake with each other, just the same as if they had been acquainted for years."

"Good!" she says, laughing, but serious at the same time. "I thought you felt as I do. And because I really believe you mean it, I am going to bother you with my troubles."

"That's what friends are for," I says. "If it's my family that's annoyed you, go ahead and say so. They do the same to me at times, for all I love them."

"Bother me?" she says, opening her big brown eyes wide. "Why, it's the nicest family I have met in years! That darling boy of yours is a regular little soldier. And your husband and I have such a lot in common. You see, fishing is my favorite sport. As for that dear old mother of yours, she is quite the realest, finest thing I've met in years. This is just what I've always imagined an American family ought to be, which is one reason why I hope you are going to let me make you a long visit."

Well, of course, in view of one thing and another, socially speaking, that was kind of a blow. But I managed to smile natural, and as far as she personally herself was concerned, I would of been delighted to have her stay a year, in the typical way a person feels when a welcome guest has only just arrived.

"Of course," I says. "But you was speaking of troubles. What and the world could trouble you, dear? Here you got beauty, youth, position and wealth ——"

(Continued on Page 80)

"Wear-Ever" Equipment helps prepare world-famous menus and tempting delicacies

The Edgewater Beach Hotel

The Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago, known everywhere for the excellence of its cuisine and service, is completely equipped with "Wear-Ever." For Wear-Ever insures economy and excellent cooking. I use the words of Mr. W. C. Weber, of this famous hostelry: "The expense of retinning required by other utensils is entirely eliminated. By a conservative estimate we have saved the original cost several times over. We save time and fuel and have better-tasting foods."

IN hotels, institutions and preserving kitchens, as in the homes of the nation, the "Wear-Ever" trade-mark stands for greater economy and uniform success in preparing most wholesome, nourishing and delicious foods.

Foods cooked in "Wear-Ever" utensils are better flavored. This is due to the HARDER, THICKER metal, which takes up the heat, distributes it evenly throughout the entire utensil and holds it at even temperature.

Note: This advertisement is one of a number of advertisements featuring users of "Wear-Ever" equipment. A former advertisement in this publication featured St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, Minn., The Battle Creek Sanitarium, Welch Grape Juice Co., and the Hawaiian Pineapple Co.

THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO.
New Kensington, Pa.

Slone's Preserved Whole Shirless FIGS

Slone's Preserved Whole Figs, used on dining cars of thirty-four railroads, of which the Pennsylvania Railroad is one, are noted for their rich flavor and wholesome purity. The supreme delicacy is prepared in Wear-Ever Aluminum Steam-Jacketed Kettles. "Wear-Ever"—free from the possibility of metallic poisoning—is used exclusively for the many hours of slow, even simmering required in preserving the delicious Slone Figs, grown and preserved by Gulf Coast Fig Orchards, Houston, Texas.

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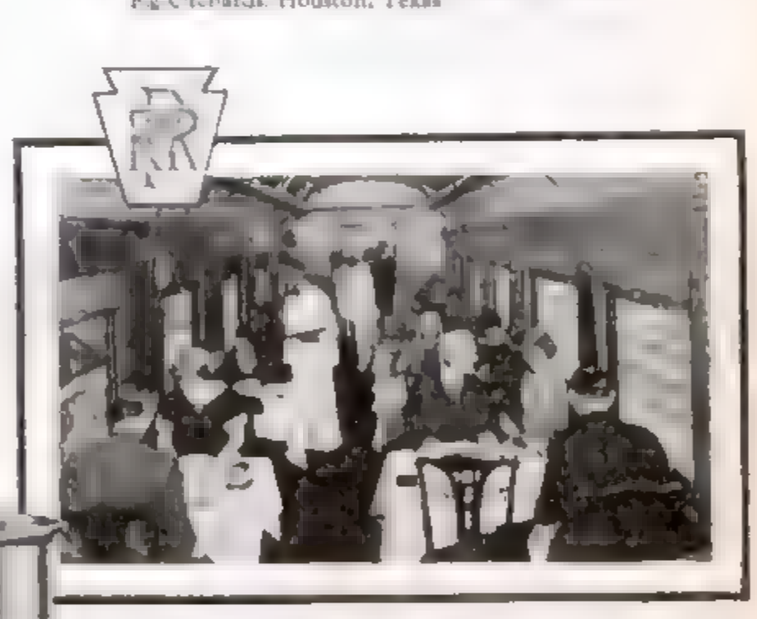
The Great White Fleet, known to all travelers for the excellence of its table service, is completely equipped with "Wear-Ever" cooking utensils. That "Wear-Ever" is made to withstand hard service is amply attested by the way it resists the knocks and bangs of daily service on ocean-going liners.



The Pennsylvania Railroad

The Dining Cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad use "Wear-Ever" utensils in preparing the delicious menus for which the Pennsylvania System is noted. "Wear-Ever" has proved its durability and economy in dining car service. To withstand such usage and give service for years is the record of "Wear-Ever" on Pennsylvania Dining Cars.

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Utensils

WEAR-EVER
TALC ALUMINUM UCO
TRADE MARK
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 78)

"Stop right there!" she said, laughing and shaking her bob at me. "You've hit upon the dreadful secret. I'm not rich: I'm poor as a church mouse, and that's why I am over here. I'm going to trust you, deah Mrs. Marie, because I know instinctively that you will understand and be willing to help me."

I nodded her a yes, yes go on.

"My deah, this is a brutal day and age," she says. "So let's not mince matters. We, poor things—I mean, of course, my people—are absolutely stony! Not a stiver! And debt! Good Lord, it's the only sizable thing we've left except Dunnington, our place. Both the older boys went during the war. There's only my youngest brother now, a little chap, Cedric, who will inherit the title. He's about the size of your Junior. And dad is sort of broken by things, one way or another. A deah old boy, though. Really I'm rather keen about my people, and, as a matter of plain fact, I'm all they've got, so I think it's my duty to do it, don't you?"

"Sure!" I says. "But do what?"

"Why, marry money, of course!" says Lady Vi, arching her lovely brows at me. "That's what I've come over for."

"Well!" says I. "But why not drag down a rich Englishman?"

"There aren't any more," says she. "What with our beastly taxes, and so forth, and a labor government, things are frightfully different from the old days. And we all thought that a rich American would be so much less impossible. Don't you think it's a good idea? And it's my duty, besides, don't you think? I've no right, really, to consider my personal feelings in the matter, have I?"

"That depends a lot on are you in love with somebody," I says. "You wouldn't have any right to do it if there is somebody you love; no right at all."

"Oh, but I assure you, I'm not the least bit in love with anyone!" says she. "Somehow I've never cared much for men."

"That's the kind that falls hard when they do."

"Well then," she says, "be a deah and help me catch a husband who is both rich and lovable."

"Hot bozo! That's pretty near a extinct animal," I says. "It seems a awful shame for you to have to do this. Ain't there some other way for you to get money? Couldn't your folks sell the castle, or something rather than let you?"

"Castles in Europe are about as easy to get rid of as these August," says she. "And besides, there's the way we all feel about the place—I mean, keeping it for Cedric, and all that. No, it's hard for you to understand, I suppose, how strongly attached we are to the place. But I'm not in love, so there is no real reason why I shouldn't save it with a good marriage. My family, poor darlings, have invested their last shilling in sending me over here. Do help me, won't you? You can, so easily, in a smart, wealthy community like this. Perhaps there will be some eligibles at the garden party tomorrow."

"Plenty of edibles, yes, indeed!" I says. "But I don't know that you will find any young men of the type you are speaking about."

"Well, it's simply ripping of you to be giving me this big affair so promptly," says she. "I'm delighted at the thought, and it will be a beginning, at any rate, for the husband hunt. You never know your luck!"

Well, I thought to myself, you said a dictionary, Lady Vi! But out loud, all I says was well good-night, dear, get your beauty sleep. I'll do anything I can. And then I went to my own room and sat at the window a long while, commuting to Nature and thinking about my sins on commission, and how I was certainly collecting my 10 per cent punishment and a bonus as well.

Here I had pretty near broke my neck getting up a bluff of a party to please Lady Vi, and now her future depended on me giving her the genuine article, instead of which I was handing out a fake that pretty near amounted to a insult, to her that was my friend! But what to do? How could I stop the show? And if I was able to get a-hold of Ike at this hour of night, what would I say to her ladyship when the reception got called off? It couldn't be done. The party would have to be pulled as planned, look at it anyway I did. There was nothing left but to see the darn thing through now. But maybe I didn't feel like a cheat and etc! My harmless bluff sure had me by the back of the neck. I by now thoroughly realized the risks I had been taking, paying a mob of extras to be my guests. What I had, of course, originally expected was that Lady Vi would be the kind to say "Ah! Hawja do?" and look at the people through one of these long-handled portable wind shields. But here, quite to the other hand, she was turning out to be real clubby, the kind that makes willing friends out of everybody from duchesses clear up to head watters. Suppose she went and chummed up to some one of this bunch that was coming and found out they wasn't Miss Astor, but only Miss Stake?

Well, the next day arrived on schedule, only maybe a little earlier than usual, if anything, on account I would gladly of put it off; and it was one of them days that is too beautiful to be true, having a blue sky all nicely trimmed with trick clouds, sunshine and color. Of course I was up early, consulting with the director, Ike, who was right there by nine A.M. made up as my private matre d'hôtel, which is French for chief cook and bottle washer, or something, and believe me Ike looked the part fine, in a morning coat and white tie, and the only trouble with the make-up was he had on his riding breeches and putties.

"Say, even for a country-estate sequence, those don't look right, Ike," I pointed out to him.

"I know," says he. "But honest, Marie, I can't direct unless I have 'em on. You don't want this shot—I mean this reception to be a flop, do you?"

"Most certainly not!" I says. "Take no chances, Ike. If those pants will help, keep 'em right on."

"It's a matter of artistic temperament with me," he says. "I got to have things just so or I can't get results."

Well, I had to admit that was often true. As the poet says, "To the conductor belongs the fare," and the same kind of liberties have to be allowed artists as well. So then I and he looked the magnificent formal gardens over and he arranged where the people was to be grouped, where some was to make their entrance from the lower gate and form in graceful, chatty gatherings near the big fountain, while some others was to come in by the front door and greet me, who would be standing between the Venus and Psyche statues at the head of the marble stairs leading to the rose garden. He got it all doped out where the refreshments was to be served under little canopies of lights and flowers by the lake, and where the three groups of musicians was to sit, and just who was to start throwing the confetti and from where. Of course, he had several assistant directors along who was to be planted among the "guests" in plain clothes, so's to start them doing this and that, and keep them moving about, chatting gayly, laughing refinedly, recognizing old friends, making introductions, and etc., so's to keep the animated scene animating at top speed.

"It's the appearance of a big bunch of people having a awful gay time that makes any party a success," Ike says to me. "And if you manage to keep her ladyship busy with two or three picked people, and she sees everybody else talking and laughing among theirselves, why I'll tell the world she'll finish the day with the impression she's been at the gayest function she ever attended!"

Well, by the time Ike had arranged where the still cameras was to be placed, he had doped out a scene of gorgeous gayety equal in splendor to anything C. B. De Mille ever pulled yet, and at the same time it was to have all of Mr. Griffith's refinement. Some director, Ike! I ought to know, having trained him myself.

All this, of course, got done before Lady Violet was up and dressed, which I had encouraged her not to be much before luncheon. And after that the house was so full of caterers and musicians and florists and electricians I was too busy to get any more nervous until we went to our dressing rooms to put on our costumes, as they might be called.

Well, Jim, who, of course, had to be told about my big idea, refused to have anything to do with it and went off to shoot some golf. But I didn't mind that on account I realized perfectly where husbands in high life are not supposed to enjoy or attend their wives' afternoon teas; they are merely expected to pay for them, so Jim's not being around would look perfectly natural. Ma looked positively elegant in purple satin and was too scared by the grandness of the party to talk much, and that was another trouble off my hands. It stayed that way all afternoon, too, on account hardly had the reception got started good then among the extras ma spied her old friend Madame Luella, the snake charmer that used to be with the circus the same time as her, and the two of them promptly parked theirselves at a refreshment table, where they stayed practically all through the show, talking of the old days on the tanbark I got no doubt, but fortunately looking like a coupla duchesses at the very least while doing so.

Well, with them two domestic menaces off my mind, I was free to tremble in my satin slippers over Lady Violet Armington and the kind of a time she would have. I'll say she was a regular vision in white, her face framed in a kind of halo of English-colored hair, and the gay garden was exactly the right set to show her off good, with all the well-dressed extras drifting about just as natural-looking as could be. Of course, I explained to her where we was very informal over here and we followed the English custom of not introducing a lot of people, and etc, and she was to just make herself at home with them.

However, I couldn't help making a few people acquainted with her. But luckily most of these was atmosphere that had often worked on the lot with I and Jim, so I could either mention their actual name or say oh do meet Lady Violet, Mrs. Blaa, quick, see, and then she'd say what was your name I didn't catch it, which was no wonder since nobody had thrown it to her. But they would tell their monniker then, see, and things would set nicely for a while.

Well, anyways, early in the game I and Lady Violet was standing together, looking down on what was probably the most successful mob scene ever staged, when who in the world would loom up in front of me all dressed up like a plush horse, but the aspirin! I mean that same pest of a boy who had been hanging around, trying the life out of I and Al Goldringer both, to get him into the pictures. He sure was a nervy young one, for he come up with the old smile right there, teeth and all, as he held out his hand to me.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Smith," he says, chipper, looking me square in the eye. "So awfully good of you to have me here! This is delightful, really!"

Well, fortunately, Lady Vi was for the moment talking to some Mrs. Whosis, so's I could hiss at him.

"Is that so?" I says. "Well, watch your step, young feller!"

"I'll try!" says he, laughing. "But I'm grateful for the job, really I am. Of course it's not exactly pictures, is it? But it's a beginning anyhow."

Well, I wanted to step on him for that, but I didn't get the chance, on account just then Lady Violet turned around and I was forced to introduce them. For a minute I was tongue-tied.

"Won't you present me to Lady Violet?" says freshie. "I'm Aleck DeVaux, Mrs. Smith. 'Fraid you've almost forgotten me, really!"

"Mr. DeVaux, meet Lady Armington," I says, helpless. And as I done so I got stopped short by Lady Violet's face.

"Delighted," she says, giving him a formal answer, but at the same time she give him a look and he give her a look that had nothing formal about it, and if Ike had been making a close-up of it, the subtitle would of been Hearts and Flowers, or something. And when he says mayn't I get you some tea, and dragged her away with him to get it I watched them go with a real uneasy feeling. I had to admit they did look good together. That was a fact. And I got plenty of chance to check up on that, on account them two famous historical friends, Apollo and Belvedere, couldn't of hit the pace any quicker then these two did.

Of course I butted in every once in a while, taking her away to pose with me and the bunch for the still cameras, or to introduce somebody I staged for the purpose. But separating her and DeVaux was like trying to keep two quarts of water apart in the same jug. The minute I moved they was at it again, alone together amidst the festive scene, as you might say.

Well, outside of myself, everybody appeared to be enjoying the party a lot. But to me it seemed like I lived through years of jazz, both of the bands and of my nerves, without anybody to talk to except Ike, who was there in riding breeches and a red coat. I and he stood together a lot, I all prepared to introduce him as General Director if necessary, and although things were going fine, as the afternoon wore on, I wore with it—very badly. The strain was something awful. Finally I couldn't stand it any longer.

"Start 'em home, Ike," I says to him at last. "This sequence has by now run to all the footage we need. I feel like I can't endure it one minute more. Get them to commence taking their reluctant departures and their far less reluctant pay checks, which I believe you will give 'em in town. I'm all in and I prefer to prove it in private."

Well, Ike slipped the word out by his assistants, and pretty soon the guests begun to file past me, shaking hands way up at the third story, and other evidences of refined leave-taking; but the aspirin was not among them. Last I had seen of him he and Lady Vi was dancing together for the seventh or twelfth time, but now the both of them seemed to of disappeared entirely.

The last guest was straggling away, and ma had taken her snaky friend up to her own room, when Lady Violet showed up with that cheap extra. I could see right off that they was by now fast friends, and when he shook hands with me good-by he shot one that proved the worst.

"It's been a simply splendid party, Mrs. Smith!" he says, and this time there was no acting about it. "I've had a ripping good time. Thanks awfully. Lady Vi has been kind enough to promise to lunch with me tomorrow. I do hope you've nothing on that interferes."

Well, his eyes was saying plain as day if you tell what you've got on me I'll tell what I've got on you, so you'd better not have anything else on, or looks to that effect, see, so all I could chirrup was oh that will be delightful, I'm sure she will be chawmed, and etc. And all the while Lady Vi stood there smiling and glowing like a regular arc light.

The very minute he was gone and she had got me alone, she fell on my neck and give me a kiss, just as enthusiastic as if she had come from New London, Connecticut, instead of the old one in England.

"You darling!" she says. "I've had the best time of my life, really! My deah, I never saw such a lot of charming people at one single garden party—never! So swanky, aren't they? And so natural and such good fun! Absolutely, old thing, I assure you even the queen's parties aren't one-half so smart! And they all seemed to be enjoying it so! May I say, my deah, you are quite the most successful hostess I've ever met? Now do sit down; you're tired, I know!"

"Check, on that!" I says, taking her advice. Her words certainly lifted a great load off my chest, but the very next line she pulled put another one on it.

"And that delightful Mr. DeVaux!" she says. "How nice he is! Do tell me who he is and all about him."

Well, for a minute I was strongly tempted to do just that; but I realized where if I did, it would probably be only the beginning of the story. So I didn't.

"Why, he's not so much," I says. "He's just a boy that's been hanging around here a lot, that's all."

"Well, he seemed to know simply everybody!" says she.

"Oh, he did, did he?" I says, snorting at the nerve of that mere extra claiming to know a bunch of swells. "Well, Lady Vi, I'll tell you one thing—he hasn't got a cent. He'll very likely have to hock his watch to take you to lunch tomorrow—that is, if you are actually going."

Lady Vi pulled a long sigh and twisted a blond curl or two over her ear.

"Oh, dear, of course he'd have to be penniless!" she says. "The nice ones always seem to be. However, I quite like him, and a lunch is nothing definite, after all."

And although she give it the laugh as she turned away, I hadn't been registering love at first sight for nothing all these years before the camera and not be able to tell the real, genuine article when I seen it. To say I was worried sick that night is mild. And as the next coupla days went by, they proved that I had good cause. Those two had taken a fall for each other that made Niagara look like a cold-water spiggot, and the awful part of it was, everything I done to cure them only made the case worse. For five solid days I had to set back helpless and watch that cheap ham of a near-actor give a rush to my nice new girl friend.

(Continued on Page 85)

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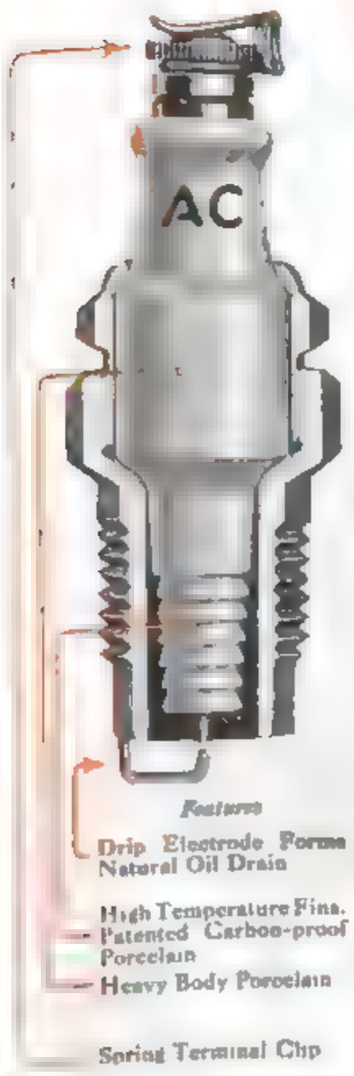

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(Continued from Page 80)

Far from Lady Violet making any move to go, it begun to seem like she had settled down with us for the summer. And watching her and DeVaux billy-doing and billy-cooing would of been real cute if there had only been money in it. Every once in a while I would see them at the piano, or dancing, or walking around the garden apple-saucing each other, and I used to think my ain't it a pity them two good-looking young things can't go right to it and be happy? And then other times I felt like I'd enjoy choking him. But before any serious damage could be done, a real bomb did the work for all of us. And that broke on the next Sunday, when the newspaper supplements come out with rotogravure pictures of my garden party.

Well, those stills certainly were swanky. There was two of them, right bang in the middle of the front page, showing the elegant decorated tables by the big fountain as a background for I and Lady Violet, and we was smiling at the camera in the typically society way, but we didn't look messy like the real genuine society article generally does. Under this picture it says:

"Distinguished English Visitor. Lady Violet Armington Attends the Gorgeous Lawn Party Given in her Honor by Marie La Tour, the Famous Motion-Picture Star at her Magnificent Long Island Estate. Reading Right to Left, Miss La Tour, Lady Violet, Mmme. Lewella, of Germany."

Well, that ex-snake-charmer friend of ma's had accidentally got in the picture with us, and give her right name to the cameraman; but on account in her make-up she looked like the Duchess of Hotdog, it didn't really matter any. The other still was a big long-shot of the entire grounds from the steps of the house, and I will say the swellness of the crowd outdone any such picture I had ever seen in the Sunday papers to date. And under this second portrait of Long Island society at play was a subtitle to the effect:

"Smart Society Gathers in Force to Welcome Famous English Beauty. The Italian Gardens of the La Tour Estate Where the Most Costly and Elaborate Event of the Season Was Held in Honor of Lady Violet Armington."

It was some publicity and nobody but a expert could of told it from the real thing. I and ma got hold of it about the same time in two separate papers, and run to each other with it, yelling with excitement.

"Ain't that pretty?" says ma. "But, daughter, I've been through all the society pieces in the printed part and I can't find one word about it. There's just only the pictures!"

"Of course!" I says. "Al pulled some strings which he undoubtedly has, to get the pictures in, but he ain't such a fool as to let the reporters print any list of guests."

"That's so," says ma. "My, I bet Luella will be pleased! She ain't had her picture in the paper that conspicuous since the time Billy, her boa constricter, swallered the box-office receipts when we was with the circus."

Well, of course we was all tickled with the pictures, even Jim, who at once seen the publicity value of them; but I had kind of a uneasy hunch mixed in with my vanity. I personally myself have found that a bluff don't generally pay, and that the minute a person commences putting up a false front, whether on their hair, character or position, something is apt to break. Even when Al called me on the phone late in the day, I couldn't lose the feeling I had that the whole business was a mistake.

"Ain't them stills in the paper wonderful?" he says. "Say thank you to the papa, can't you?"

"I do, Al," I says. "I'm crazy over them."

And that was the truth. I was crazy with worry over my fool behavior in letting the whole party start. It sure had give me no pleasure and a lot of expense, and I had a pretty good idea that the end of the road wasn't in sight yet—only a dangerous curve. And the red signals begun to flash at about five that very afternoon, when of all people in the world, who would come to call but Mrs. Alexander Buckman herself, our social leader, and chief stiffneck!

I heard her asking, first off, was Lady Violet home. But Lady Vi was not, having gone out motoring with that awful young DeVaux, as per usual. And when Mrs. Buckman heard the bad news, why I expected she would at once beat it; but no, she asked for me!

Well, naturally I at once rushed back from listening behind the portières to flop languidly on the big sofa with a book, so's to be caught that way, unawares. And I acted just in time, for in another minute the butler butlered her in.

Well, seeing the great Mrs. Buckman arrive prompt like that, why I at once took two things for granted. I knew, for one, that the old girl must of seen the Sunday papers, and that was what had tipped her off to me having a near-royal visitor in the house. And for two, I guessed of course, Mrs. B., on account of wanting to know Lady Vi, would now drop her proud and haughty line, shake a cordial mitten and say some few remarks to the effect "dear Mrs. Smith, I've been meaning to call for the longest time, ever since that delightfully informal meeting of ours when you thought I was the club matron ha-ha!"

Well, ha-ha was the only part I had correct, and that was on me. The minute I seen her frozen face I knew my campaign calculations had slipped some place. Far from burying the hatchet, she had it all sharpened and out, ready for action.

"Mrs. Smith, I presume," she says in a tone that pretty near got a yes, good morning, judge, out of me. "You will pardon this intrusion, but I saw in this morning's newspaper that the daughter of my old acquaintance the Earl of Doolittle is staying in this house. I must say I was surprised."

"I'll bet you were!" I says, my goat rising instantly. "Do sit down, Mrs. Buckman. The furniture is perfectly sanitary."

She sat, at that, but on the very edge, like a ship in dock, looming up very impressive, all ready to sail and fully determined to stay so.

"Mrs. Smith," she says, "may I ask how it happens that Lady Violet is visiting here?"

"Sure!" I says. "I invited her to come."

"And where did you meet her?"

"On the steamer," I says. "Say, just please remember, Mrs. Buckman, this isn't any oil scandal inquiry you are conducting. Why shouldn't Vi visit me if she wants to? And why shouldn't I give her a party and ask anybody I please and leave out the same? And who elected you her guardian?"

"Mrs. Smith, we are both grown women," says Mrs. B. "Let us be perfectly frank with each other. I feel a very distinct sense of responsibility about this distinguished young girl who has come over here quite alone. Twenty years ago, in London, I met her father and mother, and while I cannot say that I have maintained the acquaintance, the mere fact of my knowing them makes me feel obliged to act for her protection. If Lady Violet is to visit any house in Rosemere, it should properly be mine."

"Well, she seems to be pretty happy here," I says. "I gave her the biggest garden party of the season. What more do you want?"

"Mrs. Smith," says the old social war horse, "I may as well inform you immediately that I am fully aware of the general character of that entertainment and the personelle of your guests. The rest of the people of this town may wonder about the mystery of your smart function, and their tongues, I may tell you, are already clacking about the apparently fashionable crowd in which they were not included. But I am not deceived. I may tell you," she says, piercing me with her hard-boiled blue eyes—"I may tell you, Mrs. Smith, that I very frequently attend the moving pictures, much as I dislike and disapprove of them. I am on the board of censors, and the faces of most of your guests were perfectly familiar to me. I have seen them attending many similar affairs. Also fashionable balls, Roman orgies and Western dance-hall brawls. Need I say more?"

"No," I says, stunned. "I'm not that dumb."

"Is Lady Violet aware of the sort of society into which you have introduced her?"

"No," I says, "she isn't. I—well, I kind of let her think she was meeting the right sort."

"And do you think that was either proper or fair?" says Mrs. B. "Now, my dear woman, I have always heard that you have a fine reputation for fair dealing and personal honesty, in spite of your profession, of which I have already stated my disapproval. Are you not aware that this—this trick of yours may have serious consequences? That Lady Violet, in spite of her wealth and position, is really nothing but a young girl, easily led, and that embarrassing entanglements may easily arise out of her introduction to such people?"

Well, when she says that, I thought at once of that young DeVaux and the way he was already a serious danger to Lady Vi. And it was, of course, all my fault. Then I realized where Mrs. Buckman had a son which was the real genuine article, or so they claimed. He was reported to be good-looking, athletic, was undoubtedly swell, and of course the only heir to the Buckman millions, and more than likely he could easily sheik her away from the aspirin. I had done wrong, maybe, but only out of intended friendliness to Vi. And while I didn't feel that Mrs. Buckman cared so much for my new girl friend, or what happened to her, but was thinking principally of carrying off a social prize herself, why I saw it was right for Violet to go, and so I acted according.

"Mrs. Buckman, I can see that you are correct," I says. "Lady Violet had ought to be at your house and I'll see that she moves over there."

Well, Mrs. Buckman looked kind of surprised at winning so easy. But she got on her feet and managed to strangle out a little smile.

"Very good," says she. "I am glad, Mrs. Smith, to hear that decision. It means that both of us want only the best for Lady Violet. May I expect her tomorrow?"

"You can," I says. Mrs. B. expanded at that.

"Mrs. Smith," she says, "I shall not advertise the nature of your garden party amongst my friends. It was a foolish thing for you to have attempted, but I want you to understand that I shall not speak of it."

"Thanks," says I. And with that she took herself off to the car that was waiting for her with two chauffeurs, and in spite of the shabby old motor they managed to get away with making her appear like the Queen of England, or something.

Well, my ambition to have Mrs. Buckman call on me had come true—especially the call part. And now there wasn't anything else left to do but hang around and wait for Lady Violet to show, which she did around teatime.

She drove up in that cheap little car of DeVaux's, and I could hear them laughing and kidding real clubby as she told him good-by at the door. There was a intimate tone to their voices made me realize more then ever that it was high time she was saved from him. On account one thing was sure, that when Vi moved over to Buckmans, that young would-be ham was going to be out of luck. I could just see Ma Buckman ax-fixiating him with her fishy eye!

Just the very minute Vi, as I was by then calling her that to her face, come in, I got in some of my fine work. I shot it to her cold how Mrs. Buckman was not alone the social king pin in town but the wife of the junior partner in L. V. Mason & Co., our greatest bankers, and how they had a only son. I, of course, didn't let on that Mrs. B. wasn't in the habit of running over to see me every day with her kid curlers on, but merely said where the lady had come to call on Vi, had not been at the reception, but had stepped over as soon's she could, and insisted on me loaning Lady Vi to her for a little visit. Also that Mrs. B. was a old family friend of Violet's folks

"She wants you tomorrow, kid," I says. "And I think you certainly had better go."

Lady Vi pouted.

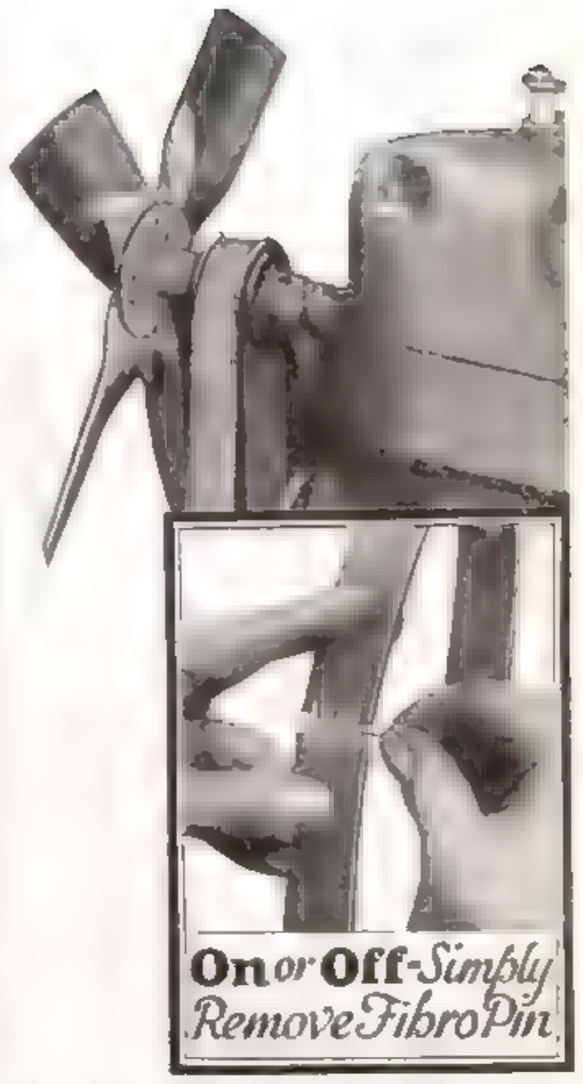
"Oh, but I'm having such a happy time here!" she says.

"Yes; but so far, not a profitable one in the way you want it to be," I pointed out. "You know already I'm not in favor of this private matrimonial bureau I'm supposed to of started for you, dear; but in view of all you've told me I feel like it's my duty to call your attention to the fact of young Buckman. He's from all accounts the ideal catch of the whole entire U. S. A. and you can't afford to pass up this chance."

All the sun went out of Vi's face at that, and she become real interested in the toe of her shoe.

"Oh, Mrs. Marie," she says, "I don't want to go! But if they are friends of mother's and—and ——"

"Especially the and," I says. "Come on, Vi, be yourself! Try it out. But remember,



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you've always got a home here, any minute you prefer it!"

Well, the poor girl decided to go. As a matter of fact, there really wasn't anything else for her to do. And yet, when she had left, the house sure seemed awful lonesome without her. Like the electric power had gone back on us again or we was living in slow-motion stuff, or something. I didn't start in running over to Buckmans' to borrow a cup of butter and etc., though. I stayed away, and so, for five whole days, did Lady Violet

Well, anyways, of course I hadn't supposed Mrs. Buckman would now fall on my neck except in the way she already had; but neither did I expect any insults to be hurled other than those I had already stood for. So when, on the fifth day after Lady Violet moved her trunks, I read a piece in the morning paper about how Mrs. Alexander Buckman was giving a big reception to meet her house guest, Lady Violet Armington, why naturally I commenced watching the mail for a deadhead to the party.

Well, as Shakspere so truly says, the watched pot will make you boil by not doing so itself, and such was the case with me. Right up to and including the morning of the reception day, I kept on looking for the invite, on account it didn't seem possible even a society woman could do anything so rude as not ask me. But when no request for the pleasure of my co. appeared on the actual date, I realized that Mrs. B. had definitely lifted Violet out of the scum, and that I was said scum. I hadn't seen the dear kid since she left me, although she had called me on the phone a few times, always gay and cordial, and going to see me soon. But I guessed the old war horse had taken good care that her dates was filled solid. It certainly didn't seem friendly.

And I hadn't expected that, but not getting invited to the reception was the last camel, as far as I was concerned. All morning I kept hoping there was some mistake and they would call up and explain. But the only time the phone rung it was Al Goldringer to wail over how Nasha Mola's picture had by now done another quarter of a million dollars business and he was seriously thinking about committing suicide. Well, I told him he had nothing on me, I felt so bad it was taking all the permanent wave right out of my hair. And Al says, well, just remember, nothing is permanent in this life except my bad luck; and then he hung up, leaving me to my gloom, which lasted up until just before dinner that evening, when things commenced happening in a hurry.

I was by then picturing to myself the Buckmans' party is now over, the last guests is lingering around with no handy director to shoo 'em off, the round-up isn't quite complete and the straglers are not as swanky-looking as at my party, and it's not being anywheres near as well staged, but it is the real thing, and I ain't there, and other sad thoughts like that.

Well, in the middle of these meditatings, I heard a big noise in the hall, of trunks and etc. going up stairs, the door flew open, and who and the world would it be only Lady Violet her very own self? When she saw me she give one yell and fell on my neck half laughing, half crying and the rest plain mad.

"Marie!" she says. "I only just found out that you were actually never invited to the reception this afternoon. That woman had the impudence, the outrageous rudeness, to omit you on purpose! I was so perfectly furious that I had my things packed at once, and came right over to stay the very instant the last guest left! Oh, my deah, what a time I've had!"

"Well, welcome home," I says. "Come now, cool off and tell me all about it, dear."

"Why, it never even occurred to me that you wouldn't be there this afternoon," says she, flopping into a seat. "And when you didn't show up, I thought at first you had forgotten, or been detained, and I spoke to Mrs. Buckman about your absence. And then the way she spoke of you was intolerable. So I told her I should leave directly, and I have, and there you are!"

"But, Vi," I says, worried, "what did she say? Was it about the party I gave you?"

"Oh, that was the least of it!" says Lady Vi impatiently. "The woman is simply impossible, and I was having a frightfully dull time. I'm much, much happier here. Do you mind me coming back?"

"Mind!" I says. "I'm tickled to death. But there is something more behind all this, Vi, did she tell you the people at the reception I give you were—not society people?"

"You deah silly, as if I hadn't known that all along!" says she. "But your people were gay and amusing and attractive. And the stuffy crowd that Mrs. Buckman knows, you can't imagine how dull they were, or how self-conscious they made me feel! No, no, nothing that old hen could say about you would make me dislike anyone but her!"

"Well," I says, with a big sigh of relief, "I certainly feel a lot better for hearing what you say about my faking that garden party for you. Are you really sure you don't mind my guests having been merely hired extras?"

"Mind!" says she. "Haven't I fallen madly in love with one of them?"

"Oh, Vi, that's the whole trouble!" I says, excited. "That's just what I been afraid of the whole time. What'll young Buckman say? Are you going to give him up?"

"I haven't even met him yet!" says Lady Violet. "Fortunately, as things turned out, he wasn't at home all the time I was there. And even if he were as charming as a prince I couldn't marry him. I simply couldn't go through with it, feeling as I do about Aleck."

"Aleck! You mean DeVaux?" I says. "But, honey, neither of you has got a cent!"

"I don't care a damn!" says she. "I intend marrying him right away, and you've got to get us both some work to do. We can live on that."

"Work!" I says. "I'm to get you work now, am I? What kind of work, may I ask?"

"Oh, Marie, I simply hate to be a bother," she says. "But, after all, you are my friend, aren't you? And that's why I don't really hesitate to trouble you. You can get us work, of course, in the movies."

Well, I could hardly believe her first off

"Say, do you mean to tell me you are actually willing to go in the pictures?" I says. "You, the great Lady Violet Armington?"

"Indeed I am!" says she. "I'm very keen on doing it, in fact. You see, I'm going to marry an American, and so really, why shouldn't I follow the American custom of earning a living? I think working for one's money is a splendid idea. I only wonder I didn't think of it sooner. There's only one condition I make —— You really must get Aleck a job in the same company."

"You just wait till I use the phone a minute," I says. "Unless I'm mistaken, you are already hired—just wait!"

Well, ten minutes later I had Al Goldringer on the wire.

"Say!" says he. "Since I called you this morning I heard that Nasha Mola ——"

"Never mind Nasha!" I says. "Say, Al, I got a present for you. How'd you like to star Lady Violet Armington, eh?"

"Her?" he says. "Why, yes! Also, I would enjoy to have Central Park for my private back yard."

"No kidding, I can get her for you," I says, "and I tell you she photographs like an angel. Also I believe she can act. If you say so, I'll bring her down to the office in the morning. She'll make you a real star, Al."

"Either you are dreaming or I am!" says Al. "Why, that girl would knock 'em cold! Can you really get her to do it?"

"Sure can!" I says. "There's only one condition—she's got to have her boy friend in the cast."

"Ah!" says Al. "Will she make me a star? She's got all the marks of it already! Well, I don't care if I got to sign her whole family also, if only I get her. Bring her down and I'll have a contract waiting."

Well, I agreed to that; but before I made good on it, I had to witness another contract, on account Violet and Aleck got married that very night, as soon as she could phone him to come around. And the next day I led 'em in to Al. When it was all signed up, the aspirin shook me by the hand real cordial.

"It's mighty fine of you," he says, "to get me into the pictures after all!"

Well, that was that, but not all there was to it. Two days later I was sitting in my boudoir with a boudoir cap on, reading a boudoir book on Facial Calisthenics, a few Hints on How to Look Aristocratic, when the phone rung. I undressed the telephone, which when not in use wears a gold lace negligee, picked up the receiver, and pretty near fell into it when I heard the voice. It was actually Mrs. Buckman speaking.

"Mrs. Smith," she says, "of course it is no longer any of my affair, but I feel it is my duty to warn you about Lady Violet Armington. I have just found out that she is absolutely penniless, and what is even worse, that she has eloped with an unknown actor, some scamp by the name of DeVaux."

"Oh, yes," I says, "that's quite correct, all except the details."

"What details do you refer to?"

"Well, to begin with, she didn't elope; she was married right here," I commenced. "Then she's not penniless; she's earning two thousand dollars a week salary. Third, she didn't marry a unsuccessful actor; she married her leading man; and fourth, his name is not DeVaux—it's Buckman. DeVaux is his stage name; his real one is Alexander Buckman, Jr. He's your own son, in fact, and your husband is going to finance the unit, although he don't know it yet. Yes, you are quite right, all except the details!"

There was a awful pause at that. I thought maybe she was dead, but no such luck. Her voice come faintly in a minute.

"I'm frightfully sorry to bother you with my troubles," she says; "but, really, I simply must know more about this at once. Will you mind if I run over and talk to you right away? I realize your feeling for Violet, and I—I'd like to discuss it as—as a friend."

Well, for a moment I thought hot bozo, ah-ha here is my chance to crown her; I will give her the razz! But then I took a quick second thought to the effect, no, poor old mother, I guess she needs a little help; she is only human, even if she has been handicapped by her position in life. So I smiled into the phone, if you know what I mean.

"Why, come right along on over, Mrs. Buckman!" I says. "I'll be glad to help any I can. Indeed, who should we bother with our troubles except our friends? That's what we are for!"

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Send for free booklet: "Oil is more than oil—it is power."

INDIAN REFINING CO., INC., LAWRENCEVILLE, ILL.

AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

(Continued from Page 14)

out of commission. Under soviet rule, the coöperatives, like all state-endowed enterprises, are inefficient and inadequate. A little thing like service, however, makes no difference when the Bolshevik political end has to be served. The Russian consumer has been ordered to patronize the government-sponsored stores, and he must. The agency that helps to enforce this decree is the Commissariat for Internal Trade.

The effectiveness of the Commissariat for Internal Trade in the destruction of private enterprise may be gathered from the fact that all renewals of stock in any store in Russia must be made through it. The government coöperatives, of course, get all they want. When the private merchant now applies for canned goods, clothing, furniture or dry goods, he is told that it is impossible to serve him. In consequence, thousands of private shops are closing out what they have on hand and quitting. If this continues, the Nepman, the name given to the individuals who operate under the new economic policy, will soon be a vanished type.

While we are on the matter of coöperatives it may be well to point out another characteristic activity of the Foreign Trade Monopoly. It will show how the invariable Bolshevik perversion obtains in what has always been a distinctive Russian communal system.

Until November, 1917, when the Soviet Government came into being, Russian cooperation was what the word really meant. There were coöperative societies for agricultural production, for the purchase of supplies at home and abroad, and for credits. The 27,000 consumers and peasant societies in Russia and Siberia, comprising ninety provincial unions, were linked up in the All-Russian Central Union of Consumers' Cooperatives to which I have referred. Following the favorite habit of contracting long titles, it is known as Centrosoyus.

It had branches in London, Berlin and elsewhere, and did a world-wide import and export business. Moreover, it represented the very backbone of peasant organization and production. What most people do not know is that the Russian peasant is instinctively coöperative but not communistic, as Moscow has found out to its cost.

When the Soviet Government was formed, a determined effort was made to put the coöperatives out of business through the substitution of the soviet system of trading both in town and country. The old coöperatives were so well established that the idea failed to take root, whereupon the government seized the whole coöperative structure. In other words, it was nationalized. The business of coöperation came under the Vneshtorg, which maintained the foreign branches, especially in London. Good communists were put in all strategic offices, and what was once a vast agency by and for the people became just one more machine for the perpetuation of political power.

Trade Ruled by Politics

Then came a characteristic performance. Although the Centrosoyus had a functioning branch in London, the Vneshtorg started a second foreign-trade office under the control of what is termed the All-Russian Coöperative Society, always alluded to as Arcos. Here you have another duplication of effort, because the Centrosoyus agency also was maintained. In order to justify the procedure, the import-and-export business has been divided between the two bureaus, the Centrosoyus specializing in agricultural machinery, motortrucks and cars and most agricultural products, while the Arcos became, among other things, the intermediary for the sale of Russian oil, and handled the banking and financial end.

This explanation of the soviet trade structure, with all its political ramifications, only reveals part of the approach to the present hour. To complete it we must swiftly recapitulate a few chapters of recent European history. They will show how the Moscow trade and diplomatic envoys—they are one and the same thing—played politics with business and contributed to two of the most amusing international fiascos of modern times. Incidentally, they will reveal how wires were pulled at the series of continental conferences, which were longer on talk and expense accounts than on action. I except, of course, the London gathering which ratified the Dawes plan and which was the first constructive gathering since the Armistice.

To get at the beginning we must go back for a moment to 1921, an epoch-making year in soviet annals. It not only marked the inauguration of the new economic policy, with its temporary surrender to capitalism, but also disclosed the Bolo in a new world rôle. With the introduction of the Foreign Trade Monopoly, commerce began to flow in and out of Russia. Conscious of the complete failure of militant communism, the Bolsheviks, as I have already intimated, started out on the campaign to win recognition, make trade agreements and establish credits.

To do so they soft-pedaled on world revolution. Reducing the situation to weather terms, there came what might be called a phraseological depression. The boast and bombast about the invincibility of the communist state gave way to an admission of the need of the tools and relations with which a civilized world does business.

Nowhere was this new mood more effective than in England, where that master

Leonid Krassin, Head of the Foreign Trade Monopoly

opportunist Lloyd George was premier. He was up against four problems which seriously threatened the continuity of his administration. They were unemployment, the high cost of living, Red propaganda in the dominions overseas, notably Egypt and India, and a growing radicalism as expressed in an out-and-out communist wing, and to a lesser degree in the Labor party.

What the little Welshman needed above all other things was some arrangement that would accelerate the wheels of output. This, in turn, would reduce the ranks of the idle, readjust prices and sterilize the growing criticism of the extremists. Trade therefore loomed up as the big objective, especially since Germany had begun to get her hooks into Near-Eastern, Far-Eastern and South American markets.

On the horizon suddenly appeared the Bolshevik intimation that Russia, chastened by economic adversity, was the new business El Dorado. Lloyd George swallowed the bait. The result was the London Trade Agreement, the first entered into with any of the great powers by the Moscow government. Technically, it did not give recognition. Actually, it achieved the same purpose, because it enabled the Bolsheviks to get their foot in the British doorway, which was later opened wide by the Ramsay MacDonald agreement of 1924.

By the terms of the London agreement, a so-called Soviet Trade Delegation set up shop with full powers to enter into all commercial relationships. The joker was that though Moscow promised to stop her propaganda efforts in British territory, she merely made a gesture of cessation and kept right on with the destructive work.

Being a prize salesman, Lloyd George was quick to capitalize the alleged value of the soviet deal. What was fondly believed to be the beginning of a real British penetration in Russia began. English firms vied with one another to get the best of the pickings That will-o'-the-wisp—the Bolshevik concession—became a sort of Slavic Lorelei that lured scores to their ruin. This, however, is a later story.

A considerable impetus was given to British aspirations in Russia by the negotiations for the restoration of the Urquhart mining properties in Siberia, the most important owned by any aliens, and the enterprise, by the way, in which Herbert Hoover was interested before the World War. Although it is running a little ahead of the story, I might state here that after an immense amount of hot air, energy, time and money had been expended, the Urquhart restoration was finally turned down flat by Lenine. So far as the British owners are concerned, it might not exist at all at the present writing

Intrenched in England, the Bolsheviks began to replenish their depleted stocks and the first great movement of imports was launched. On account of the famine, they had to purchase grain. To revive industry, they were compelled to acquire large stocks of cotton. As in everything else, they sought to make political capital out of these purchases by attempting to trade contracts for recognition and agreements. At this point it is important to know that, having no revenue at home save from confiscation, they were compelled to draw on the old Russian gold reserve. An unfavorable trade balance at once developed, because whereas the exports in 1921 were only 20,100,000 rubles the imports aggregated 210,600,000 rubles.

The Double Cross

This brings us to 1922, which was to witness the enactment of real international comedy. Up to this time the Bolsheviks had not been admitted to any of the European conferences. With the Genoa gathering in April, they got into the grand stand of powers. The idea in the minds of everybody was that at last they were to be given an economic bill of health.

Their entrance ticket was bestowed because of two fallacies that had developed during 1921. One was the belief of the Bolsheviks that with recognition by the big European nations all economic channels would be opened wide to them. Linked with this was the firm conviction that a fiscally battered Europe urgently needed Russia in any program of reconstruction. The other delusion—held by England, France and Italy—was that Russia needed them more than they required her. As subsequent events proved, it was like the marriage of two fortune hunters in which both were fooled. Nobody got anything.

Thus it came about that at Genoa the soviet delegation—which included Krassin, head of the Foreign Trade Monopoly, Tchitcherin, Commissar for Foreign Affairs; Litvinov, his right-hand man; and Radek, the most brilliant of the Moscow propagandists—held the center of the picture. The Allied governments, still cherishing the delusion that the Russians needed them, believed that they would be chastened in spirit and amenable to negotiation. Instead, the soviet crowd strutted in silk hats, with largely inflated domes under a headgear strangely foreign to communist styles.

Although the conference oozed oil, very little of it was poured on the waters of discussion. One reason for the Bolshevik cockiness was that their delegates talked in grandiloquent terms about the value of their petroleum concessions. The scramble among foreign-concession hunters, mainly oil seekers, who fairly buzzed at Genoa, played into the soviet hands. The Bolos became chestier each day.

The upshot of the whole matter was that the Bolsheviks completely disillusionized the Allies. Lloyd George and Barthou—the chief French representative—became more and more irritated, and no progress was made.

Then came the event which helped to break up the conference and showed at the same time the foxiness of Bolshevik business diplomacy. At the head of the German delegation was the late Walter Rathenau. Because of his family connection with the Allgemeine Electricitäts Gesellschaft—the famous A.E.G.—he knew something about the commercial possibilities of Russia. His firm had maintained a large branch factory

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there, and, as most people know, Germany exerted a strong economic influence in the old czarist day. He tried to impress upon Lloyd George the necessity of arriving at some understanding with Moscow, and also tying up European reconstruction. While he was playing the German game, he knew that to put it over he would have to have the support of the other delegations. The British premier, incensed at the swank of the soviet crowd, gave him the cold shoulder.

What the Allies did not know when the meeting opened was that, prior to the Genoa conference, Rathenau on behalf of Germany had drawn up at Berlin a treaty of amity, commerce and recognition with the Bolshevik Government. Though Moscow maintained a trade delegation in the German capital, no formal recognition had been entered into. This document went the whole way. For some reason it had not been signed up to the time that the Genoa Conference started. It was destined to play a dramatic part at the Italian gathering.

Both the German and Russian delegations at Genoa had copies. When the Bolsheviks saw how things were going, they determined to get some action regardless of ethics. Radek went to Rathenau and said that unless the treaty drawn up at Berlin were signed at once the Russians would make a more favorable one with England. It was a bluff pure and simple; but Rathenau, who saw, or rather thought he saw, an opportunity for German priority over all her trade rivals, fell for it. The instrument was signed that night and became what is known as the Rapallo Treaty. It made Germany a most favored nation in all commercial relationship with Russia and it put the final seal on recognition. Immediately afterward the old Imperial Russian Embassy on the Unter den Linden in Berlin was turned over to the Bolos.

An Amazing Treaty

Rage and consternation reigned in the conference when the news of this treaty became known. Lloyd George said that the Germans had double-crossed him and henceforth they were rank outsiders in the meetings. Inflated over their success in the maneuver, the Bolsheviks, who now saw no likelihood of getting any credits out of the Allies, issued an arrogant enunciation of principle that ended the conference.

The Allies were still under the illusion that Russia had commercial possibilities, and further negotiations were carried out at The Hague Conference, which came later during the same year. Once more Bolshevik tactics prevented any kind of definite understanding, and this gathering also blew up.

Both Genoa and The Hague proved conclusively to the Bolsheviks that there was no immediate prospect of general recognition with all its by-products, particularly credits. They now changed their tune and started the campaign for cash. Practically every agreement negotiated since The Hague has leaned largely on the financial side. The most conspicuous example is Ramsay MacDonald's treaty, which was the biggest diplomatic victory yet achieved by Moscow.

Here you have the astounding Soviet Government attitude toward its obligations revealed at the worst. There is no real recognition of debts or restoration of confiscated private property, but a nebulous agreement to pay a lump sum in consideration of a loan. In a campaign speech Lord Birkenhead said that it was "an agreement to give £40,000,000 of English money to a band of murderers who have already robbed us of £800,000,000." On a show-down in Parliament, the Anglo-Russian treaty would have upset the MacDonald régime. The intervention of a minor episode namely, the quashing by the Labor Government's Attorney General of the prosecution of a communist editor charged with sedition—did the job a little earlier.

There were two good reasons why the Bolsheviks concentrated on the campaign for money. One was the practical extinction of the old Russian gold reserve under steady buying abroad; the other grew out of the failure of the nationalized industry to yield an income. The principal output of the latter was loss. Now began—it was 1923—a characteristic soviet business, or lack of business, performance which reveals the present artificiality of trade method in striking fashion.

Fully to grasp it we must make a swift survey of Russian imports and exports. There is no need of involving ourselves in a mass of meaningless figures. Our objective is the economic unsoundness of foreign-trade procedure.

Between 1909 and 1913 Russian exports averaged 1,501,010,000 rubles a year, while the imports averaged 1,139,600,000, which means that the country had a satisfactory balance. The United States was an insignificant factor. The old imperial Russia imported from us 79,000,000 rubles' worth of commodities, chiefly raw materials, semifinished products and manufactured articles. These comprised 5.8 per cent of the total Russian imports. Russia exported to us products aggregating 14,000,000

Platokof, Head of the Concessions Committee

rubles, or .9 per cent of their total. These exports were mainly flax, licorice root, sheep and goat skins, hides, wool, bristles and manganese ore.

The sole reason for giving these figures here is to show that then—as now—there was little reason for us to be agitated about Russian commercial opportunities. The lack of market in prewar days is matched by an almost utter inability to meet Bolshevik terms. You will perceive this when I deal with soviet concessions.

Taking Russian prewar exports as a whole, you find that they amounted to one-tenth of the total national production. The bulk of the export was in grain, which ordinarily totaled from 500,000,000 to 600,000,000 poods—a pood is about 36 pounds—a year. This in turn was about 15 per cent of the entire grain output.

Under militant communism there was practically no foreign trade, but with the dawn of the New Economic Policy and the institution of the Foreign Trade Monopoly, imports and exports revived. For two years the imports were top-heavy. In 1921, as I have already shown, they exceeded exports tenfold. In 1922 the buying abroad continued, with the result that imports reached 274,400,000 rubles, while exports were 78,800,000 rubles. These included only 1 per cent of the agricultural production. Two factors contributed. One was the great famine and the other the shrinkage in the grain area sown.

Restriction of Trade

With 1923 the character of imports began to change. Where those of 1922 were for consumption, the commodities now brought in were for production, comprising mainly cotton, agricultural machinery, motors and motor equipment. For a brief period we went to third place as purveyor. With this readjustment started the manipulation for the much-advertised trade balance to which Moscow points with such pride and which is exploited by every soviet propagandist.

There was much more than a physical change in the character of imports and exports. The entire foreign-trade machinery was shifted to meet the emergency brought about by the shrinkage of the old gold reserve and the failure to get big credits abroad through agreements. A rigid restrictive control was clamped down on imports and an equally drastic drive begun to accelerate exports. In ordinary circumstances this is good business, because it makes for national economy and the strengthening of foreign exchange. The soviet national economy, however, was purchased at the expense of the great mass of the people, and like the operation of the nationalized industry, was promoted for political purposes. In Bolshevism, political purpose and the incitement of unrest invariably are one and the same thing.

Grain—the major Russian product—was the medium chosen for the juggling. Just how fantastic the performance is may be gained from knowledge that before the war, out of a total annual production of from 4,000,000,000 to 4,500,000,000 poods of grain, 500,000,000 to 600,000,000 poods were exported. This left about 85 per cent for home consumption. Even then there were many who believed that this was inadequate for the population. This is a debatable matter and does not enter into the present consideration.

The fact to be emphasized is that in 1923, with a grain production barely 60 per cent of normal, 200,000,000 poods were exported to readjust the trade balance. Russia today, considering her loss in population, needs at least 3,500,000,000 poods for her own uses. The exports meant that many districts were so reduced in food supply as to approach a famine stage. Moreover, in order to make the most out of the unnatural opportunity, the government depressed the price paid by it to the peasant for the export cereal. At the same time the home consumer was paying excessively for all industrial products because of the inefficiency of the nationalized industry. Thus the people got it coming and going.

A contented populace, however, was not the consideration. The Soviet Government needed a favorable foreign-trade balance to bolster up Bolshevism overseas, and it succeeded. For the calendar year 1923 the imports were 144,200,200 rubles and the exports 206,000,000 rubles, affording a favorable trade balance of 61,799,800 rubles. By the exertion of all the power and force of the most autocratic government in the world, this total foreign trade for 1923 was only 12.1 per cent of the foreign trade for 1913.

Krassin and His Job

In connection with the soviet foreign trade it is illuminating to point out that Germany has come back to first place in the Russian market both for exports and imports, with Great Britain second.

For 1924 the unnatural program was enlarged under a plan to export more than 300,000,000 poods of grain regardless of consequences. For the first two months of this year exports exceeded imports by 22,700,000 rubles, and there was every indication that the twelve months would roll up a much larger total. Providence, however, intervened in the shape of a serious crop shortage. At the time I write, which is the end of October, there has been a temporary suspension of grain exports because a famine is in progress. Even with this extremity facing them, zealots like Zinoviev, Stalin and Kamenev insist upon a continuation of the export policy.

The export operation does not in any way contribute to the real economic advancement of the country. Nor is it difficult to see the reason why. Concretely, the first purpose is to support the chervonetz—the new Russian money—for which an artificial demand has been created overseas. This is incidental. The real underlying motive is to obtain and keep an ample propaganda fund abroad. The money wrung from the peasant is expended in fomenting trouble, such as agitation for a revolution in Germany, sedition in India, Egypt and China, and sabotage against the Dawes plan such as was perpetrated by the communists in France and elsewhere.

To sum up, you have once more the persistent Bolshevik policy to advance political interest and to advertise the "stability of the soviet state" while real internal progress and prosperity halt. It is a case of the export of oil, cotton prints and other articles below the cost of production all over again. To use the familiar Chinese phrase, the Bolshevik face must be saved. As one eminent White Russian economist put it, in discussing soviet commercial tactics, "We are in presence of an iniquitous exploitation of the greater part of the population by the government, with the sole view of keeping the power in its own hands."

The dominant personality behind the soviet trade structure is Leonid B. Krassin, who is perhaps better known to the outside world than any Bolshevik leader save perhaps Lenine and Trotzky. As Commissar for Foreign Trade he sits in the Council of People's Commissars, which is the cabinet. Like all his colleagues, his connections extend to most of the principal political bodies, such as the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party.

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The Pacific Northwest

A Homeland
—*built for you by folks who sought a better place to live*

Ask the people of the Pacific Northwest why they would not change places with anyone on earth.

They will begin by telling you about the natural wonderland they love and enjoy so much. Then they will speak of their climate—a climate both delightful and the most healthful in the United States.

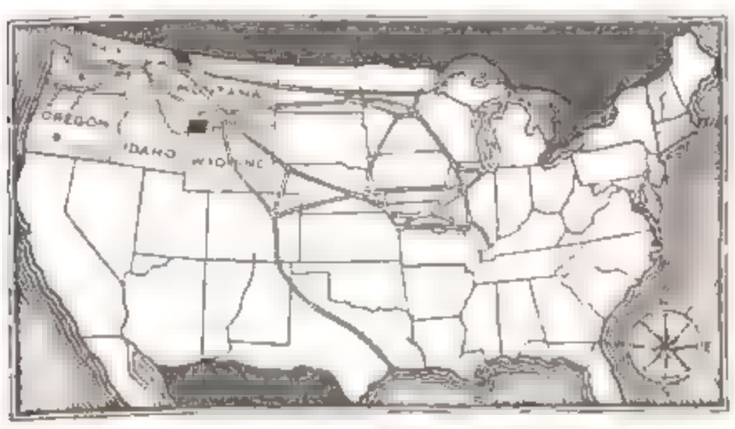
But they will forget, perhaps, to mention themselves—and the things they have done to make this favored land a still more wonderful place in which to live.

They came here with a purpose

For these people came to the Pacific Northwest with a purpose. And that purpose was to provide for themselves and their children a better life than they had known before.

And so they built the Homeland in which they live. They built better cities, profiting by the mistakes of older states. They built the homes they had dreamed of having. They built better schools, churches, libraries, theaters, hospitals, improving on those they had known.

Starting anew, pooling their varied experiences, they established new and finer standards of living. *And they are living up to them.*



This has made it possible

In the Pacific Northwest they found they could do these things. For here, in a rich and swiftly growing country, a land of vast resources and limitless opportunity, they found it easier to get ahead.

That is why in the Pacific Northwest 24 per cent more people can and do own their homes than in the rest of the country. That is why 15 per cent more own automobiles. Why they spend almost twice as much per child for education and maintain the finest schools in the country.

That, also, is why the per capita income in the Pacific Northwest is notably higher than in the rest of the United States.

A homeland open to you

A more prosperous people, a happier people, a healthier people, and a people who have come to a better understanding of the things worth while. These you will find in the Pacific Northwest's Homeland.

And what they have found, what they have built, is yours, if you will, to share.

In the five states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming there are now but three and a half million people. There is room today for ten times the number. If you are interested in a place where life offers you more, where opportunity is greater, you will want to learn more about the Pacific Northwest. We should like to give you detailed information.

Send for free booklet

We have prepared a booklet, "The Land of Opportunity Now," which gives you complete and authoritative information. It is free. Just fill in and mail the coupon below and we will send it to you at once.

P. S. Eustis, *Passenger Traffic Manager,*
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad

A. B. Smith, *Passenger Traffic Manager,*
Northern Pacific Railway

A. J. Dickinson, *Passenger Traffic Manager,*
Great Northern Railway

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Development Bureau, Dept. 20-H,
Burlington Railroad Building,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me your free booklet, "The Land of Opportunity Now."

Name

Address

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Thus he expresses the usual close connection between high state officials and party power.

Before you meet Krassin face to face it may be well to find out just who and what he is. In personality and previous experience he stands curiously alone amid the revolutionaries who made Bolshevism possible. He is the only trained business executive among them. Born in Siberia of good family, he was educated to be an electrical engineer. His first important connection was in Germany with the A. E. G. Subsequently he became Russian director for its great rival, the Siemens-Schuckert concern. These two associations, together with his education in Germany, have given him a distinct Teutonic outlook.

People who meet Krassin find it difficult to reconcile him with communism because of his pre-Bolshevik contacts and smart appearance. Tchitcherin at home boasts that he has only one suit of clothes, and looks the part. Krassin, on the other hand, is always well turned out and is therefore a presentable delegate to foreign conferences. Among other things, he conducted the negotiations which led to the London Trade Agreement and was in charge of the soviet delegation in England for a year.

One of the best epigrams made about Krassin came from a Russian journalist, who said, "In Russia we regard Krassin as a good business man and a poor Bolshevik. In England they look upon him as a good Bolshevik but a poor business man."

Krassin on Foreign Trade

The curious kink in Krassin is that during all those years when he was receiving large salaries from the German electrical machinery trusts he was abetting the Russian revolutionary cause. He helped to finance the Moscow uprising of 1906 and was a first aid to Lenine when that sinister individual was sowing the seeds of Red revolt. No outstanding figure at Moscow is more plausible in justifying Bolshevik policies.

I first met Krassin in his office at the Commissariat for Foreign Trade, a huge building, once a bank, in the street called the Ilinka. It buzzes with action. There seems to be an almost endless procession of clerks. It took me ten minutes to find the commissar.

Krassin is tall, almost slender, with piercing eyes and a closely cropped gray beard. Naturally cold, polite and reserved, he is not without personal charm, a rare quality among big Bolsheviks. If you saw him in another setting you would immediately assume that he was a Continental banker and a successful one at that. He answered my many questions readily, sitting at a handsome flat-topped mahogany desk with the most elaborate blotter pad and inkstand that I saw in Moscow.

The commissar greeted me in English. He spoke so fluently that at once I congratulated him on his knowledge of it. His reply, which showed that he is not without a sense of humor, was, "I had three good teachers—Lloyd George, Lord Curzon and Sir Robert Horne." He referred to the long negotiations which led to the London agreement.

I asked him to tell me something about the Foreign Trade Monopoly, and he said:

"The Foreign Trade Monopoly is the corner stone of the entire soviet economic structure. It has made possible the stabilization of Russian currency because it balanced imports and exports. This balancing of imports and exports will have far-reaching consequences in that it will not only make our currency permanently stable but give the country a strong economic background.

"There was urgent need of this monopoly. If we had permitted an unrestricted outward flow of our products, such as flax, and an equally unregulated inward flow of imports, we might easily have become the prey of capitalistic nations like England and Germany. By setting up a severe restriction, buying only what we cannot produce and exporting what we do not need, we are arriving at some degree of reconstruction.

"The Foreign Trade Monopoly is also effecting vast economies. Prior to the World War more than 25,000 Russians were engaged in buying and selling Russian goods or goods for Russia in Germany. Today there are less than 700, and these comprise the Foreign Trade Monopoly owned staff."

On the general Russian economic situation Krassin made this statement:

"Already our agriculture has attained 75 per cent of the prewar production, industry 40 per cent, and some branches 100 per cent, such as Grozny oil; or 60 per cent, like Baku oil. In the Donets we are producing more coal than we can use. In every branch I can point to actual progress. We are restoring our industries with our own resources to a large extent and our dependence on foreign countries is decreasing. The steam turbines manufactured in the Leningrad factories compare favorably with those produced in Western Europe.

"But now, as in 1919, I believe that by means of foreign help, by a long-term loan and the development of concessions, it would be possible to accelerate the progress of recovery, which has visibly begun. The process, which may take a quarter of a century, might with foreign help be accomplished in less than ten years. Even if left to our own resources, I have no doubt about the ultimate result, assuming that we are not hampered by wars and blockades, and that foreign trade continues so that we can get spare parts for our machinery and raw cotton for our factories."

"Has the New Economic Policy contributed to your trade results?" was my next question.

"No and yes," was the reply. "With us, the biggest branches of industry are nationalized, so that the state itself owns sugar, textiles, metal and all other lines. We produce, but who is to sell? If the private trader, then there is always the danger that he, buying from us cheaply, will sell at high prices. What interest had our workers' government in enriching traders and allowing them to get into their hands first the economic and then the political power? It is much better to organize our own trade through government organization and coöperation.

"We are not prohibiting private trade, because that would lead to shortage. Accordingly we aim at regulating trade by purely economic means. After money reform, we have made low prices our aim, and have organized state intervention in big centers where there was a danger of prices rising. When traders have tried to put up prices we have brought them down by putting on the market large quantities of our own goods.

"The special task of the new Commissariat of Internal Trade is to supervise the internal market and regulate prices, not by decree or administrative influence, but by maneuvering state goods precisely as is done for selfish purposes by large trusts abroad. The problem is intimately connected with currency and wages, because raised prices mean the need of raising wages, and so a vicious circle is created. There is nothing new in the actual process of economic regulation in this way. Abroad, you depend on the haphazard working of forces you do not control. We wish to use these forces economically and with a definite plan."

American Dollars Wanted

"The difference between foreign trade monopoly and internal trade supervision is that whereas foreign trade is administratively controlled, internal trade is controlled economically. We have no thought of abolishing the New Economic Policy, which permits anyone who wishes to trade within the country. Personally, I make a distinction between what is known as Nep and the new economic policy. That policy is an actual piece of Leninism and is a compromise between communism on one hand and capitalism on the other. Nep is a recrudescence of capitalism. We are against Nep and the Nepman, who is the private speculator and trader trying to assault the structure of communism."

"Will the New Economic Policy last?" I queried.

Krassin's answer was:

"When Lenine started it he said, 'It will be long and serious.' It may take years to convert the peasant to communism, because he is instinctively a small capitalist. The New Economic Policy was devised to enable him to follow restricted capitalism until he became fully acquainted with the value of communism. One thing is certain—nationalization of trade, mines, railways and industries is permanent."

We now turned to the all-important matter of relations with the United States and I asked if the Soviet Government wanted to make a trade agreement with us as a prelude to recognition. This was the procedure in England. In reply the commissar stated:

"Most assuredly, yes. While the Foreign Trade Monopoly is indispensable to our government, we are not and cannot be self-contained. We need American help, and especially money, for the development of our industries.

"The United States can better understand Russia than any other foreign power. At the present time Russia is in much the same condition as the United States was in after the close of the Civil War. There is this difference, however: The United States needed and obtained immigrants for the upbuilding of its great Western domain, while Russia has an adequate population and therefore requires no immigrants. We want economic kinship and other ties with America.

"Most people do not realize that Russia today is the biggest single buyer in the world. Moreover she is a purchaser with a constantly increasing buying power. At the same time we have one of the world's greatest markets—Asia, with her millions—almost at the front door."

"How about the possibility of a German control of Russian trade?" I put to him.

This is Krassin's answer:

"We have always had and expect to have the closest commercial relations with Germany. She is near at hand, millions of Russians speak German, and the Germans understand our temperament. Any German control of our commerce, however, is absolutely out of the question."

A Cynical Conundrum

In conclusion, Krassin made this prophecy about the future of Russia:

"As I look ahead, I see a vast and efficient Russia with a population of 250,000,000 people. The great areas of the east, such as Siberia, will support a big population and an intensive agricultural and mineral development. So, too, with the Altai regions to the south. This inevitable new population will require American products such as agricultural machinery, tractors, automatic machines, dyes and chemicals. In those areas the millions will produce flax, timber, platinum and gold that the United States will require. Thus the future should bring Russia and America closely together."

The foreign-trade scheme is only one phase of a business structure reared on fantasy and fallacy. Its complement is the concession. Here Bolshevik cupidity, evasion and interference reach the apex. They mean exasperation and worse for the victim who believes that money can be made by a foreigner in Russia. Two words summarize the beginning and the end of the concession game. One is illusion, the other disillusion.

As a result of what has been going on for the last three years, a new conundrum, "When is a concession not a concession?" may be broadcast for the gayety of nations. The answer is, "When it's in Russia."

When the Bolos appeared in their chastened rôle in 1921 the word went forth from Moscow that Russia was the new land of commercial opportunity. A situation developed that slightly resembled the conditions prevailing in the early days of the World War. Then everybody went on a hunt for war contracts. As soon as the Bolsheviks made a motion that resembled the open door a small-sized rush began. There was this difference, however: During the war the concessionaire dealt with honest nations that stood by their obligations. In the case of Russia there was negotiation with a government that wanted to take all and give little.

There are two kinds of foreign participation in Russia. One is the straight—it is often far from it—concession under which an individual or a company operates a property, usually a mine. The second is a so-called mixed company and it does not belie the name. A mixed company is one that is financed by the alien and in which the Soviet Government gets 50 per cent or more of the profits.

Various strings are tied to the privilege of doing business with the Bolsheviks. If, for example, the country of the nationals making the contract has not recognized Russia, there is a stipulation that the agreement becomes void unless recognition comes within a specified time. In other instances the rights are contingent upon loans. A further illuminating detail is that whatever disputes arise must be adjudicated in a Moscow court.

All soviet concessions are nominally bestowed by what is called the Chief Concessions Committee attached to the Council of People's Commissars. This means that every agreement entered into is appraised as to its political advantages to the government. One of the first considerations is whether the transaction will help or hinder world revolution.

At the head of the Chief Concessions Committee is Piatokof, who sprang from an aristocratic Ukrainian family, was conspicuous as officer in the Red army in the campaigns against Kolchak, Wrangel and Denikin, and later ruled the Donets area with an iron hand. A fanatic of the worst sort, he lacks the organizing ability of Trotzky and Dzerzhinsky.

Though Piatokof is the head of the concessions branch, the real directing force is Krassin, who, for reasons that I have already indicated, is the principal negotiator with aliens. The would-be concessionaire meets Krassin in London or Berlin and is told of the wonderful opening Russia offers. He is advised to come to Moscow and talk it over. With this admonition, he begins a rainbow chase.

His first trouble is to get a visa, which, even for men who have a definite business reason for going to Russia, is usually a long and tedious matter. Once in Moscow, the applicant, more specially if he is a single individual without the active backing of his government, enters upon a period best characterized by the three words once applied to an American railway. They are "delay," "linger" and "wait." After three or four months of fruitless effort, during which time he has spent a considerable sum of money, for Moscow is the most expensive city in the world, he departs a disillusionaire instead of a concessionaire.

When I say that out of more than 1000 applications for concessions made during the past two years, exactly fifty-nine have been granted, you get some idea of how the mill grinds. Of course, the Bolshevik Government has the right to reject any and all offers, but in many cases the victim was induced to come to Moscow believing that only final formalities remained.

Apropos of concessions is a story which reveals the trend of the Bolshevik mind. An American wanted to register a five-pointed star as a trade-mark in Russia. It almost caused a riot in the concessions committee because the five-pointed star is the symbol of the Soviet Government and therefore a holy thing. Needless to say, the request was turned down hard.

Luckless Concession Hunters

This reminds me of the peculiar significance of the soviet emblem, which is a crossed sickle and hammer. The idea is to show the union of the worker and the peasant. As a matter of fact, the hammer more truthfully expresses the force of the powers that be, because Moscow always has the bludgeon out for somebody.

Of the fifty-nine concessions awarded, twenty-two were for trading, twelve for mining and manufacturing, ten for transport and communications, seven for agriculture, five for timber and three for hunting. The Germans rank first among the nationals having concessions, with the British second. Americans, Italians, Poles, Austrians, Belgians, Norwegians and Letts also have had a look-in. The German preponderance shows which way the Russian trade wind is blowing. The most successful mixed companies have been Teutonic, although some—notably the great Stinnes enterprise—have come to naught.

We can now go into a necessarily brief examination of Russian concessions. I could fill half a dozen pages of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST with concrete stories of unrequited effort and disaster. Since all American interests in Bolo land will be dealt with in a succeeding article, I will confine myself to those of other nationals.

Germany is in a peculiarly strategic position at Moscow, in that the ambassador is Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, who will go down in history as the person who refused to sign the Treaty of Versailles. He has a strong leaning toward the Bolsheviks, as my conversation with him showed, and he has maintained the German tradition of strong government support for Teutonic commercial penetration abroad.

The most important single German interest in Russia is the Krupp concession, which

(Continued on Page 97)

"Under the Mistletoe"

For him - For her

As Appropriate as the Mistletoe for Christmas

For the fair possessor of trim, bewitching ankles what gift more appropriate than fine silk hose to make them still more alluring?

The gift itself must please her. And, secretly, perhaps the compliment conveyed will please her just as much.

If you wish to assure her satisfaction unalloyed, see that the hosiery you give bears the mark of Allen A—a symbol of finer quality these many years.

* * * * * *

And for *him*, why not a box of Allen A men's hose? Silks, silk-and-wools, or soft pure wools, made in the newest styles of rib and color on imported machines—here's a gift to warm any man's heart, and his feet, too.

Allen A

Allen A
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Hosiery
For men, women and children

Underwear
For men and boys only

THE ALLEN A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

How to get new winter

from your Paige

ASSURANCE of oil circulation in your Paige engine under low temperatures, is the chief consideration in the selection of the correct oil for winter. In this selection the design and arrangement of the components of the Paige lubricating system play the principal part.

The lubricating system is of the force feed type. The oil pump, located above the level of the oil in the crankcase, lifts the oil from the crankcase, through a screen and an outside suction line. Passing through the pump the oil is forced to the crankshaft bearings and thence through holes drilled in the crank webs to the lower connecting rod bearings. Pistons, cylinders, valve mechanism and other engine parts are lubricated by the mist of oil squeezed out of and thrown by the whirling connecting rod bearings. The surplus oil draining down the sides of the crankcase returns to the reservoir in the engine base, through two screens, collecting there to be recirculated.

Features of design such as these, make advisable the use of a free flowing oil during winter, so that danger of stoppage of circulation by chilled and thickened oil will not be present, either at the several screens or in the outside suction line. Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic, recommended for summer service in the Paige engine, provides this free flowing characteristic and its use should be continued through the winter season as well.

from you Lincoln

WHILE there are a number of features in the design of the Lincoln engine that must be considered in the selection of the correct oil, two of these, the design of the lubricating system, and the electro-fog generator, are of particular interest when winter lubrication is being considered.

The lubricating system is of the force feed type in which an oil pump, submerged in the crankcase oil, forces the lubricant directly to the crankshaft and the camshaft bearings. The connecting rod bearings are lubricated from the crankshaft bearings, through drillings in the crank webs. Pistons, piston pins, valve mechanism and other engine parts are lubricated by the oil forced from the ends of the whirling connecting rod bearings. A lubricating system of this type is positiv its action, for the pump is c pletely submerged in the oil an engine parts receive oil either u pressure or from the mechani directed spray of the connecting bearings.

The electro-fog generator plies a ready starting fuel mi even at very low atmospheric peratures so that high cran speeds are not required.

Therefore, Gargoyle Mob "A," of heavy medium body which is recommended for sum use, is perfectly adapted to pro instantaneous circulation when cold and to permit of starting. Gargoyle Mobiloil should be used for the lubric of the Lincoln engine du winter.

from your Wills Sainte Claire

YOUR Wills Sainte Claire engine is unique in a number of ways, and especially so in regard to the lubricating system. The oil not only performs the conventional duty of lubricating the engine, but also plays its part in the operation of the camshaft steadying device and the fan release. The oil is circulated by a gear pump submerged in the oil in the crankcase. Leads carry the oil to each main bearing and thence through drillings in the crankshaft to the connecting rod bearings. An additional lead carries oil under pressure to the centers of the hollow overhead camshafts where it reaches the camshaft bearings, cams, valve mechanism and camshaft steadying device. The oil in returning flows over the timing drive. A third separate lead carries oil directly to the fan release. Lubrication of the cylinders, pistons, and piston pins is provided by the oil spray thrown from the whirling connecting rod bearings.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" meets the requirements of this lubricating system during the winter, both from the standpoint of oil circulation and satisfactory operation of the several control devices. It also meets all other requirements of the engine for this season. We therefore recommend to Wills Sainte Claire owners the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" during winter.

from your Dodg

THE lubricating system of your Dodge engine is of the splash circulating type. The oil is lifted by suction from the reservoir in the bottom of the crankcase, through an oil pipe outside the crankcase to a vane pump located above the oil level in the reservoir. The pump then forces the oil through a check valve to an oil header from which the oil flows to four splash troughs, one beneath each connecting rod. Splashers on the ends of the connecting rods dip into these troughs at each revolution of the engine, and the spray, so created, permeates the entire interior of the crankcase, supplying oil to the main and connecting rod bearings, piston pins, cylinder walls and other engine sur requiring lubrication.

During the winter a lubric system of this type requires a that is free flowing at low tem tures; first, to assure an ade supply reaching the pump thr the outside suction line, and sec to provide immediate and thor atomization of the oil under the necting rod dip, so that all e parts will receive full lubricatio instant the engine is started.

Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic remarkably free flowing oil at temperatures and meets the requirements of your Dodge e in every respect. We recom its use during this season.

fficiency — — —

from your Peerless
SIX

THE lubricating system of your Peerless Six is of the force feed ype. The gear type oil pump ocated in the crankcase and sub-nerged in the oil, draws its supply hrough a large size, fine mesh ;creen. From the pump the oil .s :arried by direct leads to the crank-shaft bearings and the camshaft bearings. Holes drilled in the crank-shaft from the crankshaft bearings to the connecting rod bearings supply oil, still under pressure, to the latter. Surplus oil forced from the ends of the connecting rod bearings is broken into a fine mist and is distributed to all parts of the crankcase by the whirling action of the crankshaft. This mist furnishes the lubrication for the cylinders, pistons, piston pins, valve mechanism and other engine parts not lubricated under direct pressure from the pump. The oil, after lubricating these parts, returns to the oil reservoir in the crankcase for recirculation.

There are no features in the design of the Peerless Six that require the use of a different oil in winter than in summer. Circulation of the oil is assured even under low temperatures by the submerged oil pump, the pressure feed to crankshaft, camshaft, and connecting rod bearings, and the mechanically directed and atomized spray to the other engine parts. For this reason, we recommend to owners of Peerless Six cars, the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in winter as well as in summer, since this oil meets every requirement of this engine.

from your Rickenbacker
VERTICAL EIGHT

THE power plant of your Rickenbacker Vertical Eight is one of the latest developments in automotive engines. To insure long life great care is exercised in assembling moving parts. The crankshaft, of heavy design and well balanced, is supported in nine bearings. The camshaft operates in an oil tight compartment, separate from the crankcase, where it is completely immersed in oil at all times. Another interesting feature which has its bearing on the selection of the correct oil for winter is the oil rectifier with which these engines are fitted. This device minimizes dilution of the crankcase oil by gasoline and tends to maintain the original body of the lubricant.

The lubricating system is of the force feed type, the oil pump forcing oil directly to the main bearings and the camshaft compartment. The crank pin bearings are lubricated by oil carried from the main bearings through drillings in the crank webs. Lubrication of other engine parts is furnished by oil thrown from the connecting rod bearings.

The lubrication requirements of this engine can best be met during the winter by an oil that will provide immediate circulation at low temperatures. In addition, this oil should not cause an undue drag upon the engine when starting at low temperatures, even when fresh, for dilution does not occur to a degree sufficient to provide easier starting due to thinned oil.

Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic fully meets these conditions and its use during winter is recommended to owners of the Rickenbacker Vertical Eight.

from your Pierce-Arrow
Series 80

YOUR Pierce-Arrow, Series 80, passenger car is powered with a highly-developed six cylinder high speed engine.

The system of lubrication is force feed, the oil being forced to the crankshaft and camshaft bearings and through drillings in the crank webs to the connecting rod bearings. The gear type oil pump is located at the lowest point of the crankcase oil reservoir where it is submerged in the oil at all times. Direct oil leads carry the lubricant to the crankshaft and camshaft bearings. Lubrication of the cylinder walls, pistons, piston pins and valve mechanism, is provided by the oil forced from the ends of the connecting rod bearings and positively distributed by centrifugal force.

The cooling system of this engine is controlled by a thermostat installed in the cooling water outlet. By means of this control, cooling water and engine operating temperatures are maintained at practically the same point winter and summer.

Features of design such as these determine operating conditions which permit of the same lubricant summer and winter. Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," which is perfectly adapted to provide correct lubrication of this new Pierce-Arrow model during summer, is likewise suited to its winter lubrication requirements. Its use is recommended.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Your engine will operate at its best if the level of the oil in the crankcase is kept between the half-full mark and the full mark on the oil level indicator; usually replenishment of the supply once a week will be sufficient to accomplish this. With a 5-gallon can or 15- or 30-gallon drum of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil on hand you will always be ready to give your car this valuable attention.

The crankcase should be entirely drained of oil at least every 1000 miles in summer and every 500 miles in winter. When draining the oil, the removable screen (if your car has one) should also be cleaned. Draw off the old oil when the engine is warm, as the oil then flows more freely and tends to wash out any foreign matter. (Never flush the crankcase with kerosene.) Then refill with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

for your Home Garage

The 5-gallon can or 15-, 30- or 55-gallon steel drum with leak-proof faucet.

the One Quart can

The new quart can is on sale in many states. Put 2 or 3 under the car seat. 35c a can or 3 for $1.00.

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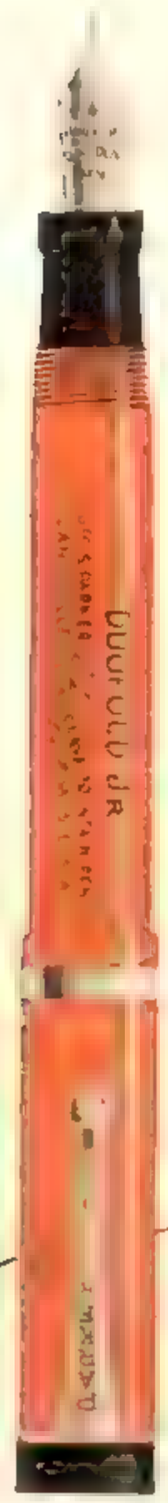

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Ribbon $1 extra

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LUCKY CURVE
With The 25 Year Point

(Continued from Page 92)

was the first to be obtained after the signing of the Treaty of Rapallo. It calls for the exploitation of 25,000 dessiatines—a dessiatine is 2.70 acres—in the Salsk district of the Don province. The Krupp firm is not animated by any philanthropic desire to raise grain for the Russians. Its sole purpose is to use the concession as a demonstration field for German agricultural machinery.

So far results have not been satisfactory, because the Russians themselves are building reapers and binders. They also fix a price for the sale of foreign equipment which makes it well-nigh impossible for the outsider to sell at a profit. Moreover, the Krupps are compelled to sell their output on from three to five years' credit with no initial cash payment. In this arrangement the Bolsheviks made one of their few concessions. All equipment and seed grain for the enterprise is transported from seaboard to the railroad station nearest the area free of freight charge.

What would have developed into the biggest German enterprise in all Soviet Russia was the project that originated in the brain of Hugo Stinnes. In 1921 he told me that the United States, Germany and Russia could and should combine for a rule of the economic world. Acting on this conviction, he started what he called a Russian section, not only to trade with Germany but to exploit Russian products everywhere. He made a contract with Moscow to be the exclusive agent for Russian oil in Central Europe. He formulated a plan to build a huge modern hotel in Moscow and in other cities in the south.

In 1922, when I again saw him, Stinnes was not so optimistic about Russia. Asked the reason why, he said, "They are difficult to deal with and are always demanding money." Last summer Dr. Edmund Hugo Stinnes, eldest son of the late industrial leader, informed me that, animated by one of his father's last injunctions, he was closing out the whole Stinnes Russian undertaking. By the time this article appears it will have ceased to exist.

The most successful, perhaps, of German enterprises in Russia is the Wirth timber concession, originally granted to the former German chancellor. It is capitalized for 5,000,000 gold rubles and exploits an immense area in the north. There is the usual handicap. The timber must be hauled on the Murmansk railway, which was laid down during the World War by Austrian prisoners, thousands of whom lost their lives on the job. The road was built on frozen ground, which makes it unsafe for transit and also requires endless renewal. Much of this is shifted to the shoulders of the concessionaires.

The School for Young Whalers

The Wolff syndicate, also German, which was the most pretentious of the trading concerns and which prospered for a year and a half, has been dissolved because of friction with the Soviet Government. The Wolff crowd escaped with its hide. A German named Tomleb, who had a large trading concession, with headquarters at Leningrad, has not been so fortunate. He was cast into jail last May, charged with economic espionage. When I left Moscow at the end of July it looked as if he were booked for a long prison sentence, if not worse.

The chief Austrian concession is the Russian-Austrian Trading Company, which is always referred to as the Ratao. I refer to this mainly to give a hint of concession terms. The net profits are shared on a fifty-fifty basis by concessionaire and the Soviet Government if they are less than half the capital stock of 300,000 gold rubles. If they exceed 50 per cent of the capital, the government gets 70 per cent and the concessionaires 30.

The Norwegian whaling concession had its element of humor. One of the terms was that the concessionaires should ship a number of Russians on each voyage and teach them the whaling business. After the first cruise, the head of the Norwegian company wrote to the concessions committee asking for a cancellation of the agreement or modification of the terms. He concluded by saying, "We went into this proposition to kill whales and not run a school at sea for incompetents."

The real hard-luck concession serial begins when you enter the British zone. Here you have a significant commentary on the alleged benefits of recognition. Before Britain recognized Moscow, her nationals, and especially the Vickers organization, made some progress and were not subjected to excessive espionage or interference. Whether it was a coincidence or not, scarcely had diplomatic relations been established when their troubles began, with the result that today it is difficult to find a satisfied English merchant or concessionaire in Russia. I throw this out as a hint to those Americans who believe that once the Soviet Government is intrenched in Washington, the Bolshevik commercial field will be wide open to them.

The star exhibit in the gallery of British business experience in Russia is afforded by the Ocean Travel Bureau, now in liquidation, whose vicissitudes caused it to be called the Ocean Trouble Bureau. Though the American immigration restriction helped to put a crimp in this enterprise, its hardships and inevitable failure were due to previous governmental tyranny.

As a prelude to this episode it may be well to point out that prior to the revolution of 1917 emigration had no legal status in Russia. In consequence the most elaborate system of bootlegging in human beings that the world has known grew up. Hundreds of thousands of Russians, mainly Hebrews, made their exit by means of rented forged papers. The government officials winked at the procedure because their palms were well greased with gold. In those days it was not necessary to put a photograph on the passport and one passport was often employed fifty or sixty times. The emigrant was told, "You are Mr. X," and Mr. X he remained until he was safely in Germany, where he and his fellow travelers were concentrated in huge camps provided by the transatlantic steamship lines. Libau was the center of this industry.

Disastrous Shipping Ventures

Despite the growing movement in the United States against unrestricted immigration, there was still a considerable business out of Russia in 1921, when the Ocean Travel Bureau was organized as a mixed company. The Russian participator was the Russian Volunteer Fleet—the mercantile marine—always referred to as the Russflot. This meant that the Soviet Government was a partner.

Three foreign lines put up £15,000 capital. The Russians contributed nothing but trouble and got 50 per cent of the stock. Profits were to be shared equally. There were eight directors, four chosen by the steamship lines and four by the Russflot. The main office was set up at Moscow, with branches at Leningrad, Kieff, Odessa, Kharkoff and elsewhere.

Almost before the doors opened, the anxieties of the foreigners began. First of all, the government packed the office with communists who were nothing more or less than spies. This was only the beginning. The Russflot insisted upon having all outgoing letters sent to its offices for scrutiny before being forwarded. If the Russians had been efficient and orderly, this would not have been so bad. Instead of examining it at once, they allowed the mail to pile up until 5000 pieces had accumulated. You can imagine how much business could be transacted under these conditions.

It was not necessary for the government to make a formal demand to see incoming mail. This was attended to by the secret service. Even the private letters of Harold Robbins, managing director of the bureau, and of William Bevan, his assistant, were opened. When they protested, they were told that they were laboring under a delusion. Office records were stolen. In order to keep his most valuable papers intact, Robbins was compelled to carry them with him at night when he went home. Early in the course of the company's career the Russian directors insisted upon supervising expenditures to the end that good communists should get the best share of the pickings.

Every move made by the company came under some kind of control, until there were seven major bodies exercising some sort of distracting stewardship. They were the Council of People's Commissars, the concessions committee, the state political police, the steamship monopoly, the Commissariat of Finance, the Professional Union—all office workers are unionized in Russia—and the Russian directors, who did not direct save to add to the complications. The bureau was almost controlled to death.

Then came the American quota decree which reduced the Russian quota from 24,434 to 1768. It was the last straw, and the Ocean Travel Bureau decided to go into liquidation. Even here the usual Russian tactics obstructed the way. The government put in as receiver a woman lawyer without any previous business experience. Robbins objected, took the case into court and acted as his own lawyer. His plea was so logical that Bevan was installed as co-receiver with the lady attorney. I need scarcely add that the Ocean Travel Bureau is now becoming a thing of the past.

The Ocean Travel Bureau has various companions in misfortune. The case of the Russo-Caucasian Company, a British concern organized to engage in imports and exports in the Caucasus, shows another kind of soviet interference with business. Without the slightest warning, it received an order from the Soviet Government to liquidate its affairs in Russia within a month. No reason was assigned for it.

This order followed a long series of irritating and costly obstructions. I can best indicate one brand by quoting Sir John Hewett, chairman of the company. In commenting on the incessant control of affairs by Moscow, he said:

"In the case of one of our largest consignments of goods from Russia the export duty was suddenly doubled while the goods were in transit from Baku to Batum. After the consignment had left the Russian port for England the duty was reduced to the normal figure again. It is impossible to carry on normal business transactions under such fluctuations, and the company, which had had, of course, to pay the extra duty, sold the goods at a great disadvantage."

The most amazing example of the soviet attitude toward alien industry is disclosed in the Urquhart concession.

Leslie Urquhart is one of the romantic figures in world production. Born in Smyrna of Scotch parents, he joined his father in business in the Caucasus in 1896, and since that time he has been conspicuous in Russian affairs. As general manager of the Russian Petroleum and Baku-Russian Companies, he produced at one time 30 per cent of the total oil output in the old Russian empire. Convinced of the mineral wealth of Russia, he began in 1907 to organize and develop the chain of gold, silver, copper, platinum and lead properties, comprising 2,500,000 acres, which were subsequently amalgamated in the Russo-Asiatic Consolidated, with a capital of £45,000,000. In the technical exploitation of these Siberian interests Urquhart had a worthy colleague in Herbert Hoover.

A Repudiated Agreement

Upon the confiscation of the Russo-Asiatic properties in 1918, Urquhart filed a claim for £56,000,000 damages against the Soviet Government. Subsequently, during the temporary progress of the White armies under Kolchak, the mines came back under the original control and were operated for a short time. With the eclipse of the White cause they fell into soviet hands, and there they have remained ever since.

When Krassin came to London in 1921 to conclude the British trade agreement the Urquhart concession naturally became a bargaining asset. Urquhart was invited to Moscow; but after a long discussion, no understanding was reached. The following year came the event that showed how complete was Lenine's mastery of Russia. At a conference held in Berlin an agreement was signed by Krassin on behalf of the Soviet Government and Urquhart for the Russo-Asiatic, by which all rights were restored and giving the company £2,500,000 compensation. I might add here that when the Bolos seized the Russo-Asiatic mines they grabbed cash and refined ore worth £10,000,000.

Everything looked lovely and it only remained for the Council of Commissars at Moscow to put the seal of final approval on the transaction. When the agreement came up Lenine calmly announced that it was unwise, for political purposes, to ratify it and his will prevailed. Although the concession was discussed at Genoa, The Hague and Lausanne in 1923, and in 1924 at the Anglo-Russian conference in London, no further action has been taken. The greatest mining properties in Siberia, into which hundreds of investors have put their money, remain the pawn of soviet politics.

Such is the fate of most foreign enterprise in Russia. Obviously, Bolshevism and good business are strangers.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Russia. The next will be devoted to Kalinin, the peasant president.

Power is the big thing in motoring—you must have it and no matter what size the motor or what make the car the engine must be made to perform at maximum efficiency at all times.

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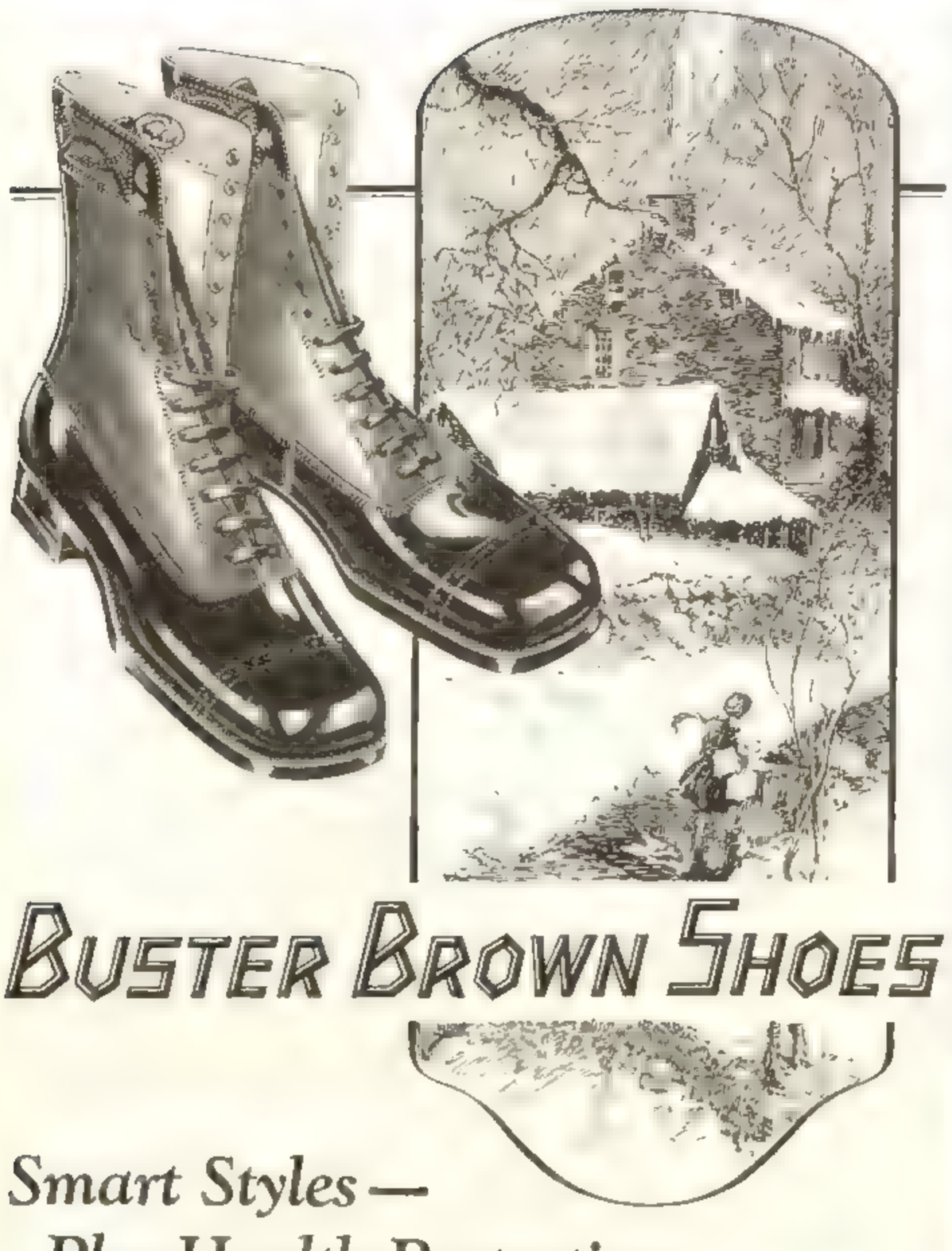

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FOREHEADS VILLAINOUS

Continued from Page 13

mouth had a cruel twist at the corners. Farr Dunkin one day saw him catch at the ear of the near horse and twist it viciously, till the creature snorted with pain. Squeb, the third of the unholy trio, was a small man, with a curious pallor underlying his skin and a malicious smile habitually twisting his lips. Dunkin used to go down and spend an afternoon watching them at their work and come home to retail to Mrs. Dunkin every detail of their movements.

"A bad lot, they are," he would say. "You'll all see't before we're through."

"Well, I must say I got a start the first time that pock-marked one come to the kitchen door for milk," Mrs. Dunkin agreed. "There's an ugly look about him, for certain. But I can't see but what they're quiet enough, and tend their own affairs. And I will say seems to me you've got something better to do than watch them all afternoon!"

Mancini seemed serenely unconscious of the terrifying aspect of his men. He used to boast to Dunkin of the amount of work they did.

"But they must be shown how, of course," he would concede. "They must have a man to see that they do things so and so."

One day Farr said to him, "If it was me, I'd be afraid they'd do me harm sometime, the way they look."

Mancini smiled and waved a hand.

"To be afraid of such men! Pooh! Even if there was anything to fear, to fear it would be worse than its happening. But why should I be afraid of them?"

"They look like bad ones to me," Farr insisted.

"I have learned that a fine tall tree may be rotten inside," Mancini told him. "Also, sometimes I have cut a tree which looked like rubbish, and it has made good logs just the same. They are good men, I tell you; and I know, because I make them good."

There can be no doubt that Mancini was sincere in saying this, and Bianca seemed also on mildly friendly terms with the men. She used to go down to the mill with lunch for her father; and Farr Dunkin faithfully reported the fact that on such occasions she would laugh and talk with them all four while they ate together. Mrs. Dunkin, by this time quite definitely the girl's partisan, defended her.

"That's her friendly way," she retorted. "And why shouldn't she talk to them?"

Farr said morosely, "Well, there's ways of talking and ways of looking at a man."

"What do you know about the way a girl looks at a man, your time of life?" she demanded. "You're like every other man; you're just old enough to be foolish."

But for all that, Dunkin may have been right in his opinion. Certainly Ned found it wise to avoid contact with any one of the three. Kollock was the first one of them he encountered; and the surly giant looked at Ned with a spreading grin of scorn, and spoke to him derisively, and called him Curly! Thereafter, they never addressed the young man without applying to him this derisive epithet. Ned ineffectually resented this, but he had no thought of bringing the matter to an issue. So as the summer progressed he found himself drifting into a position where he had to be careful not to cross their paths. One day a cow strayed through a gap in the pasture wall where Wrench had cut the wire to pass through with his team; and Ned, following the cow, encountered Wrench with his horses. The pock-marked man was swearing at his beasts.

When he saw Ned, he grinned derisively and called, "Ain't you afraid to be so far from home, Curly?"

Ned said slowly, "I'm hunting for a cow."

Wrench chuckled.

"Why, you're a regular milkmaid, what?"

"You had oughtn't to have cut that wire," Ned replied moderately. "Wan't any need of doing it; or if you did, you could have fixed it after."

Wrench scowled and strode three steps toward him and belligerently demanded, "Oh, is that so? Well, you going to make anything out of it, Curly?"

"Why, I was figuring on asking Mr. Mancini not to have you do it," Ned told him—and made the mistake of taking a backward step.

Wrench crowded toward him and he stepped backward a second time.

"Well, you take my advice and keep your mouth shut," Wrench told him viciously. "You try to make trouble for me and I'll mix you up a mess of it for yourself."

There was a cold ferocity about the other's bearing which daunted Ned; this in spite of the fact that he was taller and heavier than the other man. He swallowed uncertainly. Fisticuffs are not usual in Fraternity; a fight is a rare thing, and since it is instinctive to dread the unknown, most men thereabouts avoid a conflict if they can. There was a moment's silence; and then Ned turned aside and passed the other and went on his way, mumbling something unintelligible.

He found that Wrench reported the incident to his fellows; they reminded him of it again and again during the succeeding weeks. Furthermore, and perhaps because they were emboldened by this contact with Ned, they began to assume a bullying and aggressive attitude toward the other folk thereabout. Most men in Fraternity have a good deal of spare time; and this being the case, there is apt to be a little group of idlers around the scene of any activity. Thus it would have been natural, on a warm afternoon, to discover three or four farmers sitting on a log beside the mill, watching the work and whittling or talking slowly together. But as the reputation of the three ruffians spread, men learned to stay away.

It was not that Kollock and Wrench and Squeb ever actually manhandled anyone; but they individually and collectively displayed a readiness to do so, which was disturbing.

Mancini was, or seemed to be, oblivious of this situation; but his daughter was not so blind. The fact that the three had terrorized the neighborhood was brought home to her one day in a fashion particularly discreditable to Ned. She and the young man, as the summer progressed, had become more and more friendly. She found it pleasant to watch him about his work, to watch the ease with which he performed tasks calling for some strength, and to watch the play of color in his cheeks when she spoke to him; she found it pleasant also to perceive that his thoughts were full of her. He had never told her so, but it was sufficiently manifest to the girl; and she was approaching the point where she might lead him to tell her. The manner of telling would go far to determine what her answer would be. She perceived clearly enough his lack of aggressiveness and force; but this, she thought, might be simply because it had never been necessary for him to display these qualities. Bianca and her father, alone together in the world, had few secrets from each other; and she told him her feeling for Ned.

He said soberly, "He is a nice boy, Bianca; but not the sort you will like very much. I have watched that young man. He is as much afraid of shadows as if he had never been out in the dark."

That Mancini should criticize Ned was enough to lead Bianca to defend him.

"He does not go strutting like a great turkey," she agreed. "But that proves nothing at all."

Mancini shook his head.

"The thing a man needs is to know how strong he is," he replied. "This boy knows nothing. If I should ask him can he fall a tree for me in ten minutes, he does not know. If I should ask him can he haul six logs on a load, he does not know that either."

"But he can!" she cried.

Her father smiled.

"Then he ought to know he can," he told her, "or it does him no good at all."

She reached the point of defending Ned even to herself; of seeing his weakness, yet finding apologies for it. But one afternoon—Mancini had driven to East Harbor on business—even her loyalty was confounded. Ned was working in the garden patch in the field above the pasture wall. Bianca, who not infrequently acted as supervisor and director of operations during her father's occasional absences, started for the mill to see that the work there went forward as it should. She took the way along the wall, and stopped for a moment to talk to Ned there. They were in sight from the mill, and Kollock left his tasks and came up the slope toward them. Bianca's back was turned, but she saw the direction of Ned's eyes and wheeled and perceived Kollock; and when he was

(Continued on Page 100)

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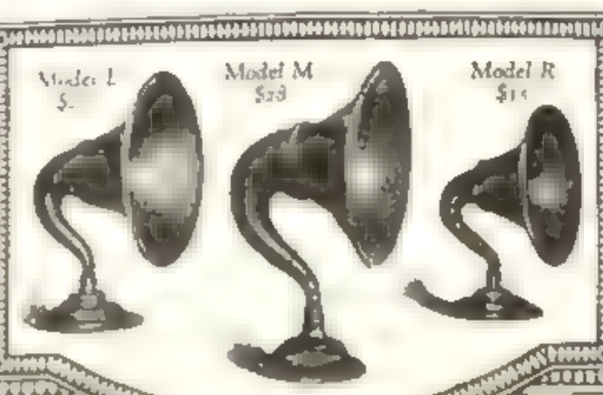

Pacific Coast prices slightly higher

Bring Out the Best from Any Set

ANSONIA SQUARECLOX

Square Simplex

The ONLY 10-Day Automatic Alarm Clock

Friendly Clocks

There's the frank look of a friend in the face of every one of the Squareclox. It's a square friend, a quality friend, this famous alarm, good-looking, smooth and satiny with its gray platinum-like finish. And it does keep time. It can't hurt your finest piece of furniture—there are no projecting legs—it won't fall over—its merry alarm (concealed in the case) will never fail you.

Friendly Squareclox for friends at Christmas!

Square Simplex: *The 10-Day Alarm Clock;* 5¼" high x 4½" wide. Time and alarm run 10 days with one winding. 24-hour alarm dial. Rings 7 to 49 seconds as desired; stops and automatically resets to ring at the same time the next day . . . **$6.00**

Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1 25 extra.

Square Racket: *Time, Alarm and Gong Strike;* 5¼" high x 4½" wide. Runs 30 hours. The only alarm clock made striking the hour and half-hour. Strike silenced when desired and will strike correct hour when again in operation. Continuous alarm. **$5.00**

Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1 25 extra.

Square Service: Intermittent alarm; 5¼" high x 4½" wide. Runs 30 hours. The only alarm clock made with a silver dial. . . **$3.50**

Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1 00 extra.

Square Rally: Intermittent alarm; 4¼" high x 3½" wide. Runs 30 hours with one winding. . . **$3.00**

Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1 00 extra.

Square Pirate: Continuous alarm; 4¼" high x 3½" wide. Runs 30 hours with one winding. **$2.50**

Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1 00 extra.

Square Rascal: Continuous or intermittent alarm; 2¾" high x 2¾" wide. Runs 30 hours. **$3.25**

Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1 00 extra.

Square Spark: Similar to Rascal. 30-hour timepiece. No alarm in this clock. . **$2.50**

Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1 00 extra.

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(Patents Pending)

At Leading Dealers'

ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY

Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century

99 John St. Dept. P New York

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

(Continued from Page 98)

within half a dozen paces, she asked crisply, "What do you want?"

Kollock looked from her to Ned, scowling as he habitually did.

"The saw ought to be sharpened," he said. "Come down and see. It don't go through the logs the way it ought to."

She nodded.

"I'll be down," she replied.

"You better come along," he urged. "I guess we ought to stop for the day."

She saw that he was watching Ned, and with that instinct which women have in such matters guessed that he had come up the hill to take her away from the younger man.

So she said to Ned now, "Walk down with us."

Ned hesitated, then said doubtfully, "Why, all right."

But Kollock interposed.

"Guess you better stay here and keep digging, Curly," he said harshly. "This is your job, up here."

Bianca felt her pulses lift and the quick fire of anger rise in her; and she watched Ned to see what he would do. She saw the young man swallow hard and pale a little; and she thought it was anger that made him pale, and her heart leaped.

But Ned at last said slowly, "Why, that's right; I guess I better stay here."

Bianca gave him a burning glance under which his eyes dropped. Then with a swing of her body that made her skirts twirl insolently, she thrust her hand through Kollock's arm. Ned could not know that this was more to hurt him than to please Kollock. He stood, sick and miserable, watching them go together down the hill; and his brow was wet with desire to do that which he dared not do.

Thereafter Bianca made it quite clear that she had only scorn for him; and Ned, his days filled equally with longing for Bianca and with fear of the three, was unhappy indeed.

The patch of spruce approached exhaustion and Mancini began to look around for fresh timber. The search took him away for a day at a time; and sometimes Bianca went with him, but more often she stayed behind to oversee the work at the mill. Late in September it became necessary for him to go away for a period of three or four days and he left her in charge.

This was the first time Mancini had been away overnight since the work began. He left on Friday; and Farr Dunkin came up from the mill Saturday afternoon, wagging his head and predicting trouble.

"They've got hold of some liquor, them three down there," he said. "I see them drinking out of a bottle, and it looks right bad to me."

Mrs. Dunkin had a lively courage and she made light of his forebodings.

"I guess it wouldn't be surprising if they did take a drink," she declared, "with Mr. Mancini gone. If the cat's away, the mice'll play, every time. But I don't see as it's any harm to us."

She did not mention her husband's word to Bianca. Of late the girl had withdrawn into herself, avoiding Ned, wearing a more silent mien about the house, and Mrs. Dunkin was puzzled by this silence, and faintly disturbed by it.

"She acts like there was something on her mind," she told Farr. "But they'll be leaving in a month now, and I guess I can stand it."

"She spends a pile of time down at the mill," he said gloomily. "I dunno what he's thinking, to let her."

"I guess it's none of our affair," Mrs. Dunkin retorted.

At dusk that Saturday night Wrench drove his team up through the pasture to ask for fresh hay for their beds, and Ned helped him load it. Wrench was in an amiable mood, a mood, Ned thought, that was sinister and alarming. He came back again at suppertime for milk; and Bianca met him and looked at the man with a sharp eye and said accusingly, "You've had something to drink."

He grinned apologetically.

"Why, just a drop, just a drop," he declared. "It's Saturday night."

"What was it?" she asked sharply.

"We had a pint of rum," he told her.

"A pint? Is that all?"

"Yes, ma'am," he protested, "every bit."

"How did you come by it?"

"There's a farmer that makes it," he confessed.

"How much have you drunk?"

"Well," Wrench said carefully, "we didn't take any till we shut down. Then I guess we finished it, ma'am."

She considered this; then said scornfully, "As long as that's all there was —— But you see that you behave yourselves."

"Why, we're always on good behavior when the boss is away," he assured her, and she let him go.

Yet it is probable that they all felt some faint uneasiness that evening. Farr Dunkin kept his doubts to himself, and Mrs. Dunkin was determinedly cheerful; but Bianca was very silent, and Ned said no word during supper or afterward. Watering the stock in the barn after supper, he heard faintly the sound of a ribald voice in song; and under the cloak of darkness, when his chore was done, he went down across the pasture toward the woodlot where the men had their shanties. A fire burned in the edge of the wood and he crept near and saw that Kollock and Wrench were drinking in turn, pouring their drink into a cup from a jug. Squeb he could not see, and he crept a little nearer; and then Squeb spoke from his elbow in the darkness.

"Come and have a little drink with us, Curly," he invited in a thick voice. "Come and have a drink with the men."

His hand was on Ned's arm, held its grip in spite of Ned's start of alarm; and before Ned could speak, the ratlike man called to the two beside the fire. "Here's Curly come to see us," he shouted; and Kollock and Wrench lurched toward them with awkward haste and full of derisive hospitality. Ned was compelled to go forward with them into the circle of light.

The hour that followed was for him an experience full of terror. The men were sufficiently good-natured; but they were at the same time insistent that he take drink for drink with them. The raw smell of molasses which rose from the crude liquor and the burning shock of its passage down his throat at once sickened him and tortured him. Farr Dunkin always made cider and allowed it to harden; but Mrs. Dunkin saw to it that her husband and her son partook abstemiously, so Ned's system was quite unprepared for this assault. When he passed from swimming confusion to miserable despair, the three permitted him to stumble away from the fire into the darkness.

Half walking, half crawling, he made his way toward the house; but when he reached the barn his senses forsook him and he fell upon a pile of hay on the floor. Farr Dunkin, sent to search for his son, found him there; and he and Mrs. Dunkin got Ned to bed. Farr pointed out in grim triumph that he had predicted the worst; and Mrs. Dunkin, in mounting anger, declared that she would have a word to say to Mancini when he returned. Bianca had gone upstairs for the night and knew nothing of what had happened; but at breakfast, when Ned did not appear, Mrs. Dunkin related the incident, in wrathful tones, to Mancini's daughter.

The girl had been telling herself for a month that Ned was a weakling and a coward and so beneath even sympathy; she had convinced herself that she despised him. But she listened now to his mother's words with a mounting fury of rage against the three, so overwhelming that it made her forget all else that had occurred; and she rose at last and went toward the door.

Mrs. Dunkin asked, "Where you going?"

"I'm going down there," said Bianca thickly. "Down to the mill. I'll make them sorry!" She was choking with rage.

Mrs. Dunkin cried, "Land, child, you can't do that! Down to them men!"

She followed Bianca to the door and out into the yard, still protesting; but the girl paid her no heed, went straight on her way. Farr Dunkin came to the kitchen door and watched them go, and he thought of going with them.

"But there ain't no sense in that," he told himself. "Couple of women're safe enough; but them three would take me apart for sure."

When a little later Ned came out of his room, stumbling and miserable still, Farr told him what had happened. The word sobered Ned; he stood still, groping for understanding. Then with uncertain steps started toward the door.

Farr asked, "Where you going, Ned?"

"Going down there," Ned replied.

"What's the sense of that? They'll be all right."

"They hadn't ought to go alone," Ned replied uncertainly, and took the way his mother and the girl he loved had gone.

Mrs. Dunkin was a small woman; Bianca was taller, and she was also quicker of movement, so that the exertion of keeping pace with her rendered the older woman breathless and silenced her protestations. At the same time, since the girl went so swiftly forward, Mrs. Dunkin began to lag behind; her steps became hesitant and uncertain. When she came to the knoll in the pasture above the mill, Bianca had already passed it and was approaching the fringe of trees in which the men had their shanties. Mrs. Dunkin stood still, catching her breath, and watched from that distance of a hundred yards or so what went forward between Bianca and the men.

There were two shanties, set against each other, in one of which Mrs. Dunkin knew the men did their cooking and ate their meals, while in the other were their bunks. Both doors were open; and Mrs. Dunkin saw Bianca go directly to the door of the structure in which the men slept and enter without hesitation, and emerge again with a stone jug in her hands. There was a bowlder to one side of the door; she went toward it and swung the jug in the air with both hands and flung it down, so that it shattered into splinters. Stood then, her bosom heaving with anger.

At the same time little Squeb, the ratlike man, appeared in the doorway and lifted his hand and seemed to utter some protestation. Mrs. Dunkin heard his disordered voice; heard Bianca's shriller tones as with her tongue she lashed and berated him. Wrench appeared behind him, and then Kollock, and the three moved slowly into the open. They had quite evidently been asleep, for their movements were stumbling and uncertain, and Kollock rubbed his hands across his eyes. And at first they stood before the girl like culprits, only Wrench venturing to defend himself against her reproaches. Mrs. Dunkin had no further impulse to go toward them; she stayed where she was and watched, moving nervously, her hand twitching at her throat, intensely curious, trembling with nervous excitement.

She was not near enough to perceive that there was a change in the tenor of the scene before her; that the men, now fully awake and goaded by the sullen discomfort of their awakening, were assuming a more truculent tone. But she did see that Squeb put his hand on Bianca's arm and that the girl struck his hand scornfully away. Bianca seemed unconscious of the significance of this new movement; but it startled Mrs. Dunkin, and she looked around uncertainly, groping for help. Then she saw Ned coming toward her across the pasture from the barn, and she beckoned to him and called to him to hurry.

He came to her side, and she cried, "We've got to get her away from them."

Ned looked toward the group beyond the mill, and as he did so, Wrench abruptly caught the girl's wrist. She would have twisted free, but the giant Kollock was behind her, blocked her escape, and then Wrench had his arms around her. Ned started forward, at first uncertainly and then in blind haste; but as matters chanced, Bianca had at the moment no need of him. She must have expected some such move on the part of one of the men, and been prepared for it, for Wrench abruptly uttered a loud and angry cry of pain and thrust himself away from her, sending her stumbling backward.

Mrs. Dunkin heard him cry, "Stuck a hatpin into me! Look out for it! Grab her, big fellow!"

Kollock tried clumsily to do as he was bidden, but the girl evaded him. Then Ned called to her, "Run! Here!" And she heard his voice and ran toward him, her skirts gathered out of her way. The three men, driven now by rage as well as by the excitement of pursuit, sprang after her, Wrench swiftly and almost on her heels, Squeb and Kollock following behind.

Bianca passed Ned, and he blundered against Wrench and by some lucky chance sent that man sprawling across a patch of juniper. Bianca had gone on; she checked herself for a moment and saw that Ned was free and following her, and they two ran in something like a panic up the gentle slope toward the barn. Mrs. Dunkin had already fled; she was halfway to the house ahead of them. Ned was desperately afraid. The three men bounding behind him assumed the proportions of monsters, yet though he could have overtaken Bianca, he was careful not to do so; kept behind her, kept a watch across his shoulder at the others.

(Continued on Page 103)

Dear Jim:

You asked me what caused the noises in your radio set.

Here's a diagram that will help you. The red line tells the story. B Batteries connected right to your phones. *All radio sets are built this way.*

When B's start to run down their current gets jumpy, and there's a crash or a sizzle in every jump.

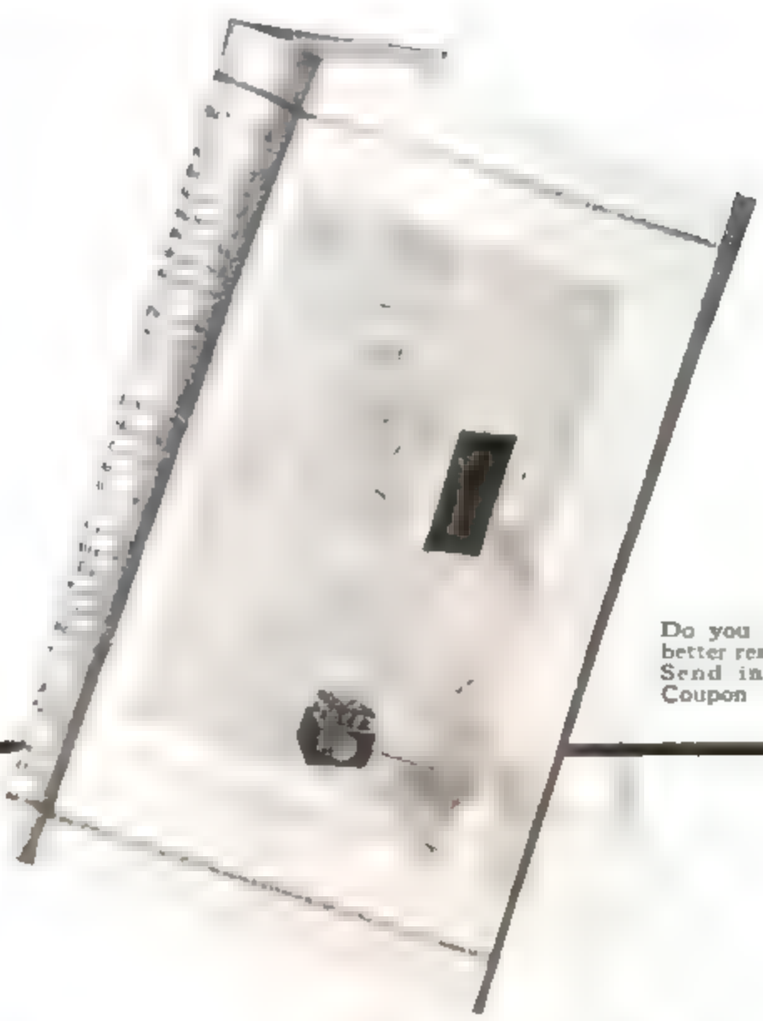
I used to think that Old Man Static made these noises until I got my Willards and listened to the difference.

Take my advice, Jim—get Willards. You can depend upon *them* to give steady current for a long, long time. Willards require very little recharging, and you can do that right at home with an inexpensive little rectifier in circuit with an ordinary light bulb.

Why keep buying batteries when Willards *last for years*, and give better results?

Yours noiselessly,

Sam.



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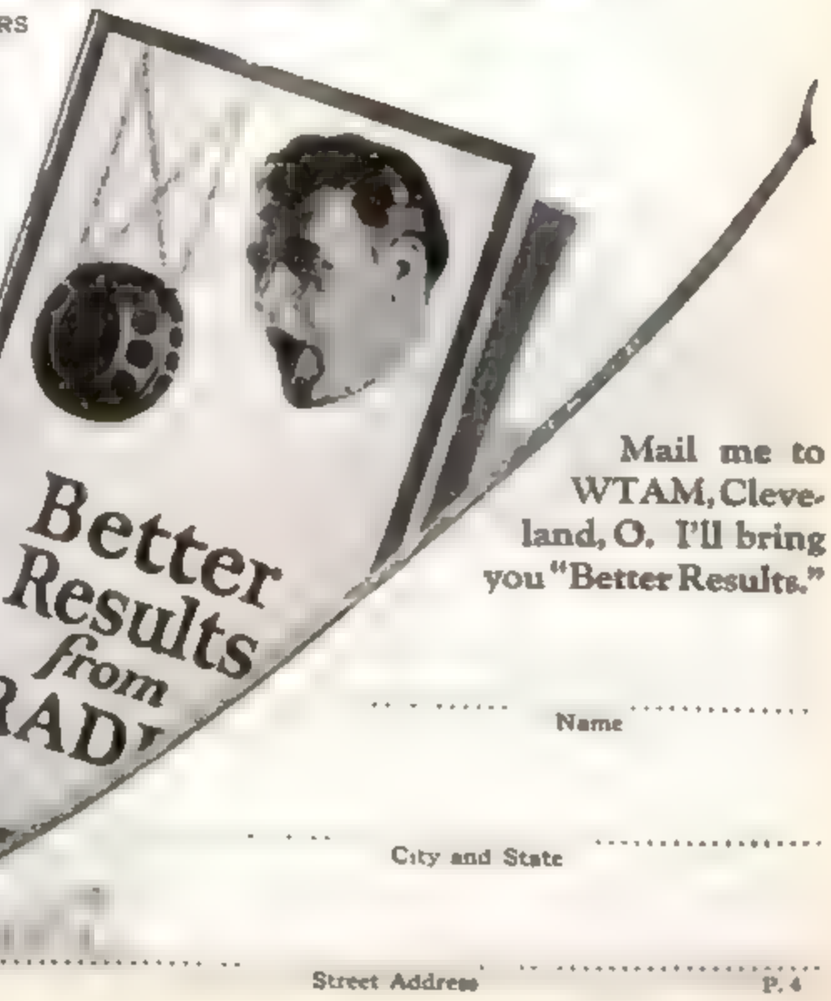
Write to WTAM *for this booklet—*

[The Voice of the Storage Battery]

WTAM is the Radio Research Laboratory and Broadcasting Station of the Willard Storage Battery Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Its function consists of research which is being done to improve the quality of radio reception and the broadcasting of radio programs for your entertainment.

Write for WTAM's own booklet, "Better Results from Radio." Most interesting booklet ever published on this subject. Mailed to you with our compliments.



Mail me to WTAM, Cleveland, O. I'll bring you "Better Results."

Name .....

City and State .....

Street Address .....

P. 4

Simplex

Gifts that live long in memory

What better gift could you offer at Christmas time than one whose usefulness all through the year will be a constant reminder of the giver?

There's the big Simplex Sunbowl for example, radiating enough warmth and good cheer to earn a place for itself beneath the Christmas tree. It provides a glowing fireplace in any room where you have an electric light socket.

There's the fluffy eiderdown Simplex Heating Pad to give comfort to the entire family. Safe, convenient and dependable, easily regulated—it provides the best means of applying heat for any ill that can be successfully treated with heat.

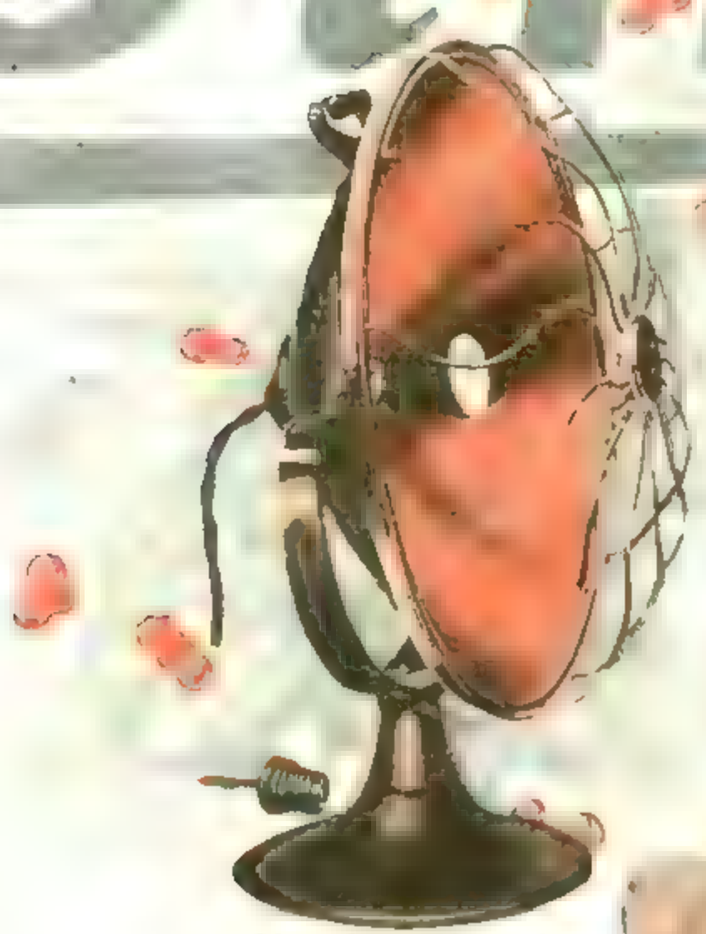
The new Simplex irons include the DeLuxe with its Bakelite handle at $6.75 and its lower priced companion at $4.50. Different in appearance, of course, but they both have the same time-tried Simplex heating element, the same durable nickel finish and are equally easy to handle. Think of the many ironing days stretching ahead when the gift of either one of these irons will be most appreciated.

And then there's the Simplex Cord-Set with its unbreakable all-steel plug that will fit any electric appliance in the home. There's a lifetime of usefulness in it.

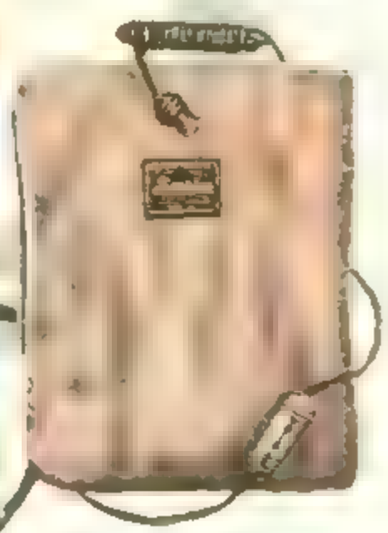
Why not let these Simplex quality products solve some of your Christmas shopping problems? They are gifts that will live long in the memory.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct, mentioning his name, and pay the postman when he delivers the merchandise.

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS



Simplex Electric Sunbowl - two sizes $5.00 and $10.00



Simplex Electric Heating Pad $8.50

Simplex DeLuxe Electric Iron $6.75

Simplex Electric Cord-Set with the UNBREAKABLE all-steel plug $1.75

COUPON

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING CO.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Please send a Simplex Sunbowl (large, small)—Heating Pad—DeLuxe Iron—$4.50 Iron—Cord-Set—for which I will pay the postman price shown in this advertisement.

Name_____

Address_____

Dealer's Name_____

Cross out articles not wanted.

(Continued from Page 100)

The girl, naturally so courageous, was stricken now with an equal fear and fled as fast as he.

From pasture to barn there ran a high-fenced lane, the fences, by some chance, of barbed wire and in good repair. Up this lane the cattle were accustomed to come at dusk and wait outside the tie-up door to be admitted for the night, lowing in mild impatience now and then. Along this lane Mrs. Dunkin ran as fast as she could. She was momentarily in the grip of a blind and hysterical terror, frantic and unreasoning; so that when she reached the barn and had entered the door, she turned and flung it shut and dropped the bar in place to hold it against the pursuers; then with equal speed ran on toward the house. Bianca and Ned, overhauling her, were still too far behind to prevent her closing the door; and Wrench was close upon their heels, Squeb twenty yards beyond, Kollock laboring in the rear. Bianca came to the door and shook at it, and Ned brushed her aside to try his strength. They wasted thus a precious moment, and when Ned turned it was already too late to avoid his pursuer. The wire fences prevented flight to right or left, the barn was behind; and Wrench, grinning with his exertions, was scarce two rods away as he ran.

Ned, in a blind panic of fear, looked wildly about him for a weapon. Leading up to the door there was an inclined plane with two-by-fours laid as cleats across it; and he saw that one of these was loose at one end, resting at an angle. He stooped and tore it free. There was no time to swing this as a club, so Ned, with a movement purely automatic, drove it straight at Wrench as the other sprang upon him. The stroke—a thrust backed by all Ned's strength—by pure chance caught Wrench fairly in the stomach, and the man was flung backward and down to the ground.

Now there is inevitably, about the figure of a man suddenly and surprisingly felled by a blow in the stomach, something faintly ludicrous. Wrench, his arms inwrapping his body, rolled in the mire upon the ground and roared with pain; and Ned, vastly to his own astonishment, wanted to laugh. His lips, drawn tight across his teeth with fear a moment before, did twist into a grin; but his chief sensation was one of enormous surprise. He had grown to think of Wrench and of these other men as omnipotent and invulnerable; had lived all summer in an increasing fear of them, too strong to overcome; had never been able to persuade himself that he could meet one of them on even terms. The fact that he held a weapon in his hands did not occur to him as an explanation of his success in this first encounter; the bit of wood was become a part of him, to be used as readily as he would have used his hands. He only knew that he had struck down this sinister and relentless—and powerful—man; and he swelled with a swift rush of pride in the knowledge, while Wrench howled and groaned with pain; and little Squeb, ratlike and suddenly cautious, paused at a safe distance to see what was to come; and Kollock, blindly persistent, lumbered into the mouth of the lane fifty yards away.

Ned felt a sudden lust to complete this process of destruction. If Wrench could be vanquished, then so could the others. He was quite unconscious of Bianca at his side, of her swift words of encouragement and pride. He left her there without so much as a glance and leaped toward where Squeb hovered; and the little man, after a momentary hesitation, turned and scuttled away before him, his feet twinkling like a terrier's, darting past Kollock so sharply that the giant was perplexed and paused to look after him, and then to look toward Ned.

Ned was a sufficiently terrifying figure, and Wrench's outcries attested the young man's prowess. So Kollock, too, turned and started to run patiently back along the way he had come. Seen face to face, Kollock was formidable; but from the rear he was simply a big man slightly overweight. This surplus flesh stood him in ill part now; for Ned overtook him quickly enough, and the stave in Ned's hand spatted across the nearest part of Kollock's anatomy which offered itself, and Kollock squalled like a stricken bull and tried to run faster, and Ned relentlessly spanked him again and again.

Kollock had no notion of making a stand; his only desire was to escape. He was as desperately desirous of leaving Ned behind as is one who strives to escape the attention of an angry swarm of hornets. His very haste, ineffectual to save him, was so ludicrous that it made Ned want to laugh. The lust for battle gave way in him to uncontrollable mirth. The sight of Squeb just topping the stone wall up the hill and disappearing over the horizon completed Ned's overthrow, and he gave over the pursuit and flung his weapon after Kollock's departing figure, administering a farewell buffet which was near sending the big man to the ground. Ned stood for a moment, assuring himself that Kollock's apparent desire to go away from there was not assumed; then with a chuckle he turned, and so remembered Bianca, and went back toward the barn.

He had a momentary fear that Wrench might have recovered sufficiently to turn upon her; but when he reached the barn, Farr Dunkin stood in the door of the tie-up with a shotgun in his hands, importantly on guard, and Wrench lay passively moaning on the ground. Behind Farr, Ned saw the girl, within the barn; and he was suddenly very anxious to have words with her, and passed his father by. So he came to where Bianca waited to tell him that her mind toward him was changed and that it would never change again.

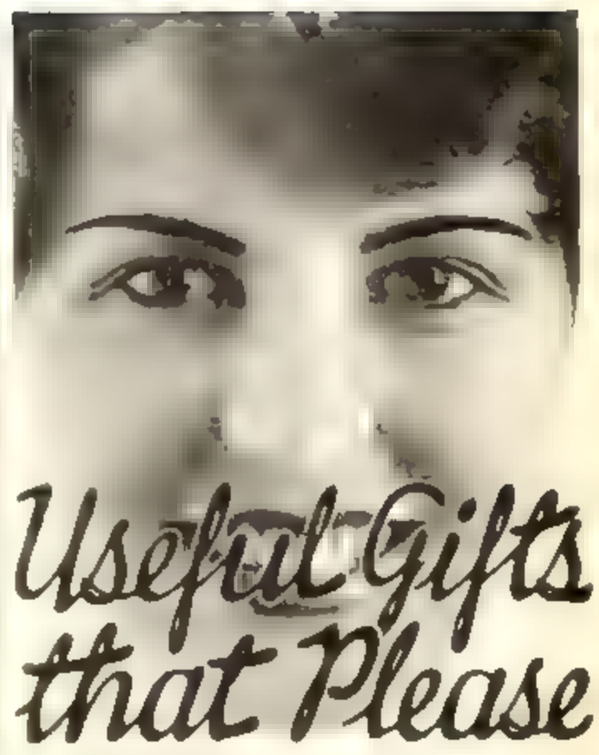
"It made me want to laugh," said Ned frankly, when he had related the affair to Mancini upon the lumberman's return. "Yes, sir, it just struck me funny. I'd been so—so scared of them; and then come to find out, when I turned on them, they was just as scared of me."

Mancini chuckled, and he looked up at his daughter where she stood so proudly behind Ned's chair, and he nodded his head.

"It happens that way many times," he said. "You discover that the man you were afraid of is even more afraid of you. If you shut your eyes it's easy to see ghosts; but when your eyes are open, you can see there is nothing there. You've found out something about yourself, then, young man."

"Guess I have," Ned nodded.

"I have told Bianca sometimes," Mancini commented, "that it's hard to stop any man who knows what he can do."



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Chases gloom from those corners the big lights don't reach. The restful Emerald glass shade protects the eyes from glare and easily adjusts to any angle. Convenient and comfortable for reading, writing or studying.

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Gives eyes the same soothing protection as natural daylight. Has special attachment—exclusive with Emeralite—that changes ordinary electric light into soft, eye-saving daylite. Just the lamp for the library table or den desk—good looking, too.

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An agreeable chair-side companion that talks little but does much for the eyes and comfort of the reader. Has Daylite Screen and adjustable shade. Cord enters at base.

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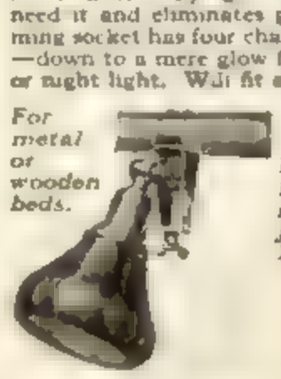
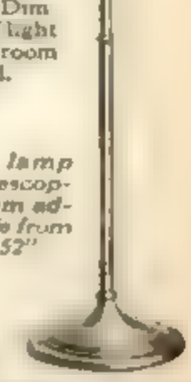
Makes reading in bed delightful. The beautiful Emerald glass shade reflects a friendly glow where you need it and eliminates glare. Dimming socket has four changes of light—down to a mere glow for sickroom or night light. Will fit any bed.

For metal or wooden beds.



Floor lamp has telescoping stem adjustable from 22" to 52"



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Makers of Lighting Devices for 50 Years

Send free Emeralite Booklet. (P.)

Name

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Sheep in Tennessee Pass, Near Leadville, Colorado

ALL DRESSED UP

(Continued from Page 11)

It wasn't long before the wireless whispering came—that uncanny circulation of news which runs through a store or a town, or even through an army almost with the speed of radio. One of the elevator men brought it up from the office floor, and it was Bob Hirschman who told the major.

"They say it's a provisional appointment," he whispered; "just for the time being. I guess they want to see if he can hold it down."

It certainly held the major down. His next two customers came and went away unsold, unsatisfied, and when the third one did the same, Rogers marched over to see about it.

"What's the matter, Browning?" he asked. "That's three in a row, you know. Can't they find anything to suit them?"

Outwardly, the major preserved the chill of a terrible dignity; but inwardly, oh, how he bubbled and boiled! He gave Rogers one glance which should have blasted him and disdainfully stalked away.

III

THE major was in his room again at Mrs. McKenna's, dressing for the evening. Again he had the electric iron in his hand, taking out a few wrinkles from the arms of his dinner jacket; but this time there wasn't even the semblance of joy in his work, no affectionate little stampings of the iron on the cloth; no playful little movements in the corners. Indeed, at one time the major leaned dully over the handle of the iron and wondered whether it was worth while to go on with it at all.

If it wasn't expected of him so implicitly. If everybody at Mrs. McKenna's didn't know that twice a week he either went to his club or called upon fashionable friends——

And now was this to stop? And if it did, was everything else to stop? Was he to become all at once a seedy old clerk who might any day lose his job and have the devil's own time to find another?

At that, it was a toss-up. At that, the whole thing nearly stopped. For the major felt old that night—really and truly old; old enough almost to go to bed without his dinner, and roll the clothes around him, and turn his face to the wall, and there in the dark to think those thoughts which come to old men who have nobody to love them and none to care a tinker's dam whether they live or die.

But gradually that passed off, being too deep a dip to last for long; and presently the major was thoughtfully ironing his coat again. These fashionable calls in the evening were beginning to tell on him—were costing him more than they were worth. Even if he cut out nothing else, at least he could stop them. But tonight—no, that was too much like surrender, too much like taking Rogers sitting down. But whether or not tonight was to be the last night, he would do it properly; and so he dressed himself with his usual fastidious care and went downstairs a few minutes after the dinner bell rang, as handsome and gallant looking an old boy as you would have found anywhere in New York that night, gray though his hair was and grizzled his martial mustache.

Mrs. McKenna was already in her chair at the head of the table—herself a looker of no mean quality. The major's nights for going out were Mondays and Thursdays; and generally on Mondays and Thursdays Mrs. McKenna also dressed with unusual care, perhaps in order that the major might not find too great a contrast between herself and his fashionable friends.

"Good evening, major." She smiled up at him as Lena drew his chair out, and a few moments later: "I see you are going out tonight."

"Yes," said the major, not without importance. "I expect to make a few calls tonight—one in particular that I should have made last month."

Her next remark was more confidential—was a most whispered, so that the other boarders wouldn't hear it.

"You are going to see Agnes?"

It would be hard to tell when Mrs. McKenna had started to worm it out of the major about Agnes—a rich old lady who was madly and frankly smitten with him—her jewels, her dress, her limousine, her establishment on Fifth Avenue, her summer cottage at Watch Hill, and above all, the hostility of her children toward the major, and the latter's decision that however much he might like and respect her, no man could marry a woman with all that money except with damage both to his pride and self-respect.

"Ye-es," murmured the major from behind his martial mustache. "I—ah—ah—rahther expect to see Agnes tonight."

His manner gave the impression that even Agnes might have to stand her chance. And so, as soon as dinner was over, he started out, silk-hatted and white-mufflered, gloved and sticked, and with one of those lightweight overcoats which are only seen on the world's best dressers—an overcoat which in some mysterious fashion seemed to have a cape upon it and left you in doubt as to whether or not it had sleeves.

Twice a week thus for years the major had sallied forth, a sartorial masterpiece adorned with grizzled eyebrows and an overhanging mustache, as though bound for his club or to make his fashionable calls. Yes, twice a week thus he sallied forth, deeming that his position demanded it of him and also as an excuse to wear his beautiful clothes. But to let you into the major's secret without more ado, although he was all dressed up upon these evening sorties, the sad and mournful fact remains that he had no place to go.

He sometimes dropped in at the more expensive hotels, walking around the lobbies with frowning impatience, as though looking for friends who were late. And sometimes when the weather was warm he sat in the park on the Fifth Avenue side—a rich old gentleman, you understand, out for a breath of air. Then for diversion he knew a number of distinguished apartment houses with entrances on two streets, and would sometimes be seen entering one of these exclusive warrens with an air of dignified preoccupation—although if you had been there and had dodged around the corner, you would presently have seen the major come stalking out again with the same dignified air as when he had entered. Or when the weather was bad, he would ride uptown in a Fifth Avenue bus as far as he could, and then with unabated dignity come riding back again in the following machine.

And that's not all. The major, from long experience, had developed certain details of technic—innocent—oh, altogether innocent in themselves; and yet somehow they pleased his lonely old soul as he wandered around the city, all dressed up and no place to go. When riding along Fifth Avenue and passing one of the homes of the great, for instance, he would turn in his seat and look closely up at the windows, as though hoping to see a very dear friend inside; or just after passing one of the fashionable clubs, he would raise his stick in salutation, as though he had recognized an acquaintance in the last window. But the bit of business which pleased him most was to stroll along Park Avenue and raise his hat to dowagers, and now and then, to younger and lovelier ladies, who had just ridden past him in their cars, and even though they saw him do it, which was seldom, the darkness of evening favored him, and all they could see was the outline of a gentleman unapproachably dressed, who nearly always looked like someone they knew. Whereupon they smiled and bowed back, and the major would probably have popped his old eyes out if he could have seen a list of those who had thus returned his greetings in the gloom.

And so on the evening at which we have now arrived, Major Browning was strolling along Park Avenue, a striking, immaculate figure, his spats rising and falling with the rhythm of silent music, his silk hat dully gleaming in the rays of the electric light. Strolling thus, he passed a plump old dowager in summer sables who was getting out of a limousine in front of Sorrento Court—one of those ultra apartment houses where each set of rooms is on two floors and everyone dresses at the evening to keep up side with the butlers. From the corner of his eye the major saw that the plump old dowager was well on her way across the sidewalk; and then, half turning, as though he had only just played her in his mind, he gallantly raised his hat all this, you understand, without breaking his stride or pausing in the least degree. It was an innocent bit of business that he had often played, and all would have been well if the lady hadn't suddenly turned her head and caught him with his hat suspended over his head like a gleaming black halo. Evidently she was impulsive, for the moment she saw him she made a gesture which seemed to say, "The hand of Providence!" And turning quickly in her tracks, she ran right after the major.

"Oh, Fred!" she exclaimed, her hand upon his arm. "If you only knew how pleased I am to see you!"

Frankly, the major couldn't place her; but certainly his name was Frederick, and—well, he might have known her somewhere in the past. Her next words almost confirmed this latter thought.

"After all these years," she said, "and you've hardly changed at all."

At this the major rose to opportunity, rose grandly, speaking discreetly and yet in his most cultured voice—a voice which matched alike his manner, his clothes and his drooping gray mustache.

"You, if anything, dear lady," said he, "are looking more chahming than ever."

Her answer to this was simple but direct.

"Come in," she said. "I want to speak to you."

The major hesitated for a moment; but obviously just after telling a lady that she looked more charming than ever, he couldn't all at once drop his voice to a cold sour note and say "Madam, I don't know you." And when all was said and done, he might have known her—some girl, possibly, with whom he had gone to school and who had now risen—as the saying is—in the world; or some saleslady of the past, perhaps, who had married a millionaire, and might even now lead the major to those pinnacles of society of which he sometimes dreamed, and where every last boarder at Mrs. McKenna's firmly believed that the major was already enthroned. Although this takes a few seconds to tell, he only hesitated for a moment; but trust a woman to sense a thing like that.

"Surely you aren't afraid of me!" she said in a half-reproachful, half-coquettish manner.

The old boy didn't have those military mustaches for nothing. "Surely you aren't afraid of me!" Her hand upon his arm again—most unmistakably the hand of a lady of the *beau monde*—a lady, moreover, who was far from being as old or as stout as he had thought at first, and who was vaguely beginning to remind him of Mrs. McKenna.

"Afraid of you?" he repeated.

She nodded, looking up at him through her eyelashes; and after that Old Ned himself couldn't have held the major back.

IV

THEY walked together into the entrance of Sorrento Court—a copy of a courtyard near Naples, which may some day be as famous as the Venus of Milo; but where on the Amalfi Road a bed of geraniums grows, in New York a telephone switchboard is located; and where, in the original, the Neapolitan housewives sit upon the benches and knit and sew and exchange the gossip of the day, in Manhattan a row of elevators has been placed, manned by Senegambians in royal livery who waft the élite to their aeries aloft as though they were nothing at all.

"Any calls for me, Robert?" asked the lady in the summer sables.

"No, Mis' Yeatman," said the boy at the switchboard, "no calls for you this evening."

They were wafted aloft.

"Mrs. Yeatman," the major was thinking. "M-m—a family of that name connected with the Bryces, I believe. And then, of course, there's Judge Yeatman, and another branch of the family who married into the English nobility. But who this one is and whether she really knows me, or only thinks she does——" At that he dabbed his forehead with his handkerchief. "And yet, God knows," he muttered to himself, quite flustered, "I hardly see how I can ask her who she is."

His reflections were interrupted by the stopping of the elevator at one of the upper floors; and a few moments later they were being admitted into an apartment by one of those old butlers who have been in the family since boyhood, and who are so comfortably placed that one might sometimes wonder whether the butler is working for the family or the family is working for the butler. Oh, yes, it may have been; but at least he knew a gentleman who was a gentleman the moment he saw one, and he took the major's hat and coat and the major's stick and muffler with almost open approval.

"Any calls for me, Waters?" asked Mrs. Yeatman.

"No, madam," said the butler; "nothing."

"Nothing from Mr. Yeatman?"

"No, madam; nothing yet."

The plump little lady led the major to the library, and as impulsively as she did everything else, she shut the door behind them.

"Of course, Fred," she began almost at once, "I don't want you to think I'm unhappy, because I'm not; but, oh—well, you know the way Joe used to be as well as I do, and the only way he's changed—he's a little bit worse if anything."

There was an oil painting of a modern old gentleman over the fireplace, and the major guessed that this was old Joey himself—evidently a hot old pot of tea, with a military mustache something like the major's, except that it was bushy instead of drooping. Velasquez in a fiery moment—that was how the old gentleman of the painting looked; or D'Artagnan, Twenty Years After, just as he was about to cross swords with one of Colbert's crew.

"That and his jealousy together," continued the lady of the summer sables, sighing a little.

A little bit old for that, the major thought. But still glancing politely around the room, it began to grow upon him that the absent Joey was a bit of a pepper box, a Tartarin de Tarascon, one of those delectable old souls who are always fiercely right and breathe loudly down their noses when contradicted. On each side of the painting was a pair of crossed swords, while on the table by his side an inkwell had been made from an exploded shell, and a dagger served for letter opener near by.

"Bridge was bad enough," he heard Mrs. Yeatman continuing; "but this dreadful mah-jongg is awful, especially when there isn't any limit. And the worst of it is, I was lucky at first and spent it. So I can't very well back out of it now when the others are beginning to win."

This may be regarded as a sandwich of speech, two slices of conversation, one on each side of a short disappearance during which she evidently went to her bedroom. At any rate, she brought back a tortoise-shell box—the type of box, inlaid with filigreed silver, which a lady sometimes keeps upon her dresser. This box she now placed upon the library table; and although she casually opened it, the major didn't look at it in any casual fashion, for his eyes nearly popped out from under their brows at seeing the sparkle of diamonds which suddenly blazed up at him from beneath the tortoise-shell lid.

"A bracelet and a bar pin which Aunt Maida gave me," continued Mrs. Yeatman, emptying them out upon the table. "Dreadfully old-fashioned, of course; but the stones are good, and that's the main thing. Now, Fred, this is what I want you to do. I want you to take them to Rosenbaum's in the morning—if you will, of course—and pledge them for five thousand. To be perfectly frank with you," she added, after a moment's silence, sensing again perhaps that the major was hesitating, "it isn't the first time they've been there, so you needn't mind, you know."

"Oh, I don't mind," feebly objected the major. "It isn't that, you know."

"Of course I realize, Fred, that you don't enjoy a pawnshop, but think how much worse it would be for me. . . . Now there's a good boy!"

At these last words she held the jewels out to him; and though still unwilling beneath the surface, the major slowly extended his hand and made a shallow cup of his palm. After all, there was nothing terrifying in what he was being asked to do. He knew where Rosenbaum's was—not half a dozen blocks from Prince & Banion's; and now that he had surprised the secret of this impulsive little lady in her summer sables, all the more reason why he shouldn't suddenly renege on the acquaintanceship. And besides, there was always this—even yet he might know her. She was beginning to remind him of a girl whom he had known at high school—oh, long before the Spanish-American War.

"Well, all right," he said, though still, it must be confessed, without enthusiasm.

(Continued on Page 109)

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The Equipoised Peerless Eight and the New Peerless Six

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(Continued from Page 104

"I'll see Rosenbaum tomorrow. Five thousand, you said?"

"You dear boy!" she murmured, as the jewelry disappeared in the major's pocket. "If you only knew how much you were helping me!"

They were standing close together, and in that impulsive manner which some dear elderly ladies have and some who aren't so old, but are quite as dear—it may be that she patted the major's arm. Thinking it over later, he wasn't quite sure that she was patting his arm, but he was sure that suddenly the door opened and old Joey entered—old Joey of the bushy mustache and the bellicose ornaments—old Joey, whose first glance seemed to shake itself like a tabasco bottle on the tortoise-shell casket on the table, and whose second glance then leaped to his wife and the major, who in some strange manner, apparently without knowing it, had somehow allowed two upholstered chairs and a Chinese rug to move right in between them.

v

MR. YEATMAN, like the major, was in evening attire. But although he was dressed for good manners, as one might say, his speech certainly wasn't dressed that way.

"Well, well, well!" said he. Not so much the words, you know, as the tone.

The major began to feel hot where his collar touched him. He had stood a lot that day, and possibly Nature now demanded that the account should be balanced. Moreover it had struck him, the moment his glance had fallen upon Mr. Yeatman, that however prominent socially or financially or even judicially that peppery old boy might think himself, he was almost totally lacking in the art of gentlemen's dress. With his dinner jacket, for instance, he was wearing one of those white watered-silk abominations of a waistcoat! With mother-of-pearl buttons, if you please! And a plaited silk shirt! Looking again at these accursed things, the major began to feel his oats, to assume that stare of unblinking superiority which at least had never failed him at Prince & Banion's.

"I beg your pahdon?" said he, with a hauteur which cut to the bone.

Their glances clashed and locked together, like two wrestlers meeting in midair.

The struggle was one of those intense affairs which can only humanly last a moment or two, but when it was over it was clearly the major's victory.

"Now you two boys!" said Mrs. Yeatman, with an anxious smile at the major.

Old Joey suddenly turned his mother-of-pearl buttons upon his wife, as though he would blind her with their effulgence and shine the truth out of her unawares.

"I didn't know you were entertaining tonight," said he.

"Oh, an awfully old friend. I hadn't seen him for years, but I knew him again in a moment. Fred Lawrence—you've often heard me mention him. And Fred, this is my wonderful husband, of whom you used to hear me speak so much—Joe Yeatman."

The two gentlemen bowed, but it was a guarded bow, and might have reminded you of the careful behavior of two fighters when they shake hands after a caution from the referee for fouling each other.

"You were showing him your tortoise-shell box?" persisted old Joey, glancing down at the library table.

"Yes; it's one of Fred's hobbies—tortoise-shell and filigree work—and I couldn't resist his opinion of it."

Mr. Yeatman turned to the major.

"And what do you think of it, sir, may I ask?"

It was the "May I ask?" that started the major again—the tone and the words together.

"Not a very good example, to speak plainly," said he. "Ah—ah—rather uncouth; not enough repose; more than a little raw, both in manner and design." At this point the major's eyes were on the other's waistcoat. "But—ah—really good examples are always hard to find," he concluded. "It often takes generations—generations, sir—to produce one."

Of course, old Joey knew perfectly well that the major meant him, but what could he do about it? One has to belong to a very low order of society indeed to blurt out suddenly, "Look here, you old pie-face, do you mean me?" So all that Joey could do was to hold his teeth together and try to look as much like the martial old gentleman in the painting as he could.

"You will pahdon me now, Mrs. Yeatman?" continued the major, talking more fearfully well-dressed at every word. "It was only for a moment, you know, and I'm sorry I can't give you any better opinion."

"To the devil with you and your opinions!"

Old Joey's eyes suddenly seemed to blaze. Again their glances wrestled, and again the major came out top dog.

"There!" he thought as he stepped out of the elevator a minute later and walked across the court to the street. "I don't know why, but I feel better than I've felt all afternoon." And reviewing the events of the last few minutes, in which he had shone with such unmistakable power, he voiced a very old thought—one of those reflections, half despair and half supplication, which are probably nearly as old as the human race. "Oh, Lord," he began, for perhaps there's a touch of prayer in the thought as well, "why couldn't I have been born rich, too, like that old fool in there?"

vi

IT WAS too early to go home, or Mrs. McKenna might think that his fashionable friends didn't want him. So to guard against this the major strolled over to Fifth Avenue, his spats rising and falling in graceful rhythm, his silk hat dully gleaming under the electric lights; and there he took a bus that was headed for Fort George. He went inside, sitting down and squaring his shoulders, his gloved hands resting on the handle of his stick—as fashionable a display as any that might be seen upon Fifth Avenue that evening. Other passengers entered, carelessly chatting if they were together or looking grouchy if they were alone. But after one glance at the major they sat down, silent and satisfied, intent upon getting an eyeful of New York's upper crust. The other passengers nearly always looked as though they were getting their money's worth when the major was traveling with them in a Fifth Avenue bus.

So Mrs. Yeatman didn't know him, after all, he reflected as he rolled uptown. The name by which she had introduced him to her husband proved that. Ah, well, she soon would know him. After he had completed his mission he could already hear himself saying, "And now, madam, I have a secret to tell you—a secret concerning my identity."

And then perhaps in the future he wouldn't be all dressed up in the evening and no place to go. Of course, there was old Joey to be considered; but it rather struck the major that he could handle old Joey. He had certainly ridden him up the road and back again that evening, and had left him, lathering freely, to cool off as best he might.

As you can see, the major had plenty to think about; and with one thing and another, he went uptown farther than he had meant to go, and it was after eleven when he finally returned to his starting point. He got off the south-bound bus at Forty-seventh Street and started west, a commanding figure on a street which grew increasingly shabby. Halfway across the second block he came to a raised strip of sidewalk, flanked on one side by a wooden boarding which concealed the construction of a new building, and when he came to the end of that and stepped down into the widening shadows of the other side, a darker shadow in human form suddenly stepped in front of him and pushed a blue-steel muzzle against the third button of his overcoat. For the major, you must always remember, was the image of affluence; and Dick Turpin, like the Reaper, always loved a shining mark.

vii

EVERY housewife knows how it is with dishes: break one and two others follow as fast as they can. And every girl who has lived long enough knows how it is with beaus; she may try ten years to get a good one to jump through the hoops, but hardly has he left the ground when others appear, gallant and willing to fling up their heels as well. And every captain knows how it is with a ship; let her scrape her stern on Robbins Reef, and the very next voyage she will either ram her pier at Southampton or have half her starboard lifeboats carried away in a storm. And every wise old woman from here to Vancouver who hears of a death in the village will invariably shake her head and sigh, "Eh, dear, now who will the two others be?"

And, indeed, this seems to be the law of life more often than not—the law of acceleration, it might be called—and nowhere is it more plainly seen than in the adventures which sometimes fall to a man after many a quiet year. Fate had placed him, one might think, upon a shelf to ripen, as though he were some kind of cheese. And then all at once fate seems to take this human cheese from off the shelf, press it with gigantic thumbs, heft it, and finally cut it up a bit to see if it has come to its ordained strength and has the proper flavor under the rind.

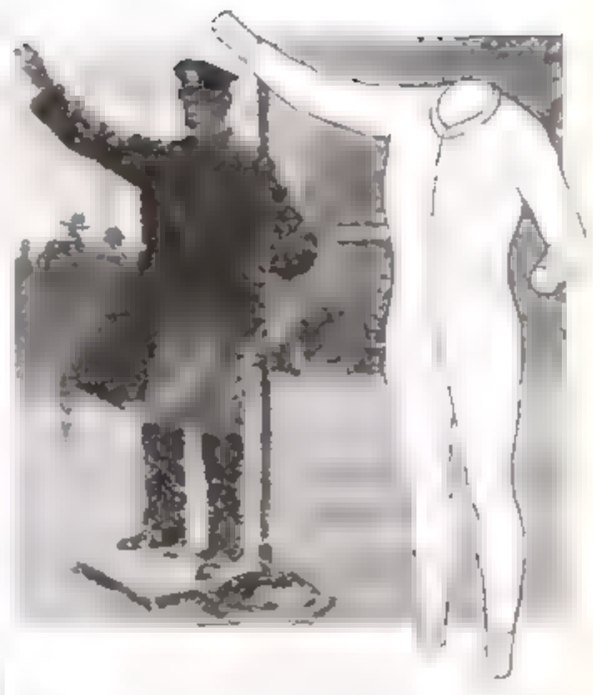
"Put 'em up!" came the sharp command into the major's ear—sharp, even though it was hardly more than whispered.

Dick Turpin had the corner of a handkerchief draped down from the peak of his cap and the lower part of his face was hidden in a muffler; but the major became dimly conscious of a pair of dark eyebrows, black as a raven's wings, and a nose beneath, which stood out like a beak—eyes and beak of a bird of prey intent upon its work.

At first the major was dazed, and his reflections were not particularly blessed by coherence as he stood there, blinking, his hands ineffectually raised to heaven. It was the feeling of Richard's fingers, groping around in his waistcoat pockets, that cleared his thoughts and brought him to a more distinct regard for what was going on; and it probably helped him, too, that his fighting blood had twice been warmed that day. Rogers had felt the heat of it in the morning, and his victory over old Joey had not yet entirely cooled. And now the thought of losing Mrs. Yeatman's jewels—of being obliged to tell her some cock-and-bull story of a holdup man, on top of the disclosure that he had fooled her in the first place about his own identity——

Aunt Maida's gifts, he saw, were disappearing into the gunman's pocket; and seeing this, the major suddenly and quietly became dangerous, like guncotton in the making, to which the last necessary ingredient has just been added.

"The low-down dirty thief!" he thought, lashing his tail a bit. "I'll show him!"



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Four tubes. Paradyne Circuit. Loudspeaker volume over practically unlimited range. Handsome mahogany cabinet, 21 inches long.

The New Paragon Three $48.50

Three tube set of amazing loudspeaker volume, tone, and range. Single dial control.

The New Paragon Two $27.50

Excellent loudspeaker volume over moderate range. Perfect phone reception over unlimited range. Two tubes. Single dial.

Write for free Descriptive Folder

There is a sublime straightforwardness about some actions which insures their success from the first; and the major, disdaining all feints and subterfuges, suddenly and simply took Dick Turpin's weapon away from him by snatching it out of his hand.

"Hah!" said he. "It's your turn now, my lad! Up with your hands and keep them there, if you know what's good for you!"

He had noticed in which pocket Mrs. Yeatman's jewelry had been dropped; and reaching forward now, he emptied that pocket with a scoop of his hand and slipped the contents back to where they belonged.

"You aren't so clever, my boy, as you thought you were, are you?" he exulted then.

It had been his first intention to march his captive in triumph to the nearest police station—an elderly Sergeant York bringing his startled Germans into camp; a silk-hatted Cæsar leading his prisoners into the Forum. But suppose that he were asked for an explanation of his own possession of so much lady's jewelry—what then? To prove his own story he might even have to give Mrs. Yeatman's name, and that would lead to complications with the fiery Joseph—complications that would be none too pleasant for the impulsive lady who had trusted him so much.

"It's more than you deserve," he said at last, with a reluctance that had a touch of testiness in it, "but I'm going to let you go now. Come! Be off, before I change my mind!"

The other one hurried away and the major lowered his weapon. The gunman might have been watching over his shoulder, for he suddenly turned—a living lesson in disarmament—with another gun in his hand.

The major saw a spurt of fire and felt a burn in his upper arm. But again he didn't have that martial mustache for nothing. He took quick aim and let Dick Turpin have the contents of his own gun as fast as he could keep pulling the trigger. One of the bullets evidently took effect, for the other's weapon fell with a clatter to the sidewalk, and the next moment he was running down the street as though he knew just where he was going—as though he knew, too, that he must run while yet the strength was in him. Hearing still other hurrying footsteps, the major turned and saw a cop who had been drawn by the sound of the firing; and although at first the policeman started in pursuit of Richard, he soon returned to the major.

"He got away, all right, I'm afraid, sir," he reported. "Had a car waiting for him around the corner. But you must have potted him a good one, for there's a red line all the way to where he hopped in his machine now."

"Shot him with his own gun too," said the major, though speaking none too loud, for he was beginning to feel the burn spreading in his arm. "But he had another, you see."

"Ah, sure," said the cop, wisely nodding. "It's the second gun that often does the trick. And now if you wouldn't mind coming around to the station house, to give a description and make a good report ——"

How the major managed to keep going the next half hour, he himself couldn't have told you. And all the time there was the growing fear in his heart that they would discover his wound and trundle him off to a hospital and give him chloroform and somehow separate him from Mrs. Yeatman's jewelry. At last, though, the ordeal was over, his pallor being put down to the experiences through which he had passed; but in the end he had to take a taxi to Mrs. McKenna's and the driver had to help him up to his room.

And now you'll see how Mrs. McKenna kept count of the major's hours; for when she heard the noise in the hall she was all ready to pop her head out of her door—a head crowned with one of those coquettish boudoir caps, with a bit of hair artfully pulled down here and there to soften the general effect.

"Is that you, major?" she asked.

"Yes," said the major, on the stairs, speaking like a tired little lamb that hardly has strength to bleat to its mamma.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked in alarm, seeing the driver helping him.

"No, no; thank you just the same," said the major more faintly than before, his voice hardly audible from under his noble sub. hat.

"Been shot, I think," said the chauffeur in a deep voice. "Better come and 'tend to him; that's all I say."

"Oh, major! I'll be there in just a moment!" gasped the widow, and popped her head back into her room again as though in hurried search of more appropriate costume.

After the chauffeur had gone, and before Mrs. McKenna appeared, the major had time to hide Mrs. Yeatman's jewelry.

"If they once get me to bed," he thought, "my pockets won't really be safe."

So first he took out the bar pin and slipped it under his pillow.

"Funny!" he thought—by which he meant the way he felt.

Then he found the bracelet and put it by the side of the bar pin, feeling funnier and funnier every moment. And then he made his way to the dresser and moved Mrs. McKenna's picture into a more prominent position. And then and not till then he sank into a chair, and with a slight gesture of deprecation toward the door through which he knew Mrs. McKenna would enter, he fainted quite away.

VIII

IT WASN'T until she had put on her prettiest kimono that Mrs. McKenna came in and found the major oblivious to earthly cares. She soon revived him, though, with a bottle of household ammonia; and helping him then to take off his coat, she tearfully reported that one sleeve was all wet and insisted upon telephoning for the doctor. When she returned to the major's room it was evident from her next remark that she thought he had received his wound in an affair of honor.

"You see what you get for calling on your Agneses!" she nearly wept.

The major looked pale but inscrutable; and while Mrs. McKenna was cutting the sleeve off his shirt, he raised his good arm and took a few feeble strokes at his mustache. Mrs. McKenna, still tearful, but efficient, ran for the washbowl and began to bathe the wound. It was a jagged affair, but fortunately all near the surface; and now that he had seen the worst of it the major began to feel better, and went on looking inscrutable and stroking his martial mustache.

"It's just as my dear father always told me," continued Mrs. McKenna. "'Be sure your sins will find you out,' he said."

Looking at it from the sinful standpoint, the major didn't like it so well; and leaving his mustache alone, he entered a general demurrer.

"But they haven't found me out," he protested.

"They haven't?" demanded the widow almost fiercely. "Not when you come home like this?"

"At least they haven't found me out yet," thoughtfully amended the major; and making the story as short as he could, he told her how he had received his wound, though saying nothing about the jewels under his pillow.

"Oh, major!" exclaimed the widow then, looking up at him with shining eyes. "And you really and truly shot him with his own gun?"

"I rahther think I gave him as good as he sent," modestly confessed the major.

The doctor came then and he had to hear the story; and the major had hardly been put to bed, with the contents of a hypodermic needle just underneath his skin, when first the telephone rang and then the doorbell rang; and Mrs. McKenna, answering both in her becoming kimono, presently gave a gentle rap on her patient's door and put her head inside.

"Asleep, major?" she whispered.

"Not yet," he drowsily told her.

"Well, I don't know what to do—but there's two reporters here downstairs and another on the phone."

"That's all right. You tell them—just what I told you—big fellow with a gang in a car around the corner—shot the big one—made them all run."

"But these downstairs—they both want pictures."

At that the major roused himself a little. Pictures were different.

Pictures were things that had to be seriously considered.

"I think there's a few in the top bureau drawer," he said, "in full evening dress. Two poses, you'll find—one in a bat-wing collar and the other in a stand-up. I think I like the stand-up the best. But whatever you do, don't give them the one in the lounge suit—taken years ago—diagonal-cut pockets and a belt!"

Sighing somewhat grievously at these errors of youth, he fell asleep and didn't wake till ten o'clock in the morning, for which the doctor's needle was partly responsible. And even then he probably wouldn't have wakened if Mrs. McKenna hadn't first gently rapped and then put her head inside the door.

"'Sleep, major?" she whispered.

"No. It's all right, Mrs. McKenna, thank you. Come in."

She had the morning papers; and in nearly all of them the major had achieved the first page, to say nothing of the photographic sections:

ROUTS GUNMAN WITH OWN WEAPON.
GUNMAN ROUTED BY TARTAR.
HOLDUP GANG ROUTED BY INTENDED VICTIM.

The old router's heart beat with pride, and he read the stories over and over while he ate his breakfast.

"I'd like to see Rogers when he reads some of these," he thought.

But then another reflection came to his mind, one more disturbing, one with enough kick in it to make him sit up and blink. Mrs. Yeatman would read the story too—would see his picture in the paper:

"Major Frederick Browning ——"

"Major Browning, of such-and-such a number, West 47th Street ——"

And she had taken him for a Fred Lawrence, and he had allowed her to do so! Why, if he wasn't careful, the woman would be down on him like a ton of bricks—might even have him arrested for taking her jewelry under false pretenses. And then what a piece for the evening papers—what a sequel to the morning's tale! The gallant major a deceiving crook, probably even with his title in quotation marks, thus: "Major" Browning. And, oh, but wouldn't Rogers enjoy that!

The major felt his bandaged arm, and it didn't feel so bad.

Stiff, of course, from being bound, and it would probably be a bit awkward to dress; but if he got a taxi it would only take him a few minutes to go to Rosenbaum's—then a short ride to Mrs. Yeatman's and then back home again. Half an hour perhaps altogether and the whole thing would be off his mind.

So up he got, thanking his stars that Mrs. McKenna was down in the basement kitchen. He had already decided upon his morning coat, striped trousers and silk hat; and although it hurt almost beyond endurance to get the coat on, he finally managed it and stole downstairs unobserved. As luck would have it, a taxi was rolling forward when he reached the street and in less than five minutes he was getting out at Rosenbaum's, the taxi waiting for him, the driver looking knowing as the major passed inside.

"I would like five thousand dollars on these two pieces, please," said the major, placing Mrs. Yeatman's jewels upon the counter.

The great Rosenbaum himself had come forward to wait on him, one of those geniuses who look like a low comedian on the point of shedding tears. He sorrowfully placed a glass in his eye and scrutinized Aunt Maida's presents.

"You have done business with me before?" he asked, regarding the major with his other eye.

"No; but you've done business with this jewelry before."

"Yes, yes; I see my marks upon it."

An absolute judge of diamonds, he prided himself upon his judgment of the human jewel as well; and making out a ticket, he went into his office and returned with five one-thousand-dollar bills which he counted into the major's hand.

"Of course I shan't be able to do any work today," thought the latter as he carefully made his way back to the taxi; "but on my way to Mrs. Yeatman's, I—ah—ah—I think I'll drop in at the store for a few moments. I'd—ah—like some of the boys to see this money, and if that old fool of a Rogers should happen to get his eye on it too ——"

Turning a corner, the taxi threw him sharply sideways, his bad arm hitting the side of the cab.

"God help us!" he gasped. And a minute later, "Perhaps I ought to have stayed in bed. I'm beginning to feel funny again."

IX

HOWEVER he may have felt, there was certainly nothing funny in the major's appearance when he stepped out of the taxi on Fifth Avenue and crossed the sidewalk

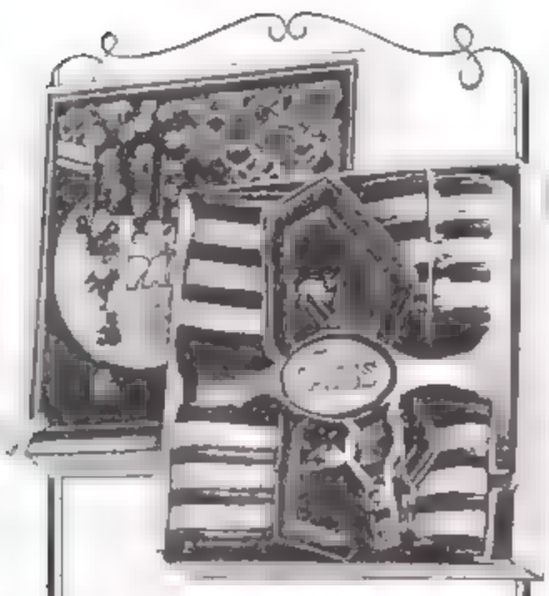
(Continued on Page 112)

PARIS *and* HICKORY

Gifts for everyone

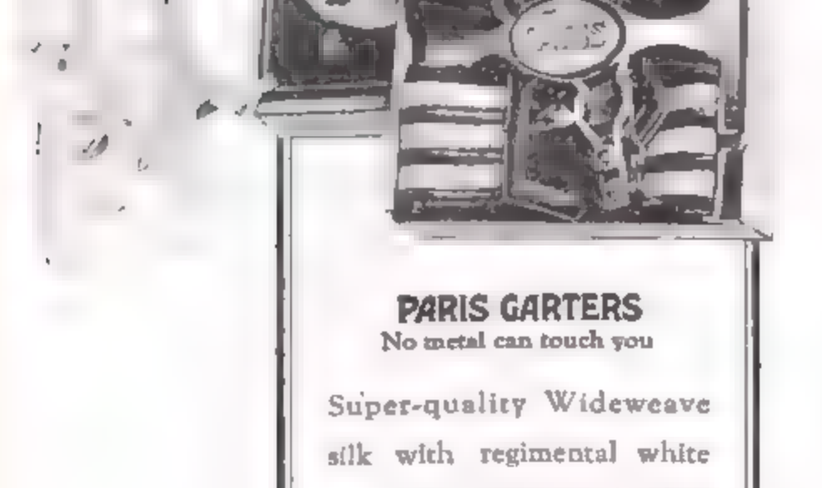
All holiday packaged – so easy to buy

Here are gifts you'll be glad to receive and pleased to give



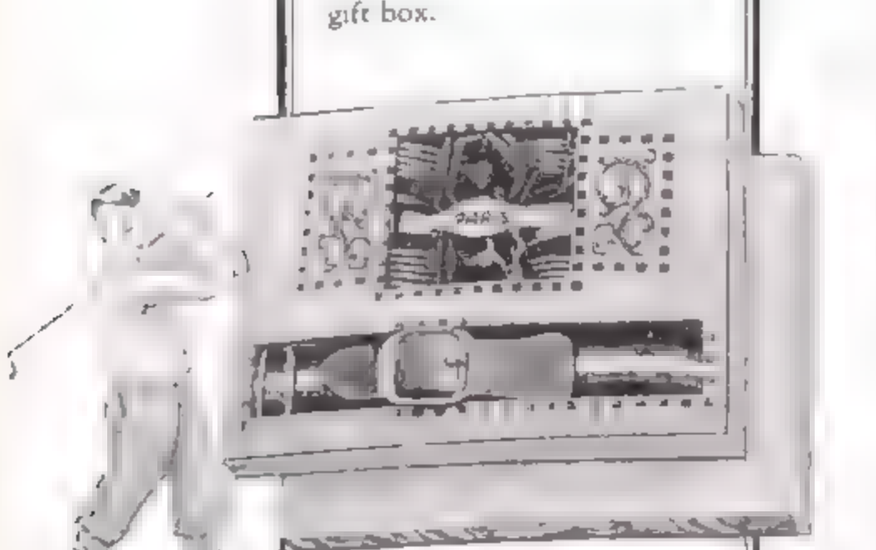
PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

Super-quality Wideweave silk with regimental white stripes in a variety of colors that men like, $1.00. Others at 35¢, 50¢ and 75¢, including gift box.



PARIS GARTERS
and Sport Belt Set

PARIS Wideweave Garters and silk sport belt in striped combination colors to match the garters. Belt length adjustable. Tan or black leather strap and gilt buckle. The set, including gift box, $2.00. Others at $3.00.



PARIS GARTERS
and Arm Band Set

A pair of PARIS satin shield Garters and PARIS silk Arm Bands to match. Full range of colors. The set, including gift box, 50¢. Others at 75¢, $1.00 and $1.25.

For Baby

The HICKORY Baby Set (the first illustration at the right) is a happy thought for the little ones—bless their hearts! A pretty gift for babies that mothers will appreciate.

For Mother, Sister or Friend

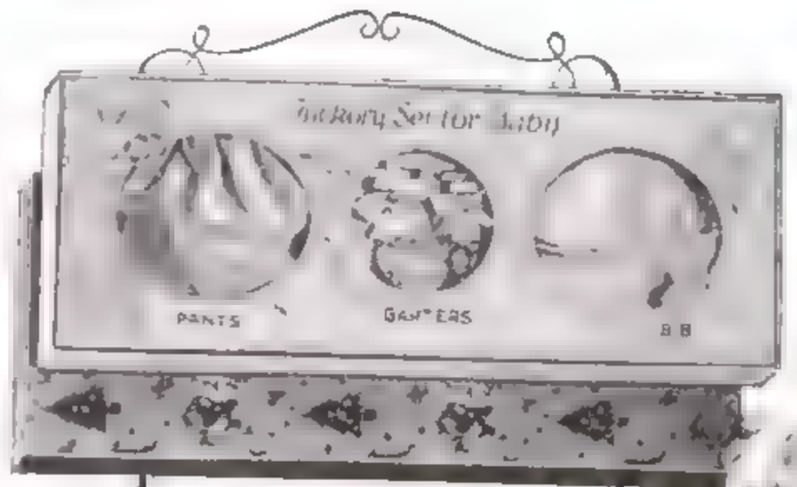
For Mother, Sister or Friend, the combination HICKORY Tea Apron and Garter Set is useful and very chic. Also the HICKORY Ribbon Garters, individually packaged, make a dainty gift. Today's styles make them necessary as well as ornamental. Illustrated at the right.

For "Him"

For Dad, Brother, Friend or Business Acquaintance, the items listed at the left have a particularly strong appeal. There are PARIS Garters, packed individually, which make a mighty welcome gift. Men folk can always use a fresh pair of garters. Then, the PARIS Garter and Sport Belt Combination Set is something out of the ordinary for men fond of outdoor life. The PARIS Garter and PARIS Arm Band Set makes an appreciated remembrance for men of all ages.

You should find all of these gifts at your dealer's. If not, send us your order with remittance and your dealer's name. You'll receive prompt service by addressing:

Mrs. Ruth Stone,
c/o A. Stein & Company,
1153 W. Congress Street, Chicago, Ill.



HICKORY
Baby Set

HICKORY live rubber Baby Pants; Para rubber Bib and cunning Baby Garters, ribbon trimmed. Pink or blue combination. In Mother Goose Holiday Gift Box, $1.00.

HICKORY **Tea Apron**
and Garter Set

Dainty Rubber Apron has scalloped edge and handkerchief pocket, in contrasting colors. Shirred Satin Ribbon Garters with bow ornaments in colors to match. The set, including gift box, $1.50. Others at $1.25, $2.25 and $2.50.

HICKORY
Ribbon Garters

Two, three and four tone ribbon, in pastel shades, beautifully blended. Handmade French flower and ribbon ornaments. The pair illustrated, including gift box, $1.00. Others at $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00.

A. STEIN & COMPANY

CHICAGO TORONTO NEW YORK

Continued from Page 110

to Prince & Banion's store. Morning coat of dull black diagonal, cut by a tailor in a moment of inspiration, waistcoat adorned with silk braid, trousers that were faultless alike in form and expression, two moving verses of textile poetry. And even as the greatest works of the masters are sometimes relieved by touches of embellishment, so might the major's walking stick be considered—a black cane with a silver handle; to say nothing of his gaiters, the color of *café au lait;* and his noble silk hat, dignified of bell and exquisite of brim, which seemed to rest upon his head more like a crown than a topper, marking him apart from other men. And so he crossed the sidewalk to Prince & Banion's and was borne upstairs to the Gentlemen's Own Shop by an adoring elevator boy who had read all about it in his morning paper and evidently considered the major as a cross between a hero and a god.

And in the Gentlemen's Own Shop—well, you can imagine whether they had read about the major's adventures there! His colleagues who weren't tied down to customers immediately clustered around him like courtiers around a king, only Rogers keeping in the distance—Rogers the jealous, Rogers the yellow-faced, who was pretending to be busy with some large matter at his desk, something of such empirical dimensions that it couldn't be left for a moment.

To the group around him the major added a few points not mentioned by the reporters; and then with becoming carelessness he drew out the money which Rosenbaum had given him and separated a thousand-dollar bill.

"I wonder if one of you boys would mind getting this changed for me," he said. "I'd go to the cashier's myself, but to tell you the truth, I'm still a bit weak from this wound in my arm."

They all volunteered, and the major selected Bob Hirschman; and as Bob took the bill he looked at the size of it, and then exclaimed, "Oh, Maude! What did you do to him, major? Did you take his roll away from him as well as shoot him up?"

"Ah-ha, my boy," said the major knowingly, "that would be telling!"

If anything then he became a greater hero than ever, and presently even Rogers came over—Rogers, who had heard about the thousand-dollar bill and who simply couldn't stay away any longer.

"Congratulations," he began. "Getting to be quite a shot, I hear."

"When there's anything worth shooting, sir!"

This tickled the other clerks pink and they gave each other quick little glances from the corners of their eyes as much as to say, "Did you hear that? He just as good as told Rogers that he wasn't worth shooting!" Rogers went away with a red ear, even though he tried to make it appear that his eyes were still twinkling; but the excitement of the clash was almost too much for the major. He had to sit down and steady himself against the counter. Then Bob came back with the change; and just as the major was rising to go, who should come hurrying into the Gentlemen's Own Shop but the general manager himself, heavy-lidded, baldheaded, alert. He had never seen the major underneath the glory of his silk hat before and had to stare a moment or two before he was sure of his man.

"God bless my life!" he said then, unconscious testimony to the other's appearance. "I heard you were in the store and I wanted to tell you how proud we all feel of you!"

The major, of course, had risen; and at the conclusion of his remarks the general manager not only shook the major's hand but enthusiastically clasped his upper left arm while he was doing it. In spite of himself, the major winced.

"What's the matter?" asked the manager. "Rheumatism?"

"No, no, Mr. Purcell; not yet," said the major hastily; "but lahst night, you see, I got a bullet through my arm, or of course I should have reported for work this morning. And not that it greatly matters, of course, but I'm afraid the blessed thing's opened again."

Not that it greatly mattered! Why, the major was nearly groggy, his face a white mask underneath the ebon splendor of his hat!

"My dear major!" exclaimed the manager. "I shall never forgive myself. Here, lean on me, and I'll see you home myself. You shouldn't have come out at all, you know, this morning," he continued, gently scolding. "You should have stayed in bed."

It was like a state procession—the major leaning on the manager's arm, the clerks fussing around them and moving chairs out of their path, Bellamy walking slowly behind like a flower boy, carrying the major's gloves.

And watching it all in the distance, over a benchful of Seasonable Offerings in Fall Topcoats, hung Rogers' face—baleful, glittering, like a yellow moon in spectacles with a mugful of porcelain teeth.

Going down the elevator, the major began to worry about the shabby street where he lived. Comfortable, of course, yet not much of a place for the manager to see. But it wasn't until they were crossing the sidewalk to a taxi that it struck him how to kill two birds with one stone.

"On second thoughts, Mr. Purcell," he said, "I think I'll call on a friend of mine on the way home."

"Why, certainly, Browning," said the manager. "Anywhere you like. Where shall I tell the driver to stop?"

As weak as he was, there was almost exaltation in the major's voice as he answered, "Sorrento Court, Park Avenue." And great as he was, there was almost respect in Mr. Purcell's manner as he repeated the address to the chauffeur and helped the major into the waiting cab.

x

IT WAS after he had told Mrs. Yeatman about her mistake in his identity, and while he was showing her how he had vanquished Dick Turpin, that the thing happened again. Twice before that day it had threatened; but this third time, just after demonstrating how he had snatched the man's gun—his shoulder growing funnier every minute—the major gradually became conscious that his voice and his legs and his Adam's apple and Mrs. Yeatman were all petering out together, and the next thing he knew he was waking in a beautiful room, and only knew that it was himself at first from his striped trousers, which were hanging over a chair by the side of the bed.

It was one of those rooms which are every bride's ambition, but are generally only achieved by elderly matrons when it doesn't count so much. The walls were decorated with panels of silk, the windows by laces and velvets, the ceiling by scenes from Watteau. The bed was cane and gilt, with significant little oil paintings here and there. And there was a chaise longue in front of a fireplace, and rugs that had the bloom of plums upon them, and statuettes that didn't even have bloom; but the things which attracted the major's eye—after, indeed, his trousers—were first a pastel painting of one of Asti's charming ladies over the fireplace, and then two photographs upon the shelf below, one evidently Mrs. Yeatman in her palmier days and the other the frowning countenance of old Joey.

"Good Lord!" said the major with extraordinary vehemence. "I've got to get out of here!"

He was just beginning to move his good arm and finding it hard work, when the door opened and Mrs. Yeatman walked in.

"Why, major, what's the matter?" she asked. "Hasn't Waters made you comfortable?"

"Oh, comfortable enough, yes," stammered the major; "but, bless my soul, I can't stay here, you know!"

"I'm sure I can't see why, with Waters to look after you," she calmly answered. "Or at least you can stay until the doctor says it's wise to move you. He'll be here any minute now. I telephoned him myself."

"But, Mrs. Yeatman," stammered the major again, and doing it better this time than before, "your—your husband—when he comes home and finds me here—in your—I mean in here!"

"Mr. Yeatman started for Bar Harbor this morning," she evenly told him, "and I am following him this afternoon. That's why I wanted the money so badly, so I could settle up before I went; and why I feel so grateful that you got it for me, even at the risk of your own brave life."

The doctor came then—an insinuating old boy who could do conjuring tricks with a roll of bandage strips—and after he had gone and Mrs. Yeatman had gone, the major lay for a time basking in that beautiful room; and as he lay there thinking of one thing and another, a really wonderful idea somehow became planted in his mind.

"Agnes," was his seed thought. "Yes, Agnes would have had a room like this."

The first green sprout of this was fairly obvious.

"Agnes," he thought again, looking at Asti's charming painting above the fireplace. "Dear Agnes, painted a few years ago, but strangely like her even yet."

And the perfect flower burst into bloom when Waters came in at twelve o'clock to see what the invalid would like for lunch.

"Ah, Waters," began the major.

"Yes, sir?"

"What is the number of this apartment?"

"Number 81, sir."

"Very well, then. I wish you would call up Bryant 6789 and tell Mrs. McKenna that Major Browning is at Apartment Number 81, Sorrento Court, Park Avenue, and would be pleased to see her for a few minutes this afternoon regarding the forwarding of his mail and—ah—ah—any other matters requiring attention."

xi

THE major and the butler looked at each other; and if you had been there and hadn't known what had gone before you would have sworn that they were master and man, the latter blessed with one of those wooden expressions which oftentimes denote intelligence lying in ambush.

"Mrs. McKenna, you said, sir?" he repeated with a trace of accent on the first word.

"Mrs. McKenna, yes."

"Very well, sir. I will telephone her immediately."

He returned a few minutes later looking more so than ever.

"She was very glad to hear from you, sir," he reported. "She will call to see you at two o'clock."

It was half past one when the major finished his lunch, propped up in bed like the grand monarch, and having done full justice to the different trays which Waters had placed before him.

"If you don't mind, sir," said Waters then, "I think I will tidy up the room a bit."

"Quite so, Waters," said the major with becoming majesty. "I have been thinking myself that those trousers over there—hardly delicate things, you know, when a lady is calling."

The trousers disappeared into a closet, together with the rest of the major's raiment; and then Waters carried a table to the head of the bed and placed a bowl of roses on it.

"From the dining-room table, sir," said he. "I thought they might lend a touch to the room, sir—that is, of course, if you will pardon the liberty."

Again the major and the butler looked at each other, and this time the major cleared his throat and stroked his drooping mustache.

"A very good idea, Waters," said he.

"Thank you, sir," and rather irrelevantly he added, "I was in gentlemen's service a good many years ago. . . . And now, sir, if I might make a suggestion ——"

"Yes, Waters?" said the major graciously.

"Those pajamas of Mr. Yeatman's which you are now wearing, sir, while they are a very good quality of madras, Mr. Yeatman has a number of silk ones, some of which he has left behind. There is one suit in particular, of sky-blue twill, which he found a little large ——"

The major was reading a book when Mrs. McKenna was announced; and glancing over the top of it, he noted with satisfaction how smart she looked in her little hat and dotted veil.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "So here you are!"

It was evident that she was impressed—probably had been ever since she had turned into Park Avenue, to say nothing of the court below—but from the bright-eyed manner in which she glanced around the room, it was obvious that she was inquisitive as well.

"You are very comfortable here, I must say," she remarked at last, after listening to an abridged account of the major's disappearance of the morning; and gazing around the room again with a more open glance than before, she took a good long look at the painting over the fireplace—to be explicit, a head and shoulders, the latter clothed only in their own beauty. "Very comfortable," she repeated, her voice bridling a little. "Very comfortable, I'm sure."

"I thought she would. She thinks it's Agnes," the major told himself, and looked as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.

"You expect to stay here, then?" continued Mrs. McKenna.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the major, sighing a little. "As I told you, I happened to drop in this morning, and had a rather bad attack, I fear. So they insisted ——"

He made a gesture which included everything, even the sky-blue twills, and smiled almost sadly at Mrs. McKenna.

"Oh, I don't blame you for a moment," she exclaimed, flaring up, "for not wanting to stay in my poor house!"

The major glanced at her in mute reproach, and then closed his eyes as though to say, "Agnes, dear Agnes, wouldn't have bothered me at a time like this."

"Oh, I didn't mean that, major," said Mrs. McKenna in sudden contrition.

She leaned over his bed, all womanly sympathy in a moment when she saw how she had hurt him, rearranging his pillows, gently straightening the counterpane. The major opened his eyes, and somehow he and the widow started looking at each other.

"I didn't want to be a bother to you, you know," he said in a low voice.

"Bother!" she gently scoffed. "You think I'd call it a bother?"

"Yes, yes, I know. But for nearly three years now I've been wanting to look after you, but you wouldn't let me."

"Don't be silly!" she breathed, smoothing the pillows again.

Again he looked reproachful, as though Agnes wouldn't have used that word.

"You think I'm silly, then?" he asked.

Her hand was smoothing the counterpane, and as though for answer it strayed near his. The next moment the major's fingers had closed around hers, and it would have done you good if you could have seen them then. At their first kiss, all Mrs. McKenna's heart and soul was in it. But at the second she turned her head a little and looked in triumph at Agnes' picture, hanging there so motionless, so helpless on the wall.

xii

THAT happened on a Tuesday. It was on the following Monday when the major presented himself at Mr. Purcell's office at Prince & Banion's. The major was wearing his frock coat that day—wearing it with an air which Prince Albert himself might well have envied.

"Well, major?" said the manager, swinging briskly in his chair. "You are all right again now, I hope?"

"Thank you, yes," said the major modestly as they shook hands. "Or at least—ah—ah—I believe you will think so when I tell you that I am getting married tomorrow and have called to see if I could have the rest of the week off for my—ah—ah—honeymoon. Of course I know that ordinarily I should apply to the head of my department, but under the rahther unusual circumstahnces ——"

"Quite right, major; and allow me to congratulate you." They shook hands again, but with a different motion this time—a motif with something waggish and joyous in it. "Is it the lady of Sorrento Court?" continued Mr. Purcell.

"Well, n-no, not that one," said the major, as though indeed it was nearly that one. "A very charming widow nevertheless."

"Splendid! Splendid!"

The handshaking died away on a more thoughtful note, and the manager looked at this handsomely frock-coated figure in front of him with an attention which had suddenly grown alert.

"By the way, Browning," he said, "I wonder if you could run that department of yours upstairs—Tomlinson's old job, you know. Rogers has been trying it out provisionally, but—this is confidential—he hasn't been quite so successful as we had hoped."

"Hardly the figure for it, I'm afraid, sir," said the major, trying to look as though his heart wasn't beating jazz fashion.

"Hardly the figure perhaps, no. So if you think you can handle that position—as well as you handled that fellow the other night ——"

The major reached the Avenue a few minutes later, walking on clouds, the passers-by looking at him with respectful interest and probably wondering, as ever, which of the Vanderbilts he was.

"It's a funny thing," he was thinking, "but if it hadn't been for Agnes ——"

For the next few moments then he almost regarded her as real—her jewels, her limousine, her cottage at Watch Hill, her hostile children, and all and sundry.

"Dear Agnes," he murmured. "I wonder if she'll miss me very much."

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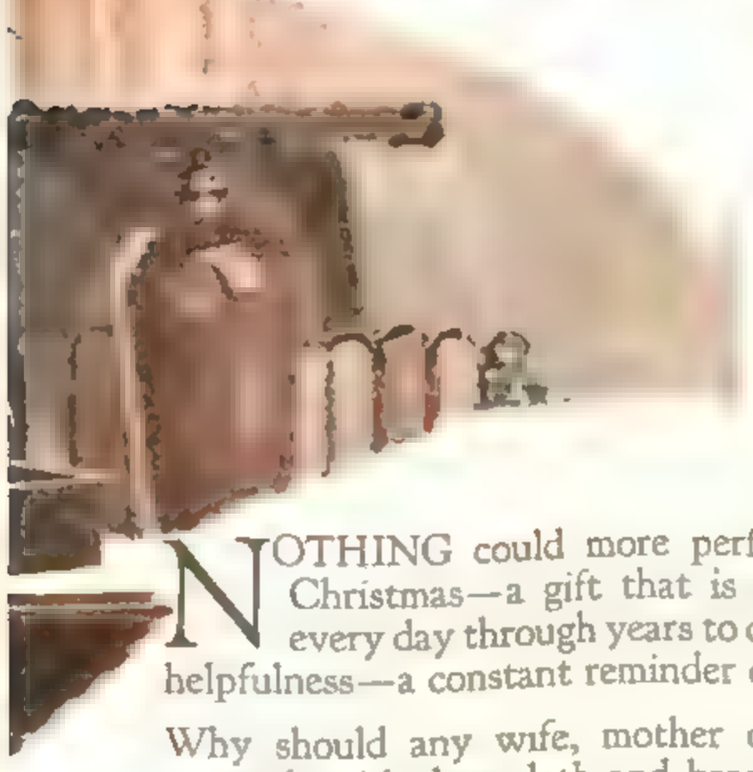

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	Service Brakes Only
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Jewett	1.00
Jordan "M"	10.38
Lincoln	17.87
Marmon	13.10
Maxwell	9.20
Nash 4 cyl.	11.08
Nash 6 cyl.	13.53
Oakland 6-44	10.10
Oldsmobile 47-43A	9.00
Overland 91-92	8.58
Packard "6" 1923	13.80
Pierce-Arrow 32-33	16.93
Reo 1921-23	11.44
Studebaker Spl.	11.44
Willys-Knight 20-'24	10.68

ALIVE AND SINGLE

(Continued from Page 17)

lot 'f others into the bargain—a cookin' machine and a washer and mender. Clean forget 't they're hitchin' up to spendin' machines 't never need no repairs, talkin' machines 't runs smoother'n a separator, gaddin' machines, bossin' machines ——"

Uncle Clem, Elmer observed, drifted with the current. He gave ear acquiescently to Mr. Massey's eloquence, in the meantime unpacking and setting up the Little Giant Knitter. Presently, when Massey paused for the refreshment of his pipe, Uncle Clem played his ace from the sleeve.

"Got 'em all studied out f'r a fact, Mr. Massey. Told me a sight of things 't never struck me before. Yes, sir, give me somethin' to think about. Wish we c'd stay and hear some more of it, only, long 's we can't do no business here, Elmer and me better move along."

He climbed to the seat. Mr. Massey's face expressed a frank disappointment.

"Shucks, Bixby, there ain't no hurry. Better stay to dinner, now you're here."

Elmer saw with relief that Uncle Clem had no such intention.

"Like to first rate, but Elmer and me got to hustle these days to earn horse feed and shoein' bills. See you when we come back. Much obliged all the same."

He turned the team skillfully and drove back to the road, affecting not to hear a pursuing hail that reminded him of the Little Giant, left behind, with the booklet of instructions, in the tool room.

"Hate to do it," he told Elmer as the team, beyond earshot of the barn, settled to a walk. "It ain't what I call first-class peddlin', but it's the only way to handle Hub Massey when he gits goin' real good. Time we come back he'll be braggin' about that there Little Giant Knitter all over the township." He consulted the big silver watch. "Past 'leven. Guess we c'n leave the team breathe a minute. Kind of hard on a horse, this weather."

Elmer said nothing. A dim suspicion that went back to the van washing and the blue necktie with the white spots became almost a certainty now; but he knew, without reasoning it out, that silence would be discreet. If he accused Uncle Clem of dressing up with a deliberate design on Mrs. Libby Shaw's dinner table, it was just possible that, to refute the charge, they might drive on to Jimmerson's, where assuredly there would be no chance whatever of green-apple pie. Elmer held his tongue.

An agreeably promissory blend of warm and spicy smells drifted through the screen door of the Shaw kitchen, when, to make matters as certain as possible, he jumped down over the wheel the moment the team paused under the great elm that shaded the side porch. It was manifestly baking day on the other side of that meshed wire. He could identify fresh bread, gingercake and, he thought, at least one variety of cookies. If there was as yet no direct evidence of pies, it was not beyond the probabilities that this omission might be rectified before dinner. His affections reached out strongly to Mrs. Libby Shaw as her neat, generous figure appeared in the doorway and her amiable, deliberate voice greeted him.

"Why, hello, Elmer! My, but you've grown!"

She turned, addressing an older woman, considerably plumper, who, beyond a floury baking board, regarded Elmer above affable steel-rimmed spectacles.

"Here's Mr Bixby and Elmer. Aunt Bessie, just in good time to stay for dinner. Guess we better make up a couple pies, after all, if Elmer can find enough windfalls for us." She provided a splint basket and pointed superfluously to a red-astrachan tree, extending greeting and invitation now to Uncle Clem. Returning light of heart and foot from his errand, Elmer collaborated joyfully in the chase and capture and execution of two White Wyandotte cockerels and, while Uncle Clem stabled and fed the team, dealt skilfully with scalded feathers.

"It'll be real nice to have some chicken again," said Aunt Bessie. "Seems as if Libby and I don't git round to having it exceptin' when there's comp'ny."

Mrs. Shaw, quartering the windfalls with the swift precision of the adept, elaborated on the theme.

"It don't seem wuth while to do real cookin' when there's only me and Aunt Bessie to eat it," she announced. "It's a real treat when we git comp'ny." Her eye surveyed Elmer thoughtfully. "I declare it beats all the way you and Mr. Bixby always make out to look so nice, travelin' the way you do. Neat's a new pin, ain't he, Aunt Bessie?"

Elmer was glad Uncle Clem had thought of that halt at the creek. He gave himself over happily to the seductive smells and sounds of cookery, only remotely aware that Uncle Clem, returning from the barn, made no effort whatever to introduce a commercial note into the conversation. He ate methodically, his contentment given a certain edge by the reflection that by nightfall he would be infinitely remote from any surplusage of fried chicken left perforce on that generous platter, from the other half of the second green-apple pie. Instead, he reminded himself gloomily, he'd be breathing yellow dust and listening to Uncle Clem's debating practice, with the prospect perhaps of another shaming rebuff like last night's. No, he decided, peddling wasn't what it was cracked up to be. If you could live, instead, at such a place as this ——

He withdrew himself mournfully from Uncle Clem's professional interview with Mrs. Shaw, and instead of immediately attending to his task of hitching up, explored the big dusky barn built snugly into the steep slant behind the house—a cavern of drowsy shadow, where the motes danced mysteriously in thin slices of light that slipped through cracks in the wall, the air touched with the smell of hay and musical with the sleepy hum of wasps and the sly, thin cheep of bats hidden behind beam and rafter. Elmer thought it a place manifestly designed as a playground for rainy days. Climbing the ladder of slats nailed to the wall and surrendering himself to the soft, faintly aromatic cushion of ancient hay in the high mow, he decided that it would serve excellently, also, as a place of after-dinner naps. Yes, sir, if a fellow lived here ——

He woke, to find Uncle Clem twitching at his sleeve, and sat up regretfully.

"Time to go already?"

"Guess so." Uncle Clem, however, lowered himself deliberately to the hay and exhaled a deep sigh. "Wish I had time for a nap myself. D'know when I've et such a good meal. Nice place, ain't it? Nice folks too. Only one thing about Mis' Shaw 't don't suit me."

"What?"

Elmer was disposed to resent the qualification. To his view, at the moment, there existed no basis whatever for criticism of Mrs. Libby Shaw.

"Only 't she ought to git married again," said Uncle Clem. "It ain't good sense, a lady like her livin' this way, nor good business neither. No, sir, that's one thing you learn mighty quick in the peddlin' business, if you ain't learned it already out of the Bible—it ain't good for folks to live alone. Specially folks like Mis' Shaw, with a farm goin' to wreck and ruin on shares and a big house settin' empty and ——" He wagged his head disapprovingly. "And her such a first-rate cook too. It ain't good sense, Elmer."

He got slowly to his feet and moved to the ladder. Elmer followed him sleepily. He saw Uncle Clem seemingly lean backward and had time to wonder at the foolish brandishing gesture of his hand, waving the slat to which it had clung. There was an ugly snapping sound somehow involved in the thudding crash on the barn floor, a sharp outcry. Leaning over the edge of the mow, he could see Uncle Clem lying there, one leg twisted strangely under him.

"Better climb down the hay chute." Uncle Clem's voice sounded queerly different. "That ladder ain't safe. Guess I've busted this leg."

Even then, as he scrambled down the dark shaft to the mangers, as he ran to the house and then to call the men at work in the bean field beyond the road, as he watched them carry Uncle Clem into the bedroom on the ground floor, as he rode a barebacked horse at a canter after the doctor—Elmer was aware of a stubborn, disgraceful sense of consolation. He couldn't help thinking that Uncle Clem had picked out a mighty good place for that accident.

II

THE sun informed Elmer that noon was altogether too near at hand for any serious consideration of the inference to be drawn from that bamboo fish pole canted over Mr. Hub Massey's shoulder. In its proper time and place a worthy and satisfying enterprise, fishing was assuredly not to be balanced against dinner at Mrs. Shaw's—especially when Doctor Peters guaranteed to have Uncle Clem back on the van in a month, and when, of those thirty-one dinners, five had already disappeared—disappeared the way money slipped through your fingers at a county fair, before you knew it, as if by malicious artifice. No, sir. Elmer approached Mr. Massey in a spirit of purely philosophic interest, mildly curious as to a fishing expedition so remote from any running water.

Mr. Massey, making him welcome, enlightened him at some length as to the purpose of the bamboo pole. This, it appeared, had to do with ground hogs, who, according to Mr. Massey, were just raising eternal Ned with his clover. Elmer watched the process with a certain secret sympathy for the quarry. Mr. Massey poured an evil-smelling liquid on a wadded rag and employed the flexible rod to propel this past the curves of the burrow, after which he choked the opening with grass and sealed it with earth, well tamped under his boot heels.

"Bisulphide," he explained. "Turns into gas and smothers 'em if you find all the holes and dose 'em this way." He repeated the process at another burrow. "How's Bixby gittin' along?"

Elmer frowned at the reminder. He was glad that Uncle Clem was getting better, of course, but there wasn't any need of doing it so fast as to surprise people, even the doctor, who had actually suggested that the leg might knit in less than that niggardly remnant of the original month.

"First-rate," he said gloomily. "Doctor says it won't be hardly no time before we're back on the road again. Says ——"

Mr. Massey emitted a pessimistic laugh.

"Don't you believe it, that's all I got to say. Bixby he ain't got 's much chance as this here ground hog!" He stamped the moist soil down into the burrow for emphasis. "No, sir, I hev knowed a ground hog to dig his way out."

Elmer stared.

"The doctor says ——"

"I ain't talkin' about busted bones. I'm tellin' you 't Bixby ain't got a chance to git out of that house alive and single. You ain't made a study of womenfolks the way I hev, Elmer, or I wouldn't need to tell you. In there, flat on his back, and a man 't don't know how to handle 'em neither! No, sir, your peddlin' days is over an' done with, Bixby he's the same as married this minute. You mark my words!"

"Think so, honest?" Elmer surveyed the prospect with a wary, untrustful hope. Not just twenty-five of those dinners, after all—he thought dimly of Thanksgiving and Christmas; of shagbarks and chestnuts in the woodlot and pumpkins shining between the corn shocks.

"It ain't a case f'r thinkin'," said Mr. Massey with conviction. "You ain't made a study of it, or you'd see that without me tellin' you. It's a case f'r knowin'. Bixby layin' there helpless, f'r two women to work on all they're a mind to! Don't tell me! They got a man in the house an' they ain't goin' to leave him git out—not single, no, sir! Not without somebody puts a spoke in their wheel, anyhow—somebody 't knows how to handle 'em. I got a good mind to do it myself, I hev! Yes, sir, I got a first-rate notion to ——"

He paused to pour out more poison. Elmer glanced at the sun.

"I got to git back, Mr. Massey. Most dinnertime."

Mr. Massey straightened.

"I bet they both been feedin' him two-handed," he said bitterly. "That's their strong holt. Chicken and choc'late cake and ——"

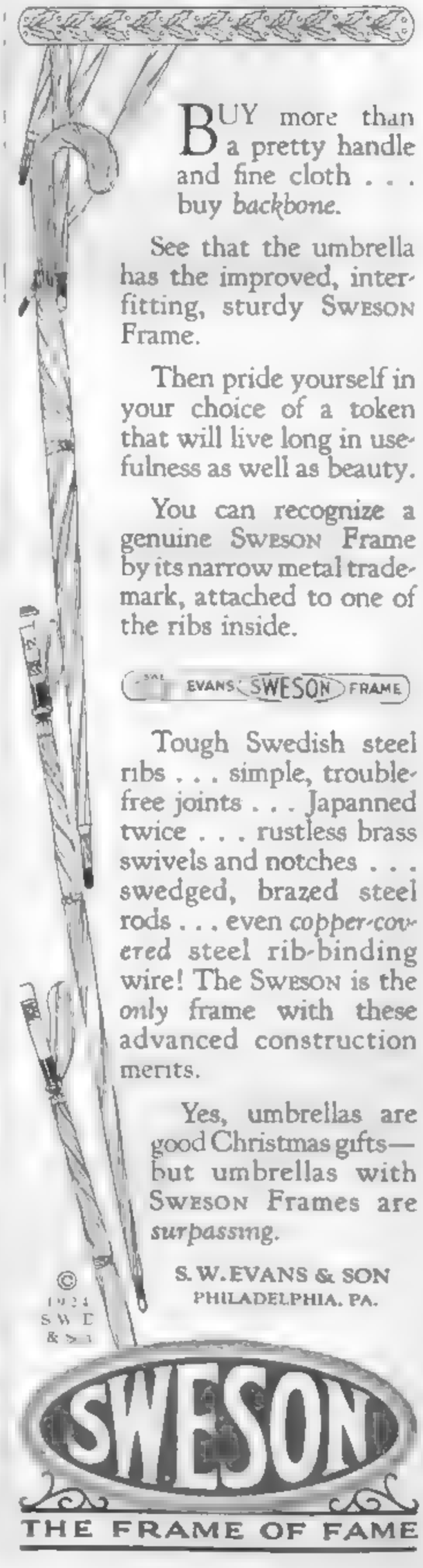
"—— pie," said Elmer absently. "Green-apple mostly. Cream on it, and frizzled beef for breakfast and ——"

"Fried mush, too, I bet."

"Maple sirup." Elmer licked his upper lip and again consulted the sun. "I got to git back."

"You better if you aim to git Bixby out of there alive and single." Mr. Massey sealed the doom of another ground hog. "If I was you I'd take and set by him like I was hitched. Wouldn't give 'em no chance to git round him, I wouldn't. By gorry, I got a good notion to come round

How to choose a gift umbrella



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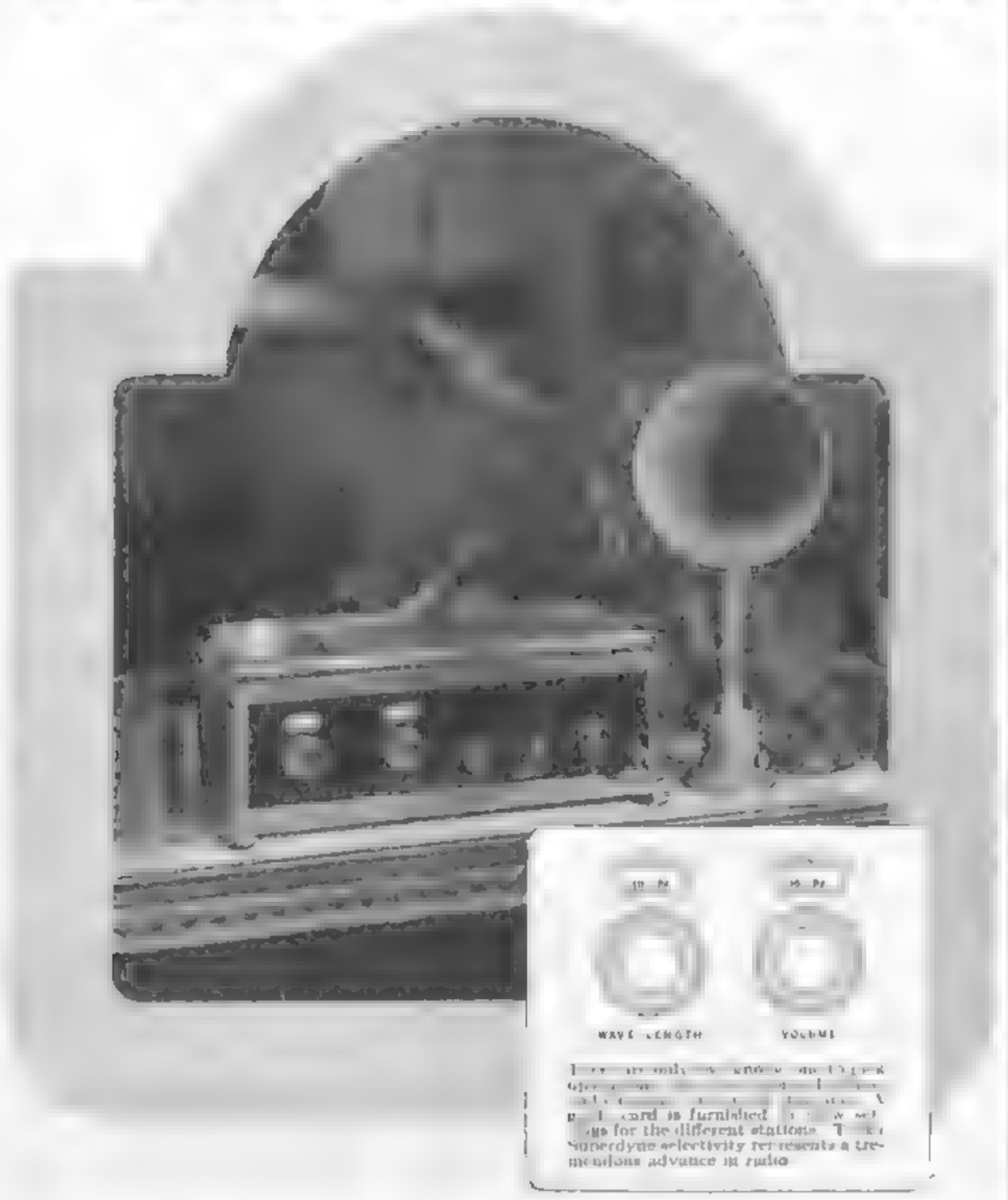

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there one these days and help you do it. Pie and chicken—bet you they take an' make you freeze ice cream for him any minute'"

"Sunday," said Elmer. "Maple cream, Mis' Shaw says. I got to git back."

He dwelt wistfully on the bright vision as he recrossed the sloping meadow toward the red roof in its green blot of orchard. Peddling taught you the unwisdom of counting your chickens in the egg; but Mr. Massey spoke with authority. He had studied these matters, clearly; he had guessed almost right as to the kitchen attack on Uncle Clem's singleness. One thing Elmer decided—he'd stay out of Uncle Clem's room after this. Let him practice on Mrs. Shaw or Aunt Bessie instead, and thus afford them, as Mr. Massey said, plenty of chance to get round him.

The blended exhalations from the stove were more subtly inviting as he breathed them through the screen door and remembered Mr. Massey's interpretation of their deeper significance. He saw with approval that Aunt Bessie was alone in the kitchen and, inclining his head, heard a fluent eloquence in the bedroom.

"And this here elegantly bound volume containin' three hund'd and eighty pages of the inspirin' and instructive story of Admiral George Dewey, Mis' Shaw, with no less 'n thutty-two sep'rate an' distinc' engravin's an' a map in four colors of the Ph'lipeen Islan's, is yours, for the first an' last time, for the ridic'lous price of—of"—the fire went out of Uncle Clem's tone—"of nothin', Mis' Shaw. I'd like first-rate f'r you to leave me make you a present of this here book. Started in to say so first off, an' then forgot and went to peddlin' again. Sort of got the habit, seems like."

Elmer tiptoed past the door, his respect for Mr. Massey's discernment measurably enlarged. It was clear that Uncle Clem had begun to be got round. He managed to avoid the sickroom until the last bit of gummy apple sirup had been scraped from the pie pan and the two women were dealing with the dishes in the kitchen.

"Been over helpin' Mr. Massey kill ground hogs," he explained in response to question. "He never said a word about that there knitter. Guess he'll keep it."

"Hope so, anyhow," Uncle Clem looked gloomy. "Don't look like we'd sell much else f'r a spell, with me laid up this way." He lapsed into meditation. "It's too bad, Mis' Shaw, she'd ought to be married, Elmer, same as I told you the other day. Yes, sir, that's how it is. Ain't a mite of sense to it, a lady like her livin' this way."

Elmer held a discreet and contented tongue. Long ago he had learned the usefulness of keeping still when the customer was talking himself into buying. He slipped down from the rush-bottomed chair as Mrs. Shaw came to the door.

"I got to fill up the resevoy back of the stove," he announced. "Bet the wood box is about empty too"

Mrs. Shaw seemed pleased.

"I declare I don't see how we got along without you, Elmer." She shook her head slowly. "It'll feel real lonesome when you're gone and we have to fetch wood and water for ourselves again. Fill the resevoy all the way up to the top, I would. It's Sat'd'y."

Elmer saw no connection between these remarks, but he dismissed the matter as unimportant. Four pails of well water went into the reservoir and four times he crashed his double armful of stovewood into the big box by the woodshed door. The sound of Uncle Clem's voice reached him from the bedroom, hopefully persuasive; but it would be just as well, nevertheless, to be fortified against recall. He asked Aunt Bessie whether there wasn't some other chore to do.

"The gravel walk out front's a perfect sight," said Aunt Bessie. "I'll git you the pegs an' string an' you can weed it nice and straight for Sunday."

She demonstrated the technic of walk weeding and beamed at Elmer's prentice effort.

"That's first-rate! I declare I don't see how we're goin' to git along without you, Elmer. Makes a sight of difference havin' a boy like you round the house."

"Make a sight more havin' a man," ventured Elmer. Aunt Bessie was plainly delighted.

"Truest thing you ever said! Just what I keep tellin' Libby Shaw every day I live! You can talk all you're amind to, I tell her, but what this place wants is a man, if it's the last word I live to say!"

She expanded on the theme at some length, while Elmer dealt sternly with the grass and weeds that trespassed beyond the dead line of taut wool twine between the pegs. A body, she explained, couldn't rightly take an interest cooking up vittles for a couple of women, and it was a sin and shame to leave a first-rate farm run down on shiftless share-rent treatment, let alone not getting hardly enough out of your share to pay taxes. And when Elmer had got done with the walk he might take a tin pail and see if there wasn't a mess of blackberries ripe enough for supper, and he might just as well drive the cow down while he was up that way too.

These pretexts sufficed for a long, sleepy afternoon of absence from Uncle Clem's bedside, where, according to Mr. Massey, his presence might put a spoke in the wheel of the getting-round process. Waiting for supper in a friendly coolness of far-slanting elm shadow, Elmer was disturbed by the approach of Mr. Massey in the flesh; also, he observed, as he moved to the retaining wall to meet the caller, in Sunday clothes.

"Drivin' up town," said Mr. Massey, winding the reins about the whipstock. "Thought I'd stop in an' see Bixby a minute, long as I was goin' right by. Somebody'd ought to tell him ——"

"Sh-h!" said Elmer. "Look out or you'll wake him up. He's been talkin' most all day, an' Mis' Shaw wants him to git a good nap before supper. I'll tell him you stopped."

He was glad about that nap now. If Mr Massey got a chance to talk to Uncle Clem before Mrs. Shaw and Aunt Bessie had got all the way round him, he might get that spoke into the wheel after all. Mr. Massey was dangerous; he had studied these matters too deeply.

"Shucks!" Mr. Massey was disappointed. "Started early, just apuppose." He glanced at the kitchen door and Elmer saw his nostrils widen and twitch. "Didn't I tell you? Fryin' chicken for supper! You leave it to them women to git round a sick man every time! Layin' there flat on his back! Chicken!"

"Sody biscuits an' gravy," said Elmer.

"Didn't I tell you?" Mr. Massey spoke with bitterness. "Bet they feed him crabapple jelly ——"

"Quince," said Elmer. "Aunt Bessie's goin' to make some fresh crab apple next week. There's a tree 't's most ripe up by the ice house."

"Might have knowed it," said Mr. Massey. "I got a first-rate notion to go wake him up. He'd ought to have warnin' anyhow. Quince jelly—a man 't can't lift hardly a finger to help himself!"

"Mis' Shaw wouldn't like it," said Elmer hastily. "I'll tell him you was here when he wakes up, and you could stop in some other time when you ain't too busy."

"I could do that, I guess." Mr. Massey seemed to welcome the suggestion. "Tomorrow's Sunday—I could come over just as well 's not. Do it, too, by gorry. Flat on his back! Yes, sir, that's what I'll do. You tell him I'll be over first thing after I git done with my chores tomorrow."

Relieved, Elmer watched the dust cloud lift and hang behind the clacking wheels. Mr. Massey would come back tomorrow probably, but tomorrow seemed a long way off.

Drawn by compelling perfumes, he moved back to the kitchen, where Aunt Bessie's knife regulated the fascinating process of browning potatoes in a skillet. Her eyes slanted at Elmer above her glasses.

"Didn't I hear a rig just now?"

Elmer explained that, as long as Uncle Clem was asleep, Mr. Massey had driven on up to town. Aunt Bessie's lips achieved a sound of contemptuous impatience, more expressive somehow than any mere words.

"I declare I don't know what to make of Hub Massey! Supper almost ready and he drives right by! There's times when I think 't livin' alone that way must 've addled what little sense he was born with. Might think we put Paris green in our vittles, the way he acts."

Elmer, reserving a better opinion as to Mr. Massey's intelligence, said only that he was coming over again in the morning, at which tidings Aunt Bessie seemed but slightly mollified. She mentioned the matter with some heat at the table, and afterward, when Mrs. Shaw was giving Uncle Clem his supper and Elmer helped with the dish towel, she came back to it again.

"Wouldn't surprise me a mite if that Hub Massey didn't come tomorrow neither.

(Continued on Page 121)

"It's about Father - he's in the hospital!"

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SAFEDGE GLASSWARE PROTECTED BY THE BEADED EDGE IS MADE IN A COMPLETE LINE OF TABLEWARE

(Continued from Page 118)

I declare I ain't got a scrap of patience left, the way he goes on!"

"Guess he'll come all right," said Elmer pessimistically. "You wait 'n' see, Aunt Bessie."

Mrs. Shaw returned with the tray and Aunt Bessie abandoned the topic. Mrs. Shaw sent Elmer in to sit with Uncle Clem while she helped Aunt Bessie finish with the dishes. Uncle Clem was mildly pleased, Elmer saw, by the report about Mr. Massey.

"Wish 't I'd been awake when he was here," he said. "Been kind of wanting a chance to talk to Hub."

"Won't git it," said Elmer sourly. "Not without you gag him first. Talk your ear off, he will, an' no sense to what he says neither."

"Bound to talk fast and steady any time there's anybody around to listen to him, livin' the way he does," said Uncle Clem; "but I guess he c'n talk sense, just the same, if he gits listened to right." He paused. "More to listenin' 'n most folks think, Elmer. D'know but what it's more of a trick 'n talkin', when you come right down to it." He paused again. "Now Mis' Shaw, f'r instance, she's a first-rate list'ner, she is. Yes, sir, first-rate. Guess most anybody'd be apt to talk sense with her around."

Again Elmer had recourse to the device of silence, permitting the customer to convince himself unaided.

"She'd ought to be married though," said Uncle Clem. "No sense to it, a first-rate list'ner like her goin' to waste this way, 's you might say." He meditated a space. "Yes, sir, if peddlin' don't learn a man nothin' else, it'll learn him that—'t folks wasn't meant to live alone."

Elmer jumped up at the sound of Mrs. Shaw's returning steps. Maybe, if he kept out of the way, Mr. Massey might be too late tomorrow to put any spokes into the wheels.

"Tub's all ready, Elmer," said Mrs. Shaw. "You go get your bath now."

Elmer remembered that reference to Saturday in connection with the resevoy. A shadow lowered over his contentment; in summer, in a world liberally provided with swimming holes, bathing in a wooden washtub in the kitchen seemed a remarkably futile proceeding, almost a deliberate affront to the Providence that had dug, filled and agreeably tempered those swimming holes. Also, water so prodigally employed must be pulled up out of a well and carried, the bail cutting deep into your hand, to the resevoy in the back of the stove; it must be dipped out to fill the tub, and, to complete the folly of the performance, bailed out of the tub again after the bath. He decided, however, not to argue the point at present; he was at least provided with a chance to get out of Uncle Clem's room, to let Mrs. Shaw do some more of her first-rate listening.

He had the warm lamp-lighted kitchen to himself; a tub half full of hot water stood close to the amiable stove; yellow soap and a rough towel lay on a chair. Undressing, he was almost reconciled to the silly business. Through the wall he could hear Uncle Clem talking almost as fast and steady as if he had been Mr. Massey himself. She'd stay in there as long as Elmer sat in the tub.

He decided to be deliberate about that bath after all.

He had just arranged himself in the tub, his knees close to his chin, when the voice stopped; there were approaching steps and the door opened. Elmer stared, unbelieving, outraged, at the shameless intrusion of Mrs. Shaw. She came straight toward him; she lifted the yellow soap; she—she applied it, ruthlessly and unsparing, to Elmer's neck and ears and hair, hearing his sputtered protests unmoved and pitiless. The lather got into Elmer's eyes and trickled down into his mouth as he tried to talk. Rinsed and toweled, as to his head, he was left to complete the bath unaided, to try by vain rubbings of the harsh towel to rid his tongue of the persisting loathly flavor of that soap, to confront the bitterness of disillusion as he assumed the clean nightshirt and carried his clothes up the steep back stairs to the little bedroom in the L—the bedroom that had seemed so friendly only this morning, so snug and protective in its smallness.

He lay awake, a new liking and respect for Mr. Massey in his outraged spirit. Remotely the sound of Uncle Clem's voice reached him; that woman was there, getting round him, a first-rate listener, as Uncle Clem himself had said. Elmer carried into uneasy dreams a cheering thought that Mr. Massey would be over in the morning with that spoke of his—yellow soap—womenfolks—crab-apple jelly!

III

EVEN maple ice cream, Elmer reflected, had its darker aspects. You had to scramble up to the narrow head room of the ice house and delve in deep moist sawdust that got inside your shoes; you chopped with a broken-handled ax and pried with an old crowbar till your arms ached, and struggled up the path with a piece of ice, wrapped in a rag-carpet remnant, hugged against your breast and drooling wet sawdust all over you. You smashed this, after you'd rinsed it, mixed it with rock salt in the freezer tub and turned a squeaking crank till you were fit to drop. To be sure, there was a certain mitigating matter of the dasher afterward, but it had somehow lost its anticipated charm by then.

Sunday, too—supposed to be a day of rest! Elmer contemplated the morning in resentful retrospect. Leave it to womenfolks to make work for you, Sunday or no Sunday, if they couldn't find it any other way—always wanting you to bring in a pail of water or another armful of wood or go feed the chickens or carry a heavy bucket down to the pig trough.

Not much like the Sundays on the road, when he and Uncle Clem camped out somewhere and took it decently easy all day long. No, sir!

He was glad that Mrs. Shaw had gone to church, even though it meant that Elmer had curried a horse and hitched him to the shiny black buggy. As long as she wasn't in there listening to Uncle Clem ——

"See here, Elmer, long as you ain't got nothin' else to do, why n't you go over to Hub Massey's an' see if he ain't comin' to see your uncle? It's most eleven, right now."

Aunt Bessie offered the suggestion in the tone of one conferring a boon. She had employed the same provocatively cheerful manner in earlier references to wood and water, as if the discovery of something else for Elmer to do were a particularly happy inspiration on her part of which he would exceedingly rejoice to hear.

"Oh, he'll be here all right," he said sulkily. "He said he would, sure."

"What Hub Massey says don't mean a thing. Don't know his own mind two minutes on end." Aunt Bessie spoke with the effect of impatience with which, always, she discussed Mr. Massey. "Be just like him to say he'd come and then never do it! You run over there ——"

"Aw, he'll come!" Elmer scowled. "He's got a special reason."

It proved impracticable to withhold more specific information from Aunt Bessie. Womenfolks, Elmer reflected bitterly, never let up on you when they started pumping. He took a sort of pleasure, anyway, in telling her Mr. Massey's special purpose, at the last of it. Needn't think, just because a man was flat on his back, that they could get round him without a struggle.

"Got a notion 't Mis' Shaw an' Uncle Clem might git married," he told her. "Comin' over to try an' stop it."

Aunt Bessie regarded Elmer, the backs of her plump hands supported by her hips.

"Elmer Clinton! Whatever in the world put a notion like that into your head? Of all things! I declare I never ——"

"Said so," said Elmer doggedly. "You just wait and see!"

Aunt Bessie reflected visibly. She pressed her lips firmly together and opened them with decision.

"You go straight over there and tell him your uncle wants him," she commanded. "The idea of making up such a story, just to save yourself a mite of a walk! I'm surprised at you, Elmer!"

Elmer protested uselessly. Under unshaken conviction of falsehood, he scuffed his feet through the dust of the road, his sense of grievance by no means lessened at the sight of Mr. Massey, again in Sunday attire, approaching him across the clover field. There was even an added injury in Mr. Massey's cheerfulness.

"Made me come over after you," said Elmer in response to inquiry. "Told her there wasn't no sense to it."

He kicked savagely at the dust, and Mr. Massey, moving away from the rising puff, cautioned him in the matter.

"Got on my good clothes," he said. "No need to go an' kick dust all over 'em."

"Always makin' extra work f'r you!" Elmer held to his own sequence of thought. "Just make it up out of their heads, women do. Sunday, too!"

Mr. Massey clicked his tongue against his teeth.

"Now that just shows you ain't made no real study of it, Elmer, 'r you wouldn't go sayin' that. If there's one thing 't a woman's real good at it lays right there. Yes, sir, you take a man fixed the way I am and a good two-handed sort of woman 'd come mighty clost to savin' me the hull cost of her keep, just doin' the house chores so's I could have my time clear f'r workin' the land. You ain't got no notion how long it takes me just doin' my cookin'. Many's the time I've figured out 't I'd save good money if I had a woman keepin' house f'r me."

Elmer was not interested. He withdrew his attention as they walked back to Mrs. Shaw's, aware only that Mr. Massey continued to talk. He led the way into Uncle Clem's room by the front door, thus avoiding an encounter with Aunt Bessie, who would certainly have thought of another chore by now. Uncle Clem made his visitor warmly welcome.

"Been kind of hopin' you'd come over," he said. "Git sort of lonesome without a man to talk to. Course Mis' Shaw and Mis' Gilbreth been mighty good to me, but it ain't the same thing. Guess a man listens better somehow."

Mr. Massey leaned forward on his rush-bottomed chair.

"Now that just shows you ain't made no real study of it, Bixby, 'r you'd know better 'n to say a thing like that! If there's one thing 't a woman's good at, it lays right there! Yes, sir, listenin's their strongest holt, if you git right down to it. You take a man an' he's always tryin' to interrup' you with some notion of his own, 'stead of givin' you a fair chance to say your say clean out. You take me, f'r instance, an' I got to go round talkin' to hosses an' myself. Yes, sir, when you look at it right, you're lucky, Bixby—nothin' to do only lay flat on your back an' talk, an' a couple 'f women right handy, all the time, to listen."

"Somethin' in that, sure enough," said Uncle Clem. "D'know as I ever looked at it jest that way." He sniffed. "Seems like I smelled chicken fryin' again. Goin' to have it f'r dinner, Elmer, d'you know?"

"Ought to." Elmer spoke glumly. "Been pickin' wet pinfeathers till my fingers 're about wore off."

Uncle Clem shook his head.

"Don't seem 's if I could relish it somehow. Right funny thing, Hub, the way women can't never git tired 'f chicken an' such fixin's, when it'd be a sight easier to hev good plain cookin' instead. Seems 's if ——"

It appeared that this matter, too, had been the object of a special study on Mr. Massey's part. Aunt Bessie's falsely affectionate call of "El-mer-r-r!" interrupted a fluent discourse on the relative values, gustatory and nutritive, of chicken and, say, salt pork or bread and milk.

Informed, without surprise, that Aunt Bessie needed two-three sticks of wood and that, as long as he was here, he might 's well bring in a fresh pail of water, he performed these tasks in a profound discouragement. The way Mr. Massey was going on in there you might think that instead of hindering the conspiracy against Uncle Clem, he'd come over here on purpose to help! Elmer faced a sense of beleaguered helplessness; Uncle Clem in there, laying flat on his back, and everybody, even Mr. Massey ——

A dark suspicion of treachery and collusion grew upon him during dinner. Mrs. Shaw, home from church in her stiff black silk, had prevailed upon Mr. Massey to share this meal. Surveying her placid and amiable countenance across the table, Elmer was obliged to feign agreement with Mr. Massey's repeated felicitations on the good fortune that had marooned him here. Remembering the inexorable clutch on the back of his neck, the feel and smell and taste of that yellow soap, Elmer marveled at the hypocrisy which enabled Mrs. Shaw to accept these praises as just and merited.

Mrs. Shaw seemed contented to listen, as if in proof of Mr. Massey's views in this respect; but Aunt Bessie talked quite a lot. The chicken and fixings handicapped Mr. Massey severely in the matter of conversation and gave Aunt Bessie a good many chances. Elmer's appetite failed as he gave ear to her. She didn't even bother to conceal what she was driving at, he thought—always talking about what a pleasure it was for her and Libby to have Uncle Clem in the house and how sorry they'd be when he was gone and what a nice, refined, cultivated man he was and such an interesting talker, too, and how nice it was to have Elmer around and what a help he'd been.

Elmer could hardly eat his fourth helping of the maple ice cream. He slid out of his chair and went into Uncle Clem's room. Uncle Clem's eyes were shut, but his lips moved and Elmer caught familiar words.

"Le's see. I'll say, 'Seems funny the way a lady takes on about a mite of dust under a bed ——'" The eyes opened. Uncle Clem regarded Elmer with a funny, slanting look. "Hub ain't gone, is he?"

Elmer canted his head toward the kitchen.

"Don't sound like it, does it?"

In spite of distance and intervening walls, Mr. Massey's voice was heard to declare that he hadn't et no such dinner in he didn't know how long. Uncle Clem twitched at Elmer's sleeve.

"You git him back in here soon's he's done eatin'," he whispered. "I been studyin' over some—some more ways to listen."

IV

A MILD regret seemed to deepen Elmer's pleasure in a number of long-familiar things—in the mysterious way you could feel, through the tight reins, the eagerness of the rested horses, for instance; in the smoothness of the newly dragged road across the rain-washed flats, the far-away smell of autumn that only reminded you of the six good weeks that still protected you from school; in the presence of Uncle Clem on the seat of the van, bleached and weak and shaky, to be sure, but still, as Mr. Massey had put it, alive and single.

Under such conditions you could almost enjoy being a little sorry and homesick; you could look back without rancor on Saturday nights and yellow soap, on wood boxes and water pails, and remember such compensations as—as sponge cake swimming in a bowl of whipped cream, as crab-apple jelly on piping-hot raised biscuits, as platters of broiled chicken. Elmer thought happily of the snack under the seat; he'd seen Aunt Bessie put a chicken into the shoe box.

As long as everything had turned out right, after all, you could afford to be just a lee-tle mite sorry that it couldn't have turned out wrong, too, the way you put your foot out of bed on a cold night so you'd enjoy the warmth more when you pulled it back.

"Mighty nice lady, Mis' Shaw," he said. "So's Aunt Bessie. Kind of hated to leave, I did."

"So'd I," admitted Uncle Clem. "Stayed another week, I would, if I'd felt we could afford it, after bein' laid up so long, with doctor's bills and board to pay and no chance to make a dollar."

"Made plenty," objected Elmer, "if you'd charged Mis' Shaw reg'lar prices on all we been sellin' her this last week." He sighed. "Cert'nly supprised me the way she cut loose and bought, soon as she got started. Didn't figure we'd sell her a thing—not after the way she'd set there and leave you talk her ear off and never even git int'rested. An' all at once ——"

"Things was different," said Uncle Clem. "Tell you, Elmer, there ain't nothin' so good f'r the peddlin' business 's marryin' an' givin' in marriage, as you might say. Noticed it ever sense I been on the road. Ain't hardly wuth while to stop to a house without there's married folks in it. Seems 's if a woman never needed nothin' unless she's got a husband, to start off with. Same way with a man. No, sir, guess a peddler wouldn't hardly make horse feed in heaven." He nodded. "Couldn't hev sold Mis' Shaw a thing, this trip 'r any other, if I hadn't ma le out to git Hub Massey into the notion 't he wanted to marry her. Sight more to the peddlin' business 'n jest sellin' goods, Elmer."

Elmer twisted in the seat.

"You mean to say you done it—on puppose? You mean to tell me you talked Mr. Massey into ——"

Uncle Clem shook his head.

"Don't guess anybody could talk Hub Massey into anythin'—he don't give you no chance." He grinned slowly. "Had to listen him into it, Elmer." The grin warmed to his thin chuckle. "Time we come back, next summer, wouldn't wonder if he was kind of different. That there Mis' Shaw she's got it down to a sci'nce—listenin'. Made a study of it, she has!"

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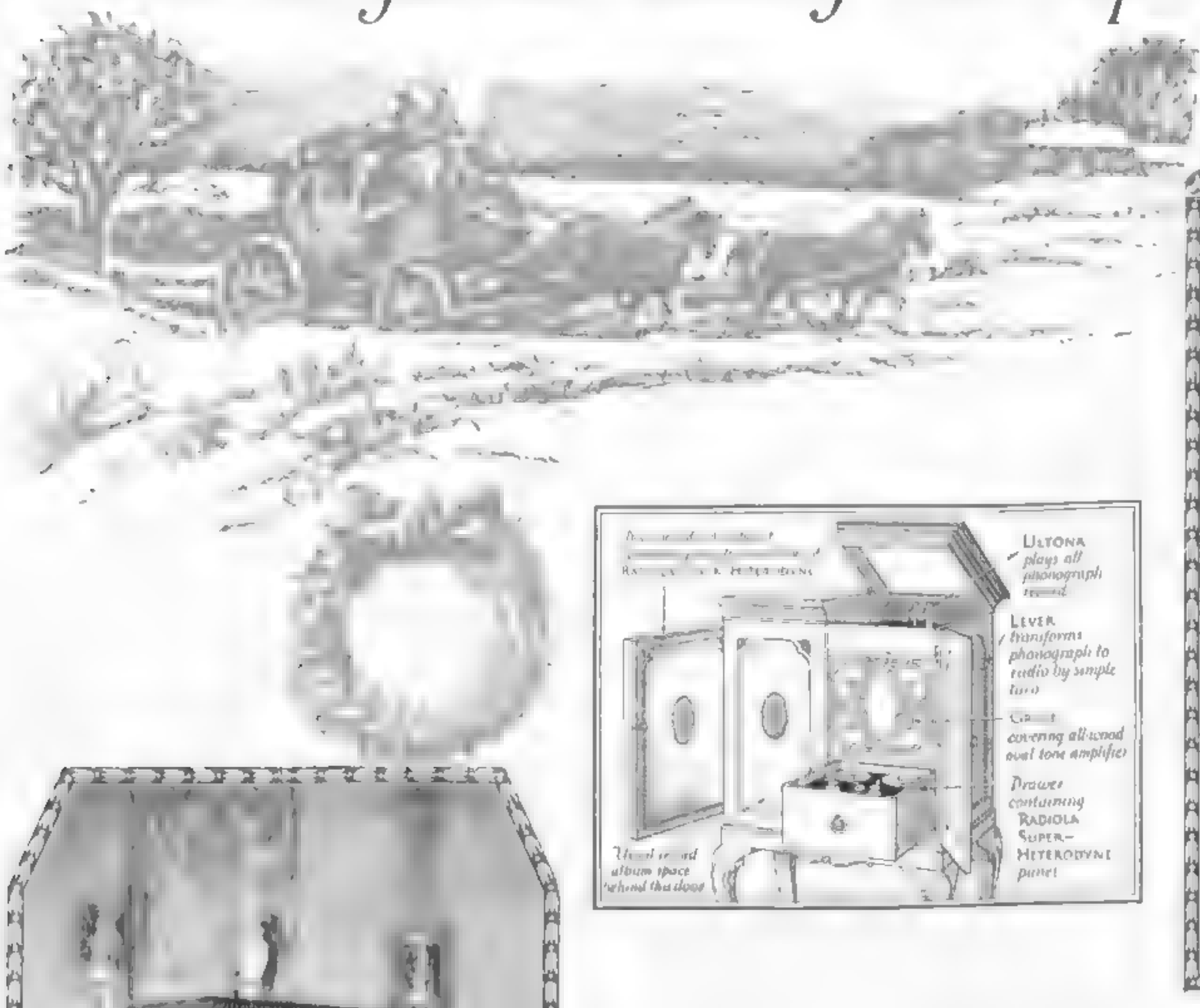

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Shopper's Christmas Guide

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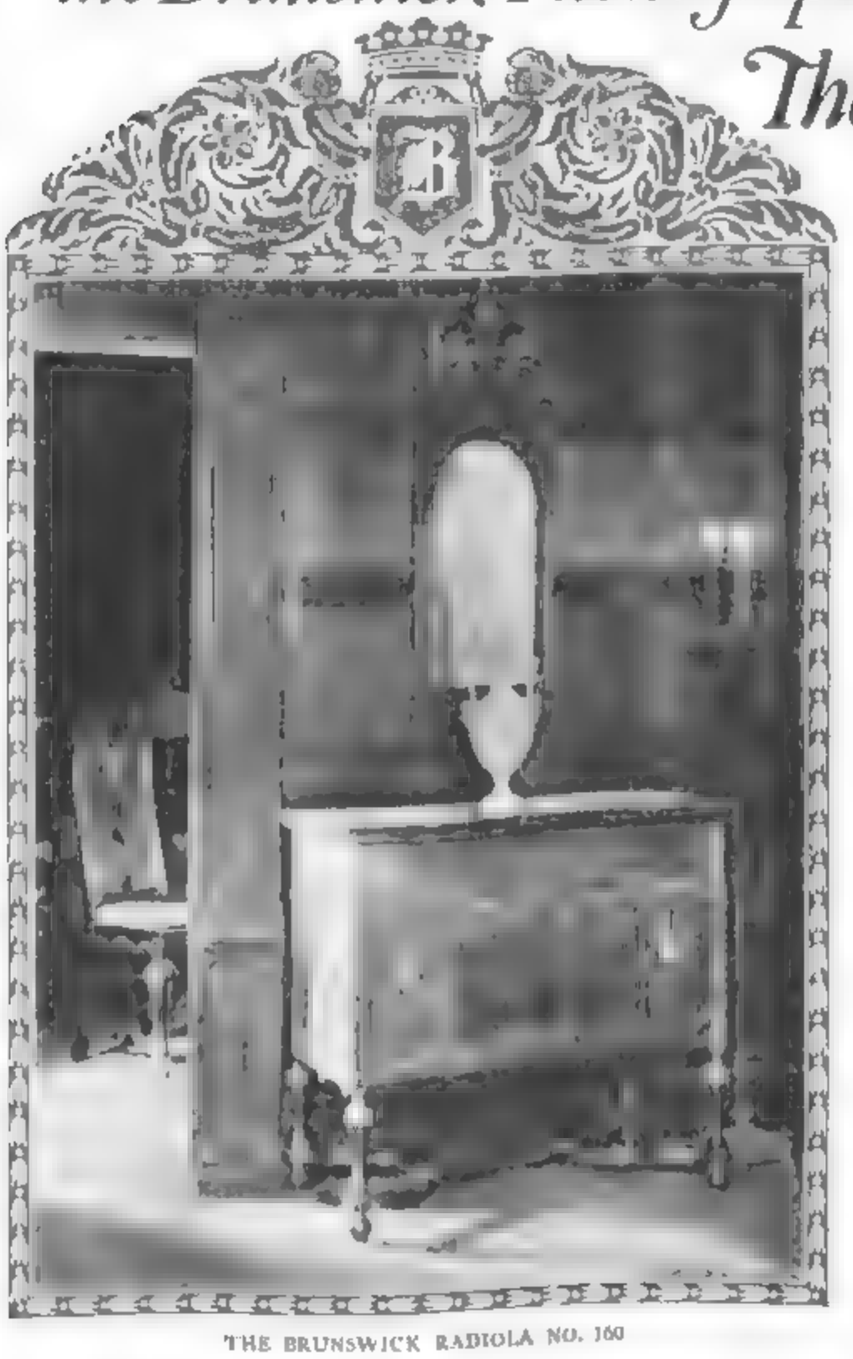

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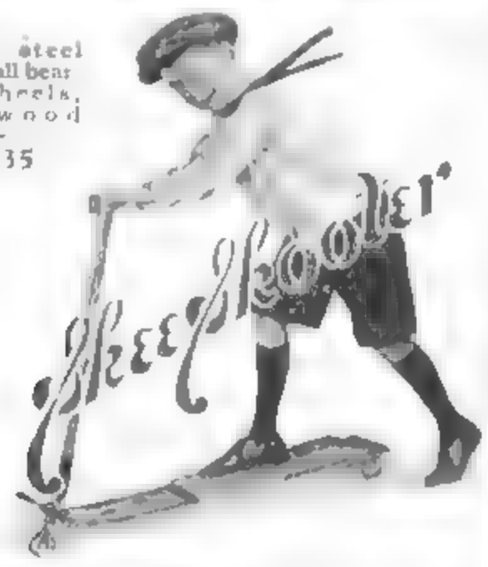

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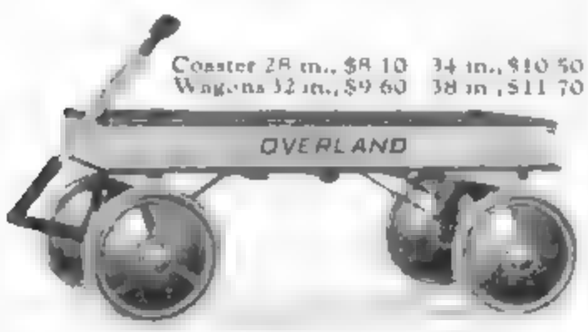

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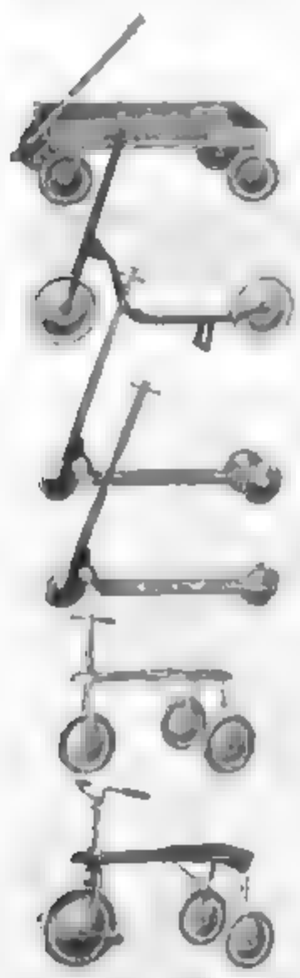

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THIS LITERARY BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 40)

when they are done asserting they are artists, and from living lives so free that, if freedom counts, and temperament counts, they are the supreme artists of the ages.

Whether literature is an art depends, I am quite sure, upon what school of literature you belong to—for there are schools. Whether literature is a creative art depends upon the same thing. First, let us examine the Ultra-Modern, or Realist School. It employs the nasty-little-boy method and is very effective in a publicity way. This school refuses plot and declares that it mirrors life meticulously. We may safely admit the meticulousness, but it would seem the quicksilver has cracked off the back of the mirror. This school enjoys a wide reputation, especially among suppressed spinsters who have never seen such words used before, and a species of fame adheres to authors who are addicted to it. The basis of this school is that you must not conceal the plumbing. When I was a very little boy another little boy discovered Webster's Unabridged Dictionary as a repository of life. It contained words! These words were defined with exactness and clarity. Word spread rapidly through the school that the dictionary was a nasty book, and for a time it enjoyed an unprecedented vogue. Our authors of this school are, apparently, those same nasty little boys grown up, but now, instead of writing their knowledge of life—a little distorted by lack of adequate digestion perhaps—on the back fence of the schoolhouse, they print it in novels.

Love of the Unpleasant

These gentlemen and ladies write of life as it is, they tell us, eliminating impossible romance, impossible decencies, impossible humanity, impossible human gratitudes and sacrifices and affections, impossible happy endings. They report. They describe odors but never perfumes. On their own evidence they do no imaginative creating, but set down in cold type life as it actually is lived by their neighbors. One is moved to pause and wonder at their selection of a neighborhood. The gentleman who lives next door murders his wife, who is fat and unpleasant, because their child had stomach trouble in the night—meticulously described stomach trouble—and demanded that he arise and participate in tidying up the room. This is rather a common practice among husbands. It is a sample of realistic plot. Insanity is lavishly used, but not to the same extent as perversions. These authors will walk past the most beautiful sunset, to describe, dropping in now and then one of those dictionary words, the back yard adjoining the pigsty.

I have lived a number of years in this world and have studied in my nearsighted way the goings and comings of the people around me, but I have not been able to observe clearly nor understand what I have observed. For instance, I have not seen how commonplace and habitual a thing it is for fathers to lead out their eight-year-old daughters, preferably behind the barn, and cut their throats because they see evidences in the child that she will grow up to have a wen behind her ear just like mother's. In this novel the wen is the plot. It is the wen which so works upon the life of the hero that his poise is destroyed, his life made horrible by day and night, and which, in the end, gets him executed with minute descriptions. I have never observed this phenomenon, though, since my attention has been called to its persistent, everyday occurrence, I have looked for it.

This may be art, but it is not creative art, on the authority of its authors themselves. They merely set down what they see. But I am wrong; they do create, in the sense that an egg which has passed into senility creates when it is flung against a wall. Authors of this school are hailed as men of genius, men of sincerity, men who contribute something vital and fine to the world. If any reader desires to become an author offhand, I would advise selecting this school as the easiest road. It requires no imagination, no knowledge of grammar, no appreciation of character drawing or of plot structure. All it demands is eau de Cologne and the vocabulary of a boy of ten whose parents have neglected to oversee his associates. Anybody can do it. I could do it if I wanted to, and become famous

Then we have the No Plot -No Verb School. This is generally biographical. You select the most uninteresting person you can think of and write her life, or his life, in a series of episodes. You may take a half-witted elevator conductor or a scrubwoman and do three hundred pages about him or her, being careful to use no verbs. This is style. I think it is the illegitimate daughter of free verse. If you like things jerky this will be your favorite school, for reading it is like running your finger down a washboard. It goes like this: "The ocher river. The greasy planks at his feet. The throbbing and twisting of his distorted brain. Darkness and sex beating upon his distorted brain. Sex. Ah. . . . A woman's footfall. A slinking, shawl-hooded figure with splay feet. His brain—his brain, always throbbing. A woman's hooded figure. A shriek. A shawl carried by the ocher flood. A huddled, flabby woman's body with grease on the skirt. *Glang, Glang, Glang.* The patrol wagon. . . . Distorted brain throbbing in the patrol wagon. . . ." And there you are. Not a real verb from beginning to end. No bother about moods and tenses. Another chapter would be how in his hunger the hero stole the lame child's parrot and ate it while the parrot screamed verbless sentences. And so on.

This school is a bit more difficult than the first, because you have to remember not to use verbs. A verb is apt to sneak in. But critics are very fond of it, and if you do novels of this kind you will never be accused of selling your soul to the popular magazines.

These are the dominant schools of the day and their output is acclaimed as art, but they do not enjoy the wide popularity given to the Disguised Sex, or Veiled Pornographic School. Books of this school any child may read, and father may fetch them home to make pleasant the evening under the reading lamp. Always they point a moral. The method is this: You select all the incidents going to make up a frankly naughty book, and then you add twenty-five per cent of flagrant detail, so that in the end you have chapters which remind one of those paper pamphlets circulated by train boys some twenty-five years ago—against the law—which left no detail to the imagination; that is the first state. You put it all in. When you have done your all to betray the last private preference of your character you sprinkle the whole with side remarks to the effect that this is very wicked and that the wages of sin is death. You bear down on the iniquity of it so no reader can possibly be in error as to your views of such goings on. Then, in the end, instead of having them live happily ever after—as most wicked people do because they know how to enjoy themselves—you bring them to a painful and uplifting end, repentant and self-accusing. This is a grand school for getting the money, but one may doubt if it is art. It is rather too didactic. It savors of the textbook, or at least of Havelock Ellis.

The Nosey School of Fiction

After this we reach the Exhausted Author School. This is admitted by many to produce one of our highest forms of literary art. Its method is to write a good or bad story until you are worn out. It may be better to do it in a single sitting, because prolonged work makes for exhaustion. When you are so done out you can't strike another typewriter key, you just stop, and that is all. Wherever you happen to be in your story, you quit, and leave the poor characters to hang there forever, dangling without a thing to stand on. These are the books to which our critics refer when they say, "Mr. So-and-So had the courage to end his book flawlessly: an artistic ending." As a matter of fact, Mr. So-and-So was blessed with short wind or had failed to go into training for the longer distance.

Next we arrive at the Fly Speck or Nosey School. The plot in a novel of this kind is to count the number of finger marks the hero leaves on the guest towel, the number of pickets off the fence, exactly how the husband snored and perspired, and the minutest thoughts his wife entertained while she sat up in curl papers and watched him with disgust and wondered what it was about vice that made it attractive, and why people went in for it. This might also be called the Primitive Husband and the Unresponsive Wife School. The woman, as Arthur William Brown says, nearly always dies wondering. But Nosey is perhaps the best name for it. Intimate details! Doubtless thousands are enthralled to know how the wife looks with one stocking on and a boil on her knee. This school takes high literary place.

The idea is to be different—to invent something new in the making of a book—to discard all the old ideas, good, bad and indifferent, and to do something nobody did ten years ago. You don't even have chapters. Sometimes you will do seventy-five thousand words without a break of any kind, and sometimes you will number your paragraphs like verses in the Bible, and sometimes you will have chapters, but you will break them up into sections.

As I say, these are the most conspicuous and admired of the schools. You will see that I have not mentioned the book which goes along and tells an interesting story in a straightforward way about interesting people. I have not mentioned the book which can be read with enjoyment and which you lay down with regret. Such books are not worth discussing. Books like Lorna Doone, for instance, and Vanity Fair and The Mayor of Casterbridge! No, these books are tainted with something which is admired by all the other arts, but is chased out of the yard by literature. This is imagination.

The Novels of Other Days

Twenty-odd years ago we loaded ourselves up with a great mass of misinformation. For instance, we believed that one purpose of a novel, a work of fiction, was to entertain. It was written to give pleasure to people, to tell them a story which would make them forget for a time their troubles, take them out of themselves, and let them live an hour in a world of imagination. We were taught that that was a worthy and admirable thing to do. We believed that a good style made reading easy and not difficult. We knew that there were respectable people in the world, and wicked people. We knew there was heroism and cowardice, love and hate. We were brought up on logic, and thought that a book, to be properly constructed, must be built like a house, foundation first and the second story superimposed upon the first. We had an idea that there were things worth writing about and things not worth writing about. In this respect we seem to have selected very badly. We thought we knew that imagination was the one thing the world can never get along without; that imagination was the basis of every human endeavor. We admitted squalor and vice and abnormalities, but we did not think that they were universal, or, indeed, general. Sex was as indispensable to us as to these psychopathic schools, and we allowed for human nature and tried to create characters as real as Tess. There was sex in Tess, and there were pigpens, but Mr. Hardy knew how to use them—or so we thought in our blindness. We had an idea it was worth while to write about real human beings, not creatures out of a nightmare—and, as I say, our object was to give pleasure, to tell the truth, to reflect beauty—and to do as good and workmanlike a job as our limitations permitted. We were so utterly benighted as to believe that Mrs. Deland's Iron Woman was a work of art, and we even tried to inject humor into our stories at times -because it seemed to us that people did and said funny things. They don't -they just lie around waiting to use naughty words out of the dictionary. We tried to bring our novels to a logical conclusion and to finish our stories so the readers were content—and we thought such an ending was art. When we used description we did it because that description played some part in our story, and not merely because it was one more disgusting detail. Oh, we were decidedly off on the wrong foot.

Because of this, because of the upsetting of my notions of what good literature is and what it is not, I am unable to say if literature is an art. It was an art. But somebody took it and did something to it, and only God in His infinite wisdom knows what it is today.

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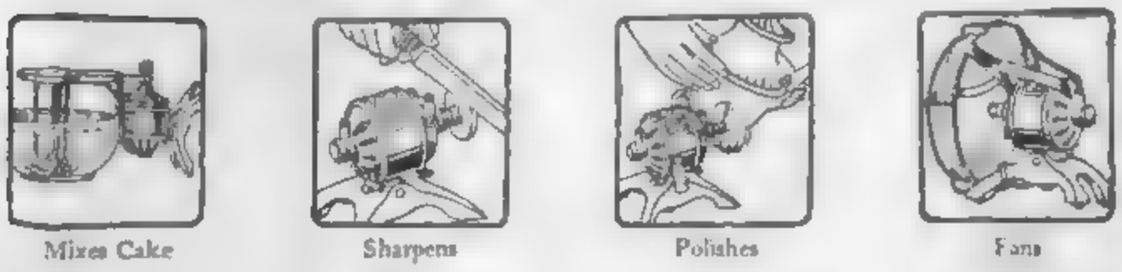

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Hamilton Beach *Home Motor*

THE LAST NIGHT

(Continued from Page 4)

she had given. The lovers plighted their troth, an act which in those days was considered almost as binding as a marriage. The old duchess seems to have taken no care to safeguard the girl's morals, except to take into custody every night the keys of her bedroom. But the lovers had no difficulty in finding a serving maid to steal them away again; and Derham came, according to Catherine's own testimony at the time of her trial, "every night to her chamber, bearing strawberries, apples and wine and other things to make good cheer with, after my lady was gone to bed."

Discovery of this happy clandestine love affair was inevitable, and before long it came. Catherine was beaten by the irate old lady, Derham dismissed to fight in Ireland.

This was the material of Casley's first act.

Hardly had the curtain risen when the author became aware that his interest in his own work had only slept. He had hardly heard the first word before he found that he cared more than he had ever cared before for this child of his brain. It seemed to him as unexpected as if he had never heard of it—to possess all the interest of an unknown work, and yet to be more his own than anything had ever been. He leaned over the railing, absorbed, unconscious. No one in the audience followed the action with an acuter sense of the unfolding of the drama. And when Gertrude, turning to him, murmured "How could you say it was dull?" he asked himself whether he had actually ever thought so. When the act was over he rose to his feet.

"Oh," cried Gertrude, "are you going to leave me?"

"Yes," he replied, for he had early in life learned the extraordinary power of monosyllables.

"Of course," said Gertrude, "you are going behind the scenes to congratulate Cynthia Brooks."

He was not, but he did not answer. He was going to smoke a cigarette in the alley in order to get away from Gertrude. Gertrude would not have believed him if he had told her that his relations with Miss Brooks were so impersonal that he was not at all sure that the leading lady had ever distinguished him from the head electrician. Yet it was on account of her enthusiasm for the play that Weyburn had produced it, and it was certainly on account of her sincere, vivid emotional performance that the first act had captured the audience—and incidentally the author. Casley's heart was still beating just a little faster with the memory of her voice as she bade good-by to her lover.

Suddenly the stage door opened and Weyburn's brisk little figure emerged.

"Well, Casley," he said, "what are you doing? Trying to pick up a little unofficial criticism?"

"No," said Casley.

Like all experts in the monosyllable, he never gave offense with it—at least not unintentionally.

"What did you think of Cynthia?"

"I thought," answered Casley, "that it would be impossible to be any better in every detail than she was."

"I wish you'd come behind and tell her that," said Weyburn, taking the professor's arm. "She was saying only yesterday that she had known authors who bawled her out, and authors who flattered her, but never before one who gave her no clew whatsoever as to what he thought of her performance."

Casley smiled. He was surprised and a little annoyed to find that he was pleased at discovering that Miss Brooks had thought about his attitude at all.

"I wish you'd tell her," he answered, "that I think she's superb; but I won't go behind just yet."

He never meant to go. After Weyburn left him he stood alone, smoking and thinking how he would never teach again; he would offer his resignation at once—as soon at least as he could be reasonably sure the play was going to last.

He had not known how bitterly he had grown to hate his work until he saw a possibility of leaving it.

The Franklin K. Lane Memorial Grove, Humboldt County, California

He started back to his seat before the bell began to buzz in the lobby, and found Caldecott just abandoning it. He felt a mild curiosity to know how Gertrude had succeeded in luring the critic of the great weekly up to the gallery, when it was well known that he always spent the *entr'acte* smoking on the sidewalk with the other critics. But knowing that Gertrude would say that she did it all for the sake of him and his play, he refrained from questioning her. And almost immediately the curtain rose.

The second act took place at a banquet given by the bishop of Winchester. Here the eyes of her sovereign and future husband first fell on the miniature beauty of Catherine Howard. By this time Henry had beheaded Anne Boleyn, had married and lost Jane Seymour, and now was bitterly weary of Anne of Cleves, whose lack of physical charms had angered him from the first. He appears to have fallen passionately in love with Catherine almost at first sight.

This act did not go well. The setting was beautiful, as all Weyburn's settings were; the costumes of the bishop, the guests and the retainers, the gold plate and the profusion of fruits and dishes made a fine spectacle. But now for the first time the king appeared. It had not been an easy part to cast. The physical appearance of Henry VIII is so well known that it was necessary to find an actor large and ruddy and vital. The selection finally fell on Brayton Halley, an actor who was not only experienced but who looked the part perfectly—a great, broad-shouldered, red-haired man, with a deep rolling voice. As he strode on the stage in his short furred coat, all embroidery and jewels, his flat feathered hat on his head and his thumb stuck in his belt, he looked so exactly like Holbein's portrait of Henry that the audience gave a cry of delight.

Unfortunately, however, Halley's past had been in slapstick farce. He was a sound actor and eager for the part, so that in rehearsal, under a wise and firm director, he had made an excellent performance. But on the first night, whether it was the excitement of an audience rather above what he was accustomed to or the subconscious effect of a past in which only a laugh was a success, or, as he afterward asserted, his honest conviction that the play needed lightening, he began almost from the moment of his entrance to play Henry as if he were the comic father in a pantomime. The first laugh seemed to drive everything that he had learned in rehearsal out of his mind, and he kept the audience in a continual gale, getting, as he himself boasted afterward, more laughs than the author knew were there.

In the second act this conduct did not matter so much. Halley was out of scale and threw Miss Brooks into the shade, but it was not disastrous. In the third and fourth acts, however, when tragedy, torture and treason and death sentences were the theme, laughs regular and almost continuous were the last thing to be desired. Everyone wrestled with Halley behind the scenes, but it was quite useless; a species of madness seemed to have seized upon him, some of the robust egotism and pigheadedness of the great Henry himself. It was impossible that the other actors should not be affected. Just as round a dinner table one guest who shouts will raise everyone's tone of voice, so on the stage, one actor who overplays changes the key of everyone's performance. Miss Brooks alone stood out against the infection, and she was soon almost wiped out of existence by Halley, who shouted and stamped and spoke directly to the audience when he should have been addressing members of the cast, and even, the great Caldecott said in his review, winked at the boxes; but this was contradicted.

But it would be untrue, as even Casley himself recognized, to attribute to Halley the decline of interest in the play as it went on. He himself had destroyed each thread, each theme that carried emotion by his too exact respect for historical and psychological truth. The audience could not be interested in the play as a love story after the execution of Derham, which took place in the third act. Nor could they feel any overwhelming sympathy with Catherine, at least no complete identification of their noble selves with her, when they found that during the torture of Derham she was far more concerned to know if he said anything to incriminate her than in the fact that he was enduring torture for her sake. And worst of all, the play was incredibly long. It was almost half after twelve before the final curtain fell on a half-empty house—fell on a recognized failure.

There is a strange primitive humiliation in the failure of a play. No one enjoys the printed rejection slip with a returned manuscript, but that is secret between the author and the editor. But a play is a public matter and demands an attitude toward the public. Casley felt no profound or soul-shaking emotion—only a wearied wonder that he should ever have imagined he could write a play, a state of mind which seemed to him to prove what he had long suspected—that he was entirely incapable of emotion. He exactly expressed his mental attitude when he said to Gertrude as they rose, for the exit of the audience was undelayed by applause, "Well, Gertrude, we never need do that again."

Even Gertrude's desire to say the kind thing paled before this situation, and they began to make their way downstairs in silence; in silence at least on their part. The audience, with that happy unconsciousness that authors exist, were making their comments freely and aloud:

"Well, they say the first fifty years are the hardest."

"Well, I guess that's a little too highbrow for me."

"That's right, dearie, you save the old bean for your business."

"A magnificent production."

"Oh, you can count on Weyburn for that."

"A perfect performance of Cynthia's."

"I liked the old fellar who did the king."

"You'd like to chop off a few wives' heads yourself, eh?"

"By the time I get to my fifth, I hope I'll have learned my lesson."

At the foot of the stairs Weyburn's secretary was waiting.

"Could you be in Mr. Weyburn's office tomorrow at eleven, Mr. Casley? We must think of a way of cutting out an hour."

"I know a way of cutting out four hours," said Casley.

"But that wouldn't leave us any play," said the secretary, who was no fool, but had found it safer to be absolutely literal.

"Have we one?" said Casley.

"Mr. Weyburn thinks so."

"I'll be there—if I'm alive," said Casley, and turning to Gertrude said he must get a taxi and he'd take her home.

But Gertrude was obliged to explain that she had other plans. In the first *entr'acte* she had a word with Mr. Caldecott, and in fact promised to go out to supper with him, supposing that her cousin would be occupied with—she had been on the point of saying his triumphs, but changed it to his professional duties. She could not let it go, however, without some excuse, and she added:

"The Sphere is so powerful, Benedict, I think perhaps his attitude might be more favorable if —— Those things do help, you know."

"Ah, Gertrude, be careful; nothing from a French farce, please," said Casley. "Remember, I would rather fail than succeed on the grave of a cousin's honor."

Gertrude, like most perfectly virtuous people, liked a joke of this sort, and was still smiling when she joined Caldecott in the lobby. She was thinking of a way of repeating it to him in what she described in her own mind as a perfectly nice way.

Casley, left alone, took a last glance at the photographs on the easel—Halley posed like the great Holbein, Cynthia in her crown and queenly robes.

"I'd like to have the photograph," he thought, "if ——"

Outside, the brilliant blue-white lights that had once spelled out the name of the play were turned out, the front of the theater was deserted and the street empty, although half a block away Broadway was still rolling along on wheels and crowding along on foot, as densely thronged as ever. Casley turned in the opposite direction, moving at his usual long-legged gait.

It was by no means the first time in his life that he had contemplated suicide; in fact, the idea was rarely absent from the undercurrent of his thoughts. Life for many years now had seemed to him boring at the best, tragic at the worst. He was entirely alone in the world, in the sense of having no nearer relations than Gertrude; and his cool, critical attitude toward life was inimical to intimacies. People came to him for advice, even for material help; but not for love. He was without love,

(Continued on Page 130)

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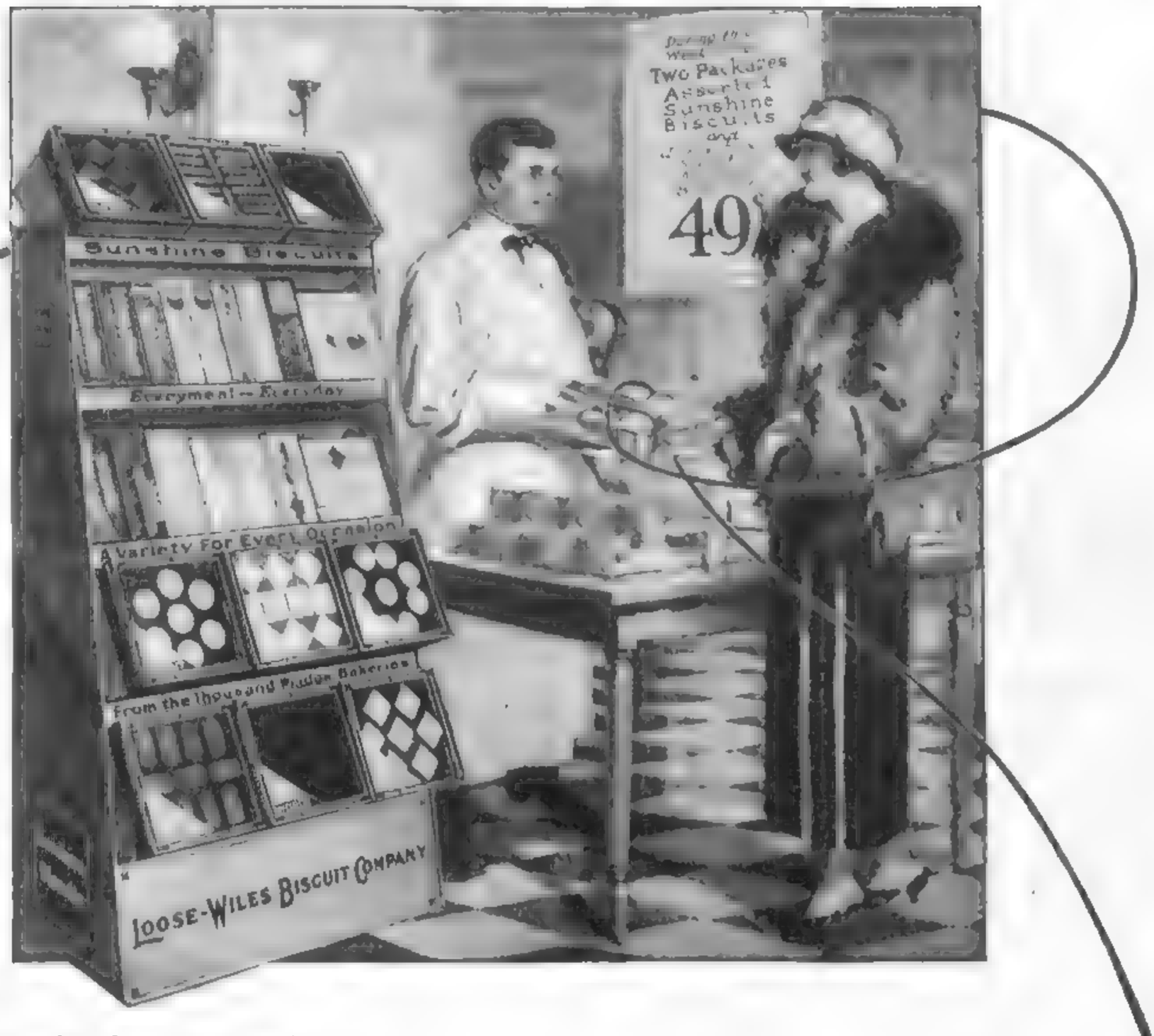

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Most of us can remember how we used to like Animal Crackers when we were young.

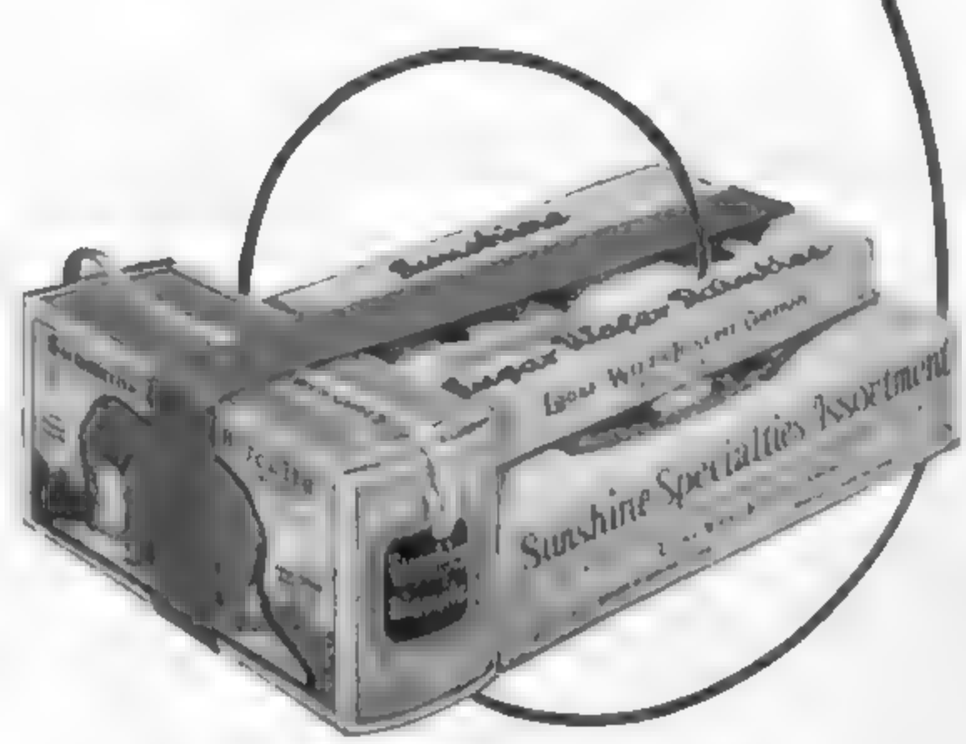
Children have more toys and more candy than they did years ago but they still love Animal Crackers and always will. And now they are packed in a special gift box with a tape handle—so convenient to carry or hang on the Christmas tree.

These Sunshine Animal Crackers are delicious and very good for children. They can eat all they want without harm.

Watch father or he will eat them too.

Ask your grocer about Sunshine Biscuit Week when these three boxes are to be sold for 49 cents.

And you had better tell him to save a bundle for you because they sell fast.



Here are the three packages exactly as you should find them bundled at your grocer's. Just a nice assortment to have handy for the family's hunger between meals or to safeguard your hospitality to unexpected guests.

It is an opportunity to become better acquainted with a few of the hundreds of Sunshine crackers, cakes and cookies at a bargain price!

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Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits *Branches in Over 100 Cities*

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For One Week in December

"The Little Invalid Lady"

What more thoughtful gift than this at Xmas!

Do you know a "shut-in"—some relative or friend—who cannot take part in outside enjoyment? Radio will bring them a world of pleasure and happiness.

The Stromberg-Carlson Neutrodyne Receiver

reproduces music, concerts, news, stories from the widest range of stations—in clear and natural tones—has a record of 7400 miles on Loud Speaker.

Extremely simple to use—just set the dials to given points to tune in on the program you wish. It "holds" a station indefinitely without interference.

Made in two Types: Portable Type No. 1-A, shown above. 5 tubes. Finished in rich Adam-Brown Mahogany. Console No. 2 Type, shown below; same operating unit. Built-in Loud Speaker and space for batteries and battery charger. Cabinet of American Walnut or Adam-Brown Mahogany.

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1060 University Ave., Rochester, N.Y.
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NEUTRODYNE

Console Type No. 2
American Walnut style. When closed shows choice panelling.

(Continued from Page 127)

without ambition, without hope or fear, without any form of emotion, and he was enough of a psychologist to know that emotion must be the basis of life. Even the failure of his play, he thought with a sigh, had given him nothing but an added sense of weariness. If he killed himself tonight people would say it was over the disappointment of his failure. No one but himself would know how little he had hoped of it.

Like all haughty reserved creatures, from Persian cats up—or down—Casley disliked ridicule; but on the whole he cared very little about the attitude of the world on any subject. It was his own attitude that mattered to him. In his own estimation he was a failure.

As a student of history, death was a familiar idea to him—the long futile sequence of individual lives, of generations, of civilizations, all getting nowhere. Nor had he the subconscious illusion of earthly immortality which makes the idea of dying so astonishing to most people. But he had always felt that there was something humiliating in allowing so great a crisis to be thrust upon one without choice. Suicide appealed to him as an act of volition, not an execution performed upon him by an insolent fate.

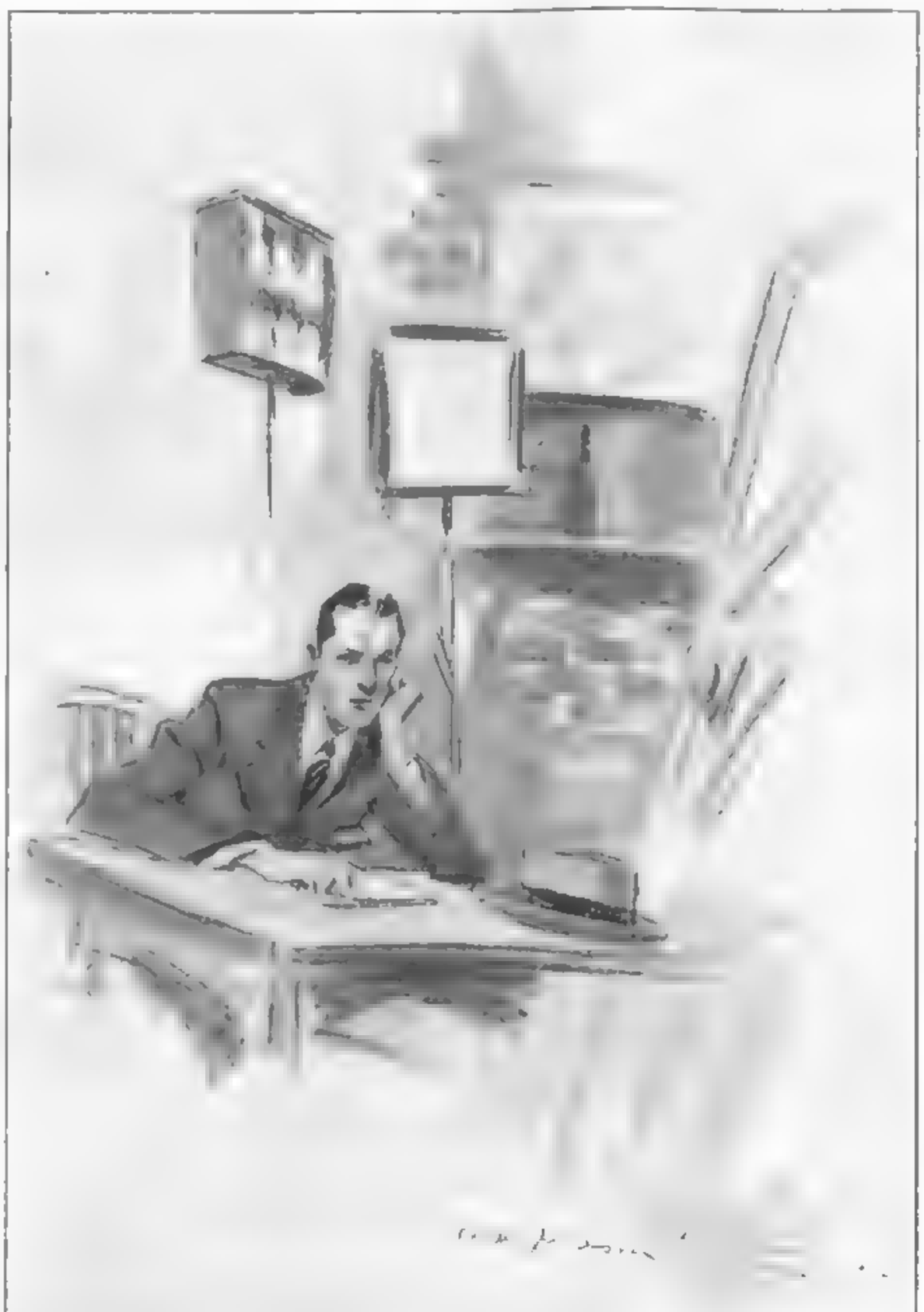
This idea brought him back to his heroine—the wonderful representation of fear that Cynthia had given when, as Catherine, she first saw that she was likely to be condemned to death. Fancy people feeling like that about death—to sleep, no more! In a drawer of his desk he had an instantaneous poison obtained some years before from an unsuspecting professor of chemistry. How very simple and pleasant and peaceful the idea was! It was perhaps a little unjust to Weyburn, poor fellow; but he was quite capable of cutting out an hour. Then probably the publicity of his suicide would give the play a new lease of life. Perhaps Weyburn might even get his money back. Grimes, the publicity man, would be delighted. Casley disliked Grimes, who was always trying to get him to say and do things which were unnatural to him and, when he refused to do or say them, putting them in the papers anyhow.

He had started to cross Fifth Avenue where the green light had just flared, when a new idea occurred to him—namely, that his death might be of real service to Miss Brooks, to whom he felt under certain obligations. He had, it was true, hardly exchanged a dozen words with her; but watching her through rehearsals he had formed a high opinion of her. She was generous and sincere, and was, or might be, a great artist. He remembered that Weyburn had once said of her that all she needed to put her over was a great scandal. Wasn't it possible, he thought, that his suicide might be turned to some account? The idea of offering her his death appealed to him as an excellent economy of effort.

It was a long way back to the theater and he hated crosstown blocks; nevertheless, he turned and walked directly back. Of course he might be too late, in which case he should let the whole thing go. He was not going to live through another day for anyone, but if she were still there —— "College Professor Suicide for Actress' Love." . . . No, that wasn't right. Grimes would do something better with it than that. He smiled at the thought that it was really Grimes—Grimes, whom he so heartily disliked—who would be most pleased at his action.

In the alley he passed two young men, who, with derby hats set well down to their ears and overcoats with collars cut well up to the back of their necks, were giving definite judgments on everything, and calling all celebrities by their first names. Thus:

"The girl can dance; why put her in a rotten historical play?"



For a Few Moments It Seemed to Him Not Only Good But Great

"Because Wilfred doesn't know a good play when he sees one."

"Well, he put her on in the Green Girls, and that went big."

"That's what I say—Cynthy can dance!"

So little had he been behind the scenes that Casley actually supposed that there might be difficulty in his reaching Miss Brooks, and had been careful to feel in his waistcoat pocket to be sure he had a card which would establish his identity; but there was nothing to check his entrance except a steady outpouring of those who had been before him—the fathers and mothers, the country cousins, the past wives and present sweethearts of various members of the company. Bank presidents and poets and ladies of fashion all swept by as the author flattened himself against the wall in the narrow space inside the stage door, all talking and laughing and most of them condemning the play.

Finally, in a pause in the procession, Casley managed to call across to the door man that he wanted to see Miss Brooks; and the door man, without looking up from one of those strangely ancient newspapers which door men are always reading, answered cryptically, "Number one!" As he could not obviously be referring to the number of her visitors, Casley deduced he was giving the number of her dressing room. Immediately opposite him a door stood open upon a tiny lighted room entirely filled with people who were saying, in various tones, keys and intonations, "My dear, you were wonderful!" "My dear, you were too wonderful! Such tempo! Such authority!" "My dear, you were too beautiful!" "Darling, your entrance in the second act ——"

A stately middle-aged colored maid came out carrying over her arm Miss Brooks' costume of the last act.

Casley stopped her and said, "Do you think I could speak to Miss Brooks a moment? My name is Casley."

The woman surprised him by answering with a smile beyond even the friendly cordiality of her race:

"Oh, yes, Professor Casley, I know Miss Brooks would like to see you, when all these people have gone, if you can wait a moment."

He was surprised that she knew him and called him by a title not common in theatrical circles except as applied to pianists; but his ego was not nourished by such small crumbs, and he leaned, uncheered and unflattered, against the wall, while the hubbub in Miss Brooks' dressing room continued.

Presently the maid came back, and almost as soon as she entered the dressing room again Casley heard a voice with which many weeks of rehearsal had made him familiar—a voice so low it seemed scarcely to stir the air, and yet so resonant that it would carry round the world, saying good night to everyone or rather saying, "So kind of you to come, dear—so nice of you to like me in the part—such a lovely part, isn't it?—so sweet of you to come, dear. Thank you for the flowers, Jack—so sweet of you to come tonight ——"

The outgoing throng again surged past him. The maid said, "Will you come in, Professor Casley?" He stepped in, the maid shut the door upon him and he found himself alone with Cynthia Brooks.

Her visitors had not apparently interfered with her toilet, for she was sitting in front of her dressing table, clad in a meager white cotton garment more like a doctor's operating clothes than anything else. Her hair was pulled straight up and pinned in a tight knot on the top of her head and her face was covered with a layer of blue-white cold cream. Even so, she was beautiful. Her enormous brown eyes in the bright arch of unshielded bulbs that framed her mirror shone with wonderful yellow and purple lights and her perfect little nose was only more defined by the shining surface.

The floor of the little room was littered with telegrams, many of which read "Congratulations on your success," although their dates showed they had been sent hours before the curtain rose. Boxes of flowers, some opened, some with the string

(Continued on Page 133)

Christmas Morning!

Above is shown an exquisite midget set in green gold, chased with the classic Grecian pattern. It is priced at $9.50.

How you can do all your Christmas shopping at one counter

CONKLIN pens and pencils are available in a variety of sizes, materials and designs, so complete that you can make the gift individually appropriate in every instance.

You can make your selections easily and speedily and always with the comforting knowledge that the good old name of Conklin is an absolute guarantee of satisfaction in use.

You get a bigger measure of sentiment and value for every dollar expended at a Conklin fountain pen case than you can buy for an equal sum anywhere else in the store.

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You can make a rich and useful gift to everybody on a long list with a comparatively small total cost.

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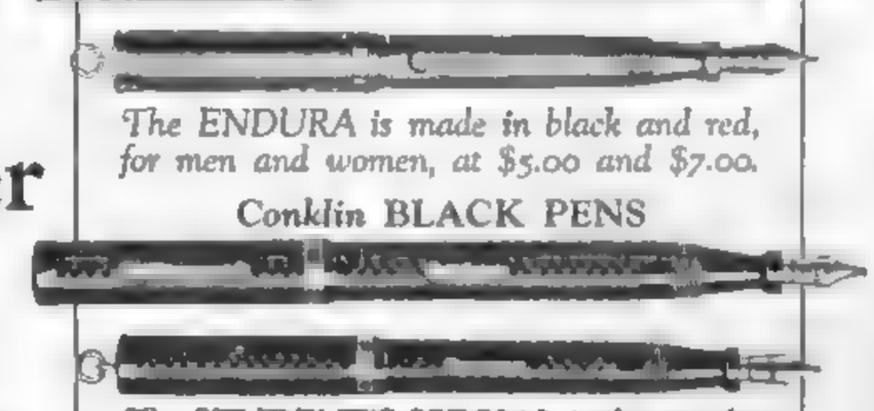
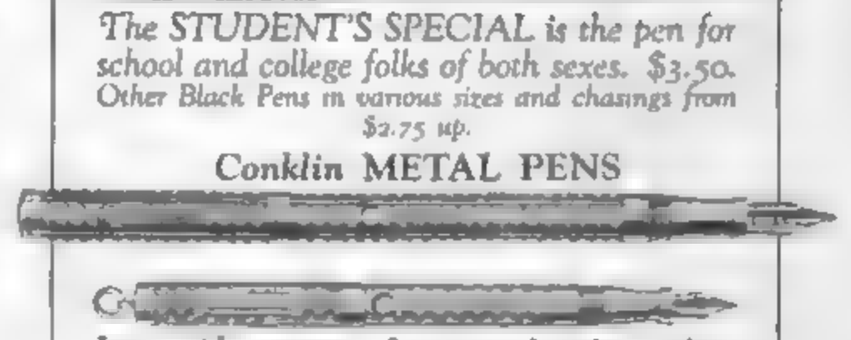


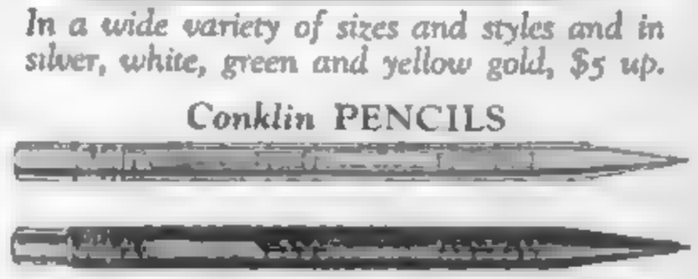
The STUDENT'S SPECIAL is the pen for school and college folks of both sexes. $3.50. Other Black Pens in various sizes and chasings from $2.75 up.

Conklin METAL PENS



In a wide variety of sizes and styles and in silver, white, green and yellow gold, $5 up.

Conklin PENCILS



The "Pencil with the Long Leads" comes in many styles and in midget, short and long sizes. $1.00 up. Silver, gold or rubber.

The Conklin pencil in black and red matches the Endura and Conklin red and black pens Combined with the proper Conklin pen it makes a uniquely beautiful and remarkably low priced set. Priced as low as $4.50

KRAFT CHEESE

Good Cheer—Good Cheese

A

(Continued from Page 130)

still intact, were leaned against the wall or piled on the dressing table.

As he entered she gave him a swift keen look—intense, questioning; he did not know exactly what it was, it was so quick. Then she picked up a wad of cotton and began to take the cold cream off her face with large circular sweeping motions.

In his youth, in the days when he had cared about life, he had been shy; and though nothing of this now remained, he had the habit of keeping silent until he was sure he had the situation well in hand. So in the pause that followed she looked at him again, and he was astonished to see that there were tears in her eyes as she said, "Oh, your lovely play! Don't tell me I spoiled it or I shall cry. I never loved any play as I love this one."

It was quite true. Cynthia, unsuspected by any but a few intimate friends, had a secret passion for culture. This part was exactly the sort of part she had dreamed of playing, and she knew now that the play couldn't last a week. Even Weyburn, the most generous of producers, couldn't keep such an expensive production playing to empty houses—and they would be empty. She was largely responsible for Weyburn having put it on, for she had fallen in love with it when she first read it. Under its prolixity and lack of dramatic climax, she recognized in it the taste and flavor of real life—a quality which is particularly thrilling against the unfamiliar background of another epoch.

She had fallen in love with the play and she had not been entirely unconscious of the existence of the author. Unbelievable as it would have been to him, he had attracted Cynthia's attention from the moment that he had sauntered into the theater and listened with that immobile face of his to the reading of the play. She had set herself a sort of holiday task—to gain from him a mark of human interest—and had totally failed. Then, too, as has been said, she had a genuine admiration for knowledge, and Casley represented this romantic ideal to her. And then, perhaps not the least potent element was the fact that he had a strange sort of beauty of his own. It would not be possible to describe him as handsome; yet his looks had for some people, of whom Cynthia was one, an enormous charm.

He was tall and thin and made of iron. His face was long and thin, too; more on the traditional Uncle Sam type than was desirable, but so well modeled—the curved nostril, and the clean-shaven upper lip projecting a little above the lower—that it would have made a good profile for a coin. His eyes were of a clear light gray, and they seemed to catch a great deal of light and to flare and grow black as lights went up and down.

He looked at her steadily and, seeing that she was sincere, he said, with his habitual leisurely enunciation:

"You were precisely and exactly right. As for that scene at the bishop's party where you first see the king is watching you, you conveyed everything—fear and flattered vanity, and excitement, and a resolution to go on wherever it might lead you. And then to look the part as you do! The lines call you beautiful, and then you come on, and you are! What an extraordinary courtesy to the playwright!"

She drank in his words, but they both had this in common—that neither was much affected by any outside praise or blame.

"It was nice of you to take the trouble to come and tell me," she said.

"That isn't the reason for my coming," he returned, and looked about for a chair.

The only one except the stool on which Cynthia herself was sitting was completely covered with clothes. Cynthia leaned over and threw all these to the floor. But Casley did not respond to the invitation. He leaned on the back of the chair, holding his soft hat in one hand as he did so. He stared at her as if he were interested only in the process by which she was removing the cold cream from her face. As a matter of fact, he was interested in that, but even more in the fact that any woman should dare to look as she did then and be so unconscious. He thought ——

"What are you thinking about?" asked Miss Brooks.

"I was thinking how extraordinary it is that you should be beautiful even like this."

"Mercy!" said Cynthia, as if there were a good many more extraordinary things in the world than that. "Is that what you came to say?" And she turned her chin up and began stroking her throat with a new piece of cotton.

"No," said Casley; "no, it isn't, although it seems to me more interesting than you apparently think it is. No, I came to say something to you which I can say only to an unusually sensible, clear-headed woman; also on the assumption that you will not interrupt me or attempt to dissuade me."

"Yes -to all of them," said Cynthia.

At this, Casley sat down and laid his hat on the floor, crossed first his legs and then his arms, and began in his slowest drawl:

"Good! Then here is the situation: For reasons with which I need not trouble you and which, as a matter of fact, have very little to do with the failure of my play, I have decided not to live until tomorrow morning."

At this, Cynthia gave him a quick glance; but met by an icy stare from his cool gray eyes, she looked back into her mirror and almost succeeded in going on with her task. "I was crossing Fifth Avenue on my way home," Casley continued, "when the idea suddenly occurred to me that my death might in some way be of service to you."

"To me?" exclaimed Miss Brooks.

"No? Isn't there anyone whose throat you'd like cut? For be assured that a person about to take his own life thinks lightly of other people's. Or think how Millicent Mills' whole success in the theater was built on that young Italian nobleman who so thoughtfully blew out his brains on her lawn. Though I have the disadvantage of being a mere Anglo-Saxon, and coming from rather plain ancestry, I rather fancied that there was something about my being a college professor which that objectionable young man who does your publicity for you might turn into what I believe he calls a stunt. I thought in return for the interest you have taken in my play, and for the wonderful performance you gave of it tonight, I ought at least to offer you the opportunity."

Cynthia had listened to him in silence, but with her eyes getting larger until they seemed to take up all the upper half of her face. It was an important part of her profession to catch an idea, either from an author or a director, and she grasped Casley's now without asking a single question.

"This is terrible!" she said.

"On the contrary," replied her visitor, "it is almost entertaining. I am, of course, quite ignorant of such matters; but just to start your mind working, suppose I left a letter behind me saying that you had inspired me with so violent a passion that life without you had become intolerable. Wouldn't that be rather—er—advantageous?"

"It wouldn't be true," said Cynthia, but try as she would she could not keep a faintly questioning tone out of her voice.

"No, it wouldn't," Casley agreed; "but then truth seems to have but little to do with anything that our young friend—whom I dislike so much ——"

He snapped his fingers and Cynthia supplied the name.

"Grimes," she said.

"Mr. Grimes, of course—with anything Mr. Grimes prints. It isn't true that you break broncos and shoot mountain lions; it isn't true that you train marmosets; and yet I have seen all of these statements about you in the papers, accompanied by the most convincing photographs. His imagination seems to run to animals, and I am sure he would enjoy having you photographed with the great Dane or the canary which I left you in my will."

"I can't joke about your death," said Cynthia, and two large tears which had been gathering in her eyes splashed down on the dressing table. "It's just that I'm a little unstrung," she exclaimed politely, for fear that he might find her emotion too personal.

"My dear child, how charming of you!" said Casley. "The only tears that will be shed are shed here before me—so much better than oceans shed after the event. But this is not tragic. I'm doing what I want to, as much as I can be said to want to do anything."

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and the maid came in again to say in a cold blank voice that Mr. Robertson was waiting in his car to take Miss Brooks to supper.

"To supper?" said Cynthia, rather angrily, as if she had never heard of the meal before. The maid merely nodded and began to pick up the clothes which Cynthia had flung upon the floor. "Now really, Maud, I can't go to supper with him. Did I say I would?"

"You certainly did," replied Maud.

Remote in some ways as was Casley's connection with the theater, he could not help absorbing a certain amount of the gossip of the day, and he knew that young Robertson, the son of a banking potentate, was offering Cynthia marriage as a last resort, quite against the wishes of his parents.

"Well, I shan't go," said Cynthia. She took the pins out of the knob of hair on the top of her head and shook her head until her hair fell to her shoulders; then with a few quick motions she pinned it into an equally minute knot at the nape of her neck. "Tell him I'm exhausted that I have a splitting headache. Tell him anything you like, Maud -oh, you might say I loved the orchids. They were orchids?"

"They were gardenias," said Maud, and left the room.

"Maud's wonderful," said Cynthia. "She knows just who I want to see and who I don't, and how to get rid of them without hurting their feelings. I couldn't live without Maud."

"But you can live without young Robertson?" said Casley in his draw .

"Mercy, yes!" replied Cynthia: and she added in explanation, "only his father was rather rude to me. . . . But to go back to what we were talking about, there are some things I simply couldn't do, and one of them is to profit in any way by your death. I couldn't do that."

"It shows," he said, "what a generous woman you are since you have not asked for the head of Halley. It also shows how well prepared for death I am since I do not really hate him."

He stood up, and Cynthia gave a little cry.

"Oh, don't go! Oh, Mr. Casley, you are certain to write a great play some day! Don't ——"

He held up his hand.

"If you don't feel you can use this situation, Miss Brooks," he said, "you must let it alone." And he picked up his hat and putting it on his head at its customary slight angle, he walked to the door.

"I can use it—of course I can!" exclaimed Cynthia feverishly. "Only you must give me a moment to think. If it wasn't used right it would be a terrible boomerang. You must give me time."

"Only till dawn," said Casley. "I really couldn't give you any more than that."

They looked at each other, she from the dressing table and he from the door.

"Would you mind terribly," she said, "if I consulted Grimesy?"

"I'm afraid I should," replied Casley. "I object to Mr. Grimes being mixed up in any way with my private affairs. Besides, he seems to me a conscientious young man. I fear he would feel it his duty to circumvent me."

"I don't think so where a good story was involved," said Cynthia. "I have never seen a trace of conscience where publicity was concerned."

Casley shook his head, but the request was so reasonable that he ultimately allowed himself to be persuaded.

Grimes was reported by the door man to be in Mr. Weyburn's office, and summoned thence, he presently appeared. He was a fat young man, but of a firm, polished fat. His expression varied very little, but he allowed his eyes to rove round and round, and even to dart from point to point, proving that he was not a graven image. Thus, though the presence of the author in Cynthia's dressing room surprised him, his only expression of that surprise was to move his eyes rapidly from one to the other.

"Grimesy," said Cynthia, with her crisp enunciation, and that tone of authority which makes actors listened to off as well as on the stage, "Mr. Casley has a friend who is going to commit suicide tonight, and has very kindly offered it to us as a publicity story."

Instead of darting his eyes, Mr. Grimes now rolled them.

"Millicent Mills stuff," he observed.

"Except this isn't a prince," said Cynthia; and then detecting in her sentence a hint of discourtesy to the professor, she added sweetly, "Not that that matters."

"I should say it did matter," replied Grimes ruthlessly. "A lot better if it were a prince."

"I'm afraid we can't make it a prince at this late date," said Casley. "And if a strictly middle-class suicide is of no use ——"

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We are proud of this high record of recoveries and we are glad to tell everyone interested about El Paso. Our booklet, *"Filling the Sunshine Prescription,"* tells facts that you, or someone you know, may find of great value. We have nothing to sell. Booklet is free. Edition limited. Mail coupon.

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AMITY

* *Note—the kind of leather stamped on every* AMITY *product*

"Of course it's of use," said Grimes. "Just about the best thing ever happened to you, Cynthia—that's what it is. Absolutely!"

Casley examined Grimes as if he had been some ancient palimpsest.

"Develop that idea, Mr. Grimes," he said. "Why will it be so useful to Miss Brooks?"

Mr. Grimes was not one of these people who speak about their specialty without a reasoned background. He answered fluently and at once:

"The American public loves a pure actress—someone they might, if they had the chance, bring right into their own homes, introduce to their mother and ask to sit down beside the stove. Well, what publicity can you get for a type like that? None! All right when she has attained publicity Mary Pickford, the American sweetheart. But to get 'em there—there's the problem. Publicity without scandal—that's the American publicity man's difficulty. In Europe, they tell me, it's different. They like scandals. Here, too, for certain types, but not Miss Brooks' type—not the best type. Jewel robberies, aeroplane trips, queer pets—that's all I've been able to hit on. But this idea of yours seems to me valuable. Suicide—suicide on account of rejected love! It must be made clear, you know, that it was rejected from the start. She was cold to him, but not hard." He turned to Cynthia. "You get that distinction, Cynthia. You didn't mean to hurt him; you were just too pure and good—"

"For human nature's daily food," said Casley.

Grimes shook his large round head.

"I wouldn't use the word 'food,'" he said. "Your friend is not a married man, I hope." He was reassured on this point and fell into profound thought. He came out of his reverie shaking his head. "Swell, it would be swell," he murmured; "but I don't dare touch it."

"You have a prejudice against suicide?" inquired Casley.

Grimes dismissed this idea with a gesture.

"Everyone knows their own business best," he said. "No, it's not that. But what guaranty have I that he'll do it? He might change his mind after the papers with the story in it went to press. I couldn't let Miss Brooks into anything of that kind. That would make us ridiculous. I don't dare touch it, unless"—he looked at Casley—"unless it's you yourself."

"I am very much flattered, Mr. Grimes," said Casley, "at your confidence in my integrity."

"Yes," said Grimes, "you strike me as a feller that would mean what he said—neither more nor less." Casley bowed; he was not really flattered—no one is—at being complimented on the possession of a virtue which he knew he possessed.

Without the awkwardness of a positive avowal, they fell to discussing the form which the suicide note should take. This was not easy. Every form which Casley suggested Grimes rejected as too cold.

"You must get some emotion into it," he said; "it isn't like serving notice on your landlady that you're going to move. You must make the world feel that you're bidding good-by to the great passion of your life because you yourself recognize that she's out of your class."

"Oh, Grimesy!" said Cynthia, a little shocked at the mere idea.

"Sure," the relentless young man went on; "out of his class."

"'Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing,'" suggested the professor.

Grimes' face lit up.

"Now, there—at last," he said. "That's a good line."

"Not my own."

Grimes was inclined to be magnanimous.

"Oh, well," he said, "we can't always be original. The point is to be right." He glanced at his wrist watch. "We could still catch the last edition of the morning papers."

He produced a pencil and began making notes on the back of an envelope.

"I don't suppose you care particularly about seeing it before I send it in, do you?"

"I am afraid you'll think me interfering," said Casley; "but I intend not only to see it but to write it."

"Yes," said Cynthia, "Mr. Casley is going to take me to supper. Come round to Bernandini's in half an hour and we'll have it all ready for you."

Grimes hesitated. The whole trouble, he thought, with modern American life was that we don't trust our experts. Here he was engaged at what even he thought a good salary to do Miss Brooks' publicity and the first big story she had ever had she left to an amateur. He wouldn't expect Casley to let him deliver a lecture on history, but everyone thought he could do publicity. Grimes felt deeply discouraged and disappointed. He knew by experience, however, that there wasn't much chance of his changing Miss Brooks' mind when she had made it up. Besides, he reflected, he would be able to change the letter according to his own ideas. How could they stop him? So, with a few last suggestions about suicide notes, he went away.

Casley, left alone with Miss Brooks, looked at her intently for a few seconds and then said, with a manner slightly constrained though not exactly embarrassed, "I really don't think I can take you out to supper."

"What?" cried Miss Brooks. "You have another engagement? Break it! There's a telephone at the stage door."

He shook his head.

"It isn't that."

"What is it, then?"

"Well," said Casley, "I don't want to. That must seem strange to you when so many men would sell their souls for the chance, but—"

"Please don't talk nonsense," answered Miss Brooks. "No one would sell his soul to take me or anyone out to supper. Why do you mind?"

"It isn't that I mind," said Casley. "Put it like this: If I wanted to take you to supper, I should not want to end my life. It is because nothing has the slightest interest for me that I find it impossible to go on."

He was going to develop this idea further, but Cynthia politely but with a brisk firmness cut him short.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but if it's only that, I'm afraid you must. You see, I've let everyone else go, and I'm hungry. After all, it can't make much difference to you one way or the other. You wouldn't like me to starve, would you?"

He sighed and yielded. But outside in the alley, where he was sent to smoke a cigarette while she put on her dress, he regretted his concession. That was one of the troubles with being without wishes of your own—you had no mental momentum to oppose to the wishes of others. He did not blame Cynthia; she could have no conception how distasteful the idea was to him—a restaurant, people—people who had seen the play—who would want to talk about it. Cynthia herself, so lovely, so disturbingly sincere. It seemed like stepping back into the troubled and bitter waters of life. He thought of his quiet room and the peaceful little packet in the drawer of his desk. He found himself stepping down the alley toward the street with a quick resolute step.

A light running step was behind him, and Cynthia called "Mr. Casley!" He turned. There she was in an incredibly short time, dressed and ready. Gertrude would have taken five times as long. Her dress was simple in the extreme; she looked like a child.

"You were going to desert me," she said.

There was no use in denying it, and he merely nodded. She realized for the first time how serious the situation was, but nothing in her manner betrayed it.

"There's a taxi," she said; "one of those nice red ones I like." He hailed it and they got in.

They drove for some minutes before she burst out with: "I can't see why you mind just supper!"

"I don't believe you could see why a person should be unwilling to live."

"No," she answered. "I can't—not unless they were terribly unhappy about something. And you're not, are you?"

"No, and I never intend to be again."

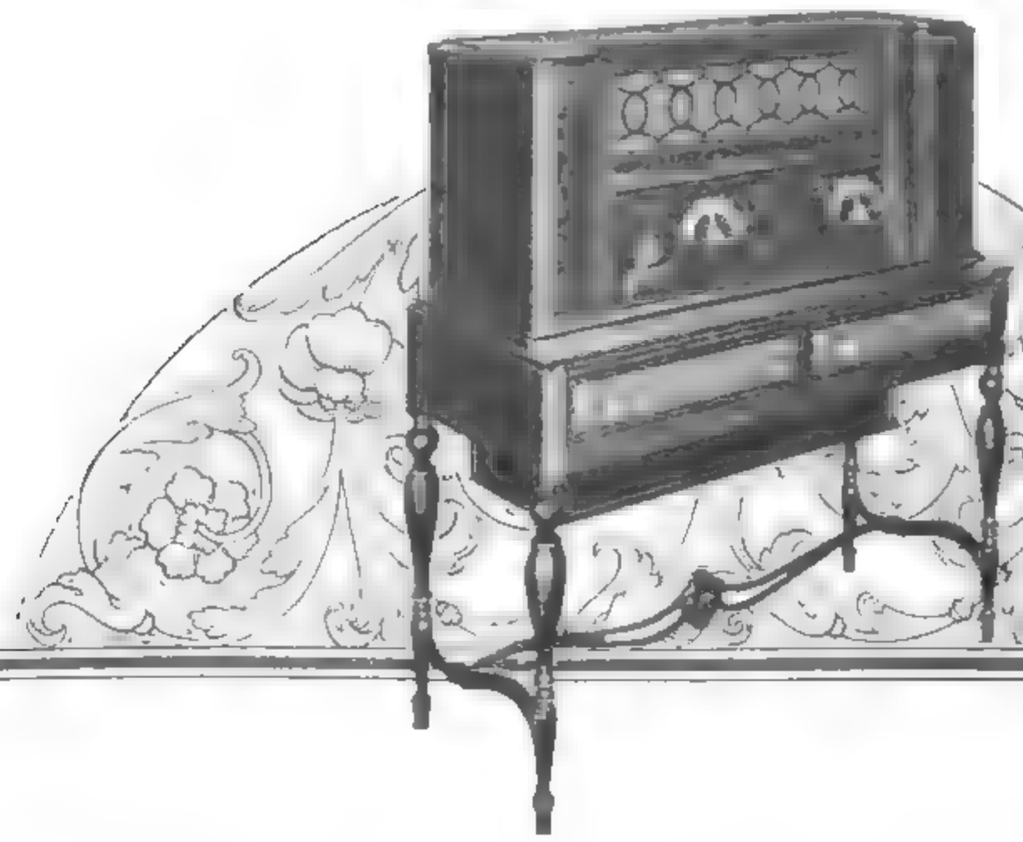
There was another pause, and then Cynthia said, "I suppose it's very silly, but it hurts my feelings that you wanted to leave me flat—like that."

"Really?" said Casley, so noncommittally that there was a hint of a certain impertinence in having her feelings hurt. "Well," he added, "that is another reason why people in my frame of mind are better out of the way—they hurt the feelings of well-meaning friends who try to do them a kindness."

Cynthia swallowed hard. She had never been called a well-meaning friend before, and she did not like it.

They were both silent until the taxi drew up before Bernandini's.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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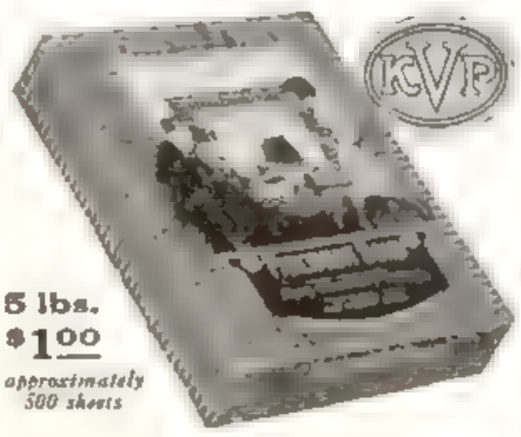

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OUR FOREIGN POLICY

(Continued from Page 7)

that have suffered from an ancient dispute—the Tacna-Arica controversy between Chile and Peru—came to me telling me of the plan to have this settled by the arbitration of the President of the United States, and expressing his deep anxiety that something might take the settlement out of the hands of the United States.

At a court reception in Rome the ministers of our sister republics in the American continents discussed with me the Pan-American Conference in Chile, the share of unselfish leadership toward peace and away from suspicion undertaken by the United States, and the treaty to preserve peace in the Americas signed by sixteen American states.

I grew accustomed to the passage into or through Europe of American advisers and American relief executives. I grew accustomed to proposals that America should almost single-handed relieve Russia, relieve the Near East, relieve Greece, relieve here and relieve there. I received in my quarters at the Lausanne Conference delegations of Americans who, in spite of what has been said by irresponsible agitators since, asked me if I considered it appropriate for them to send cables thanking the President for what I had done at Lausanne for the American cause. After my statement on the American question before the Lausanne Conference, the one clear position taken by any delegate, I received a letter from the only American representative of the Armenian Societies, complaining that other nations had let the Armenian cause down, but asserting that, representing the United States, I had hit the nail on the head.

I met, in Europe, Mexican diplomats who spoke of the new clarity and friendliness of our Mexican policy. "It is something we can understand," said they. I saw representatives of Cuba who talked about the work of Crowder in Havana and the new opportunities for refinancing Cuba. Panama and Costa Rica had avoided war by an arbitral award of the Chief Justice of our Supreme Court. The five Central American countries were holding a conference in Washington, out of which came a treaty of peace and amity providing for limitations of armaments, for a tribunal of arbitration and nine other conventions of mutual interest. I heard at diplomatic dinners in Europe of the successful offer of good offices by the United States when we invited the presidents of Honduras, Nicaragua and Salvador to a conference in August, 1922, and averted war. In the files of my embassy there were records of more than fifty new international agreements made by my country.

The Ignorance of the Learned

Naturally enough, I drew from these experiences considerable pride. I received the impression that, in terms of practical finished jobs, the United States single-handed had even a better actual record as a peacemaker on her own behalf, and on behalf of other nations, than the League of Nations, which had side-stepped the Ruhr and backed out of the Corfu dispute. I had counted over on my fingers—first, the one great step toward world disarmament; second, the one great step toward cutting the economic and political tangle of Europe; third, the contribution of America of four or five billion dollars in relief goods and relief loans; fourth, the making of more international agreements for ourselves and for others than one nation usually makes in half a century, and the furnishing of arbitration and good offices in instance after instance because we have the power inherent in our detachment; fifth, the final establishment of the United States open-door policy in the Far East, and its extension on behalf of square dealing and prevention of exploitation to the Near East and to all parts of the world, a step with which I myself had the good fortune to be associated.

And then I came back to the United States and heard certain professors and preachers, certain college presidents and certain ex-officeholders, certain political candidates and certain foreign propagandists telling the good people of my country that the United States is isolated. I came back to a State Department doing the largest humane active-accomplishment business of any international agency, single or coöperative, and I learned from some woebegone voices that the United States had no foreign policy.

Of course I know exactly what is meant by "isolation" and by "lack of foreign policy." Those who use these phrases mean that we do not belong to the League of Nations, and that while we do not belong to the League of Nations they will keep their eyes tightly closed to anything we have done or will do for peace and international good will, even if it amounts to more than all the efforts of the League itself; and, of course, I know exactly what the so-called radicals mean when they say we are imperialistic. They mean that on the one hand they wish us to recognize Bolshevik Russia so that more American capital can flow into the relief and repair and development of Russia, but that on the other hand whenever American capital flows into South America or the Near East, hungry and desirous for that capital, then we are engaging in imperialistic exploitation.

Exploiters and Exploited

I have learned something of the meaning of that phrase "imperialistic exploitation" from various corners of the world. If, during the time of America's own development, when we successfully sought British capital for coöperation in the development of our West, our mines, ranches and farms, we had suddenly thrown ourselves on our backs and wailed to the skies that we were being exploited by the British, we would have been in the same position assumed by certain groups in China and Korea, the Philippines, South America and Mexico who wail about foreign exploitation.

When I was in China a few years ago a prominent Chinese of the bright-boy-statesman school spent an evening telling me of the wickedness of Japanese exploitation of China; but later on I met the same man in Tokio endeavoring to induce investors to buy some of the most important iron mines of China. Usually I have found that the loudest cries of exploitation of weaker peoples rise from the throats of those who wish to clear the way for a monopoly of exploitation carried on for their own account.

Imperialism in the sense of territorial expansion has proved a bad business. The expense of administration, particularly since the doctrine of self-determination has given peoples not yet fit to govern themselves an ambition to be let alone so that they may kill one another, far exceeds the income. That kind of imperialism no longer stands an auditing of the books, and even if the United States had the slightest inclination toward it, good sense would run a blue pencil through it. In these times mere auditing shows that it does not pay.

What is left for us, according to the radical critics of our foreign policy, is for us to forbid American capital or enterprise to go to backward or less developed countries at all. These critics wish us to say to Americans, "If you coöperate with other weaker peoples in the march of civilization and the development of the world, God help you, because we won't." That would satisfy those who say that our foreign policy is imperialistic. It does not satisfy them that we help Mexico to stable government and then withdraw, or Cuba to stability, then withdraw, or Santo Domingo to good order and then withdraw. It does not satisfy these accusers of imperialism that we loosen all the reins in the Philippines until there is a threatened runaway. It does not satisfy them that we have taken the world leadership in declaring against zones of influence, monopolies, inequality in opportunity or have asked through our fundamental foreign policy for the open-door principle.

No amount of patience with snarling, disordered neighbors satisfies these radicals. They go on crying out that we ought to recognize Russia so that Russia may have the benefit of the same "tyrannical and hideous" but wholly helpful "exploitation" which our capital and management have given upon demand to foreign peoples who have knocked at our doors asking for it. They talk as the Chinese statesmen, skilled in playing one nation against another, talked to me in Peking. They told me of the terrible fact that a certain foreign power had wrested away concessions for a railway.

"Who granted these concessions?" I said. "You did! Who took them and laid them at the feet of these foreigners and asked them to take them and invest their effort and money in them? You did! Who made money on the side out of the transaction? You did! If there is anyone connected with exploitation of China, it is you. And in addition you are trying to exploit the foreigner who comes to your aid."

The brief fact is that those who see imperialism and exploitation in our foreign policy are lining up, willingly or unwillingly, with the same forces of crookedness, disorder, hypocrisy and stagnancy represented by these Chinese complainants, masking themselves as bearers of the flag of liberty, of the cup of freedom and of the salver of democratic self-determination.

My experience as an ambassador showed me plainly enough that in this business of exploitation—in the field, called dollar diplomacy—instead of being ahead of other nations, we are sometimes leaning far over the other way. I went abroad eager to help American interests and prepared to stretch my instructions to do it. It made no difference to me whether that interest was the largest American industry, the smallest American missionary, the seller of shoe strings or the bidder for a contract to move the Mediterranean southwest. I ran squarely two or three times into the stone-wall principle that forbade me helping any private interest in any particular way in which the same help was not extended to all possible competitors.

I saw opportunities at times to corner and pocket advantages for America; but I had to sigh and let them go, because to take them would have offended the principle of the open door, if not directly, then indirectly. I had to do business with some ambassadors and ministers who had been promoted to their places by Downing Street, the Quai d'Orsay and other foreign offices, because certain British or French, or other national business interests, had been served by them in the competition for commercial plums and concession sweetmeats. But behind me there was always the stiff and conscientious principle of open play, open policy, open opportunity, open door; and when I hear accusations that our foreign policy is imperialistic or exploiting or emphatically dollar diplomacy, I am forced to gentle amusement.

Short Cuts to Utopia

I remember a foreign banker of some distinction who came to me in Rome and said, "If you will join me, a few words will land us a great concession in ——"

I replied, "I am sorry; it is a nice grab; but the United States is not in that business directly or indirectly."

So we see one group accusing the United States of imperialistic foreign policy meeting another group which says that the United States has no foreign policy. One group says that we meddle too much; the other complains that we ought to meddle everywhere. One says we are entangled and the other says we ought to be. One claims our hands are covered with the mess and the other says, "Dip in!" Such is the way of the world. While the talk goes on, the State Department does its days' business, and, keeping a free hand, continues to serve the cause of peace and conciliation as no other agency in the world is able to serve it, for the simple reason that no other agency has the good fortune of being so detached, so truly free from the snarl of commitments. The great mass of Americans have too much common sense not to see it.

In spite of that common-sense conclusion, another type of common sense is necessary. It is necessary to hold a measure of tolerance for an eager minority who still are inspired more by alluring short cuts than by the painful daily uphill climb out of war, who are stirred by phrases more than by facts, who prefer prospectus to performance. Of course, such persons—and we ourselves are after the same end—we are all eager to stop war and to make international relations better all the time.

Campaigns to show how horrible future war may be are instructive, but not a particularly important contribution to ways and means of stopping war. Slogans which merely call upon the people of the world to cooperate, but give no definite guidance, rob the attempts of the world to coöperate of its dignity and reduce effort to a silly mumbling of catchwords. I used to have

(Continued on Page 139)

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(Continued from Page 136

many a caller come into my embassy and say "Help Europe." And I would say "How?" And my visitors would then run their fingers around their collars, but gave no answers.

I learned to believe more firmly that it is a great mistake to be so sure of our own morals that we can go forcing our morals upon others. One will probably run into a foreigner who will say, "Why are you so interested in my countrymen here in my land, when you show so little interest in him when he comes to America and is a stranger just around the corner?" One will probably run into a representative of the new Turkey who will say, "You ask us to set apart a great piece of territory as a home for the Armenians. If you will excuse it, I demand that you set aside the state of Pennsylvania for a home for the American aborigines."

Someone who is crusading for the independence of the Koreans will probably come across a Japanese with a taste for realities who will say, "Ah, yes, and we on our part demand that you give independence to the Philippines." Another moralist may meet some benighted person who may say, "Please do not force your morals upon us. We already have a set of our own. We do not like political and economic exploitation, but moral exploitation is the worst of all."

I learned to believe during my service abroad that it was a great mistake for us to be about offering plans to other peoples, particularly if these plans were furnished only with good will and glib phrases and lacked architects' drawings to scale, surveys and estimates of cost; particularly if the offering is made to those who have already sampled an American cure-all and are still trying to overcome its effects. I know that our good intentions have received great appreciation abroad, but that the world, seeking moral forces, is now insisting more and more on intelligence as a moral obligation.

The truth of the matter is that the working out of international relationship is a long job. No panacea will ever come fluttering in with the morning mail no matter how eagerly we wait for the postman. Some obscure school child may suddenly become inspired and write out a new workable plan ready-made, but the chances are against it. We have wasted tremendous energy already in shooting our high aims at imaginary bull's-eyes. I suspect that, after all, our task is a building process—the job of putting brick on brick, constructing a wall against war, and a place where peace and understanding and coöperation and fair play can meet and stand on firm foundation.

In the meantime Hughes has done a big job and has sprung no trick plays. In the meantime there will always ring in my ears the statement of a distinguished European who said to me when a great conference was in a tight box:

"The greatest asset of the world today is the detachment of the United States. All the rest of the big forces are isolated from freedom of thought and action. For pity's sake, do not join those who are thus isolated."

WITH PENCIL, BRUSH AND CHISEL

Continued from Page 25

asked to play or to sing while coffee was being served before bridge playing began. Soon after half past ten the ladies retired upstairs, the men adjourning to the billiard room. There the Prince engaged in conversation with some, the while others played.

So far as I and my work were concerned, I found during that and other visits that no matter how preoccupied the Prince might be, he always found time to send for me and to discuss what he wished me to do. He arranged to be at the church at certain hours, to go over the plans on the spot and to give the matter of the memorial his undivided attention.

Often I had occasion to marvel at his extraordinary memory. A quite casual suggestion he would remember long afterward and refer to it accurately. One day while I was making a bust of his brother for the Duchess of Coburg he chanced to see it at my studio just before he left for his annual cure at Marienbad, and he made a trifling criticism concerning the coat upon the figure, which he asked me to transmit to the Duchess. At a later visit, long afterward, he asked to see the bust and the effect which his suggestion had produced.

It seemed to be customary at Sandringham for the royal ladies to bring their pet dogs down to dinner. Both the Princess of Wales and the Princess Victoria habitually brought their favorites, King Charles spaniels. However, the Prince's bulldog was compelled to wait until his master came to the billiard room later in the evening. That animal was devoted to his master and his master to him. Excepting at the dinner hour they were inseparable. And when the bulldog died it took some time before the Prince could console himself with another pet.

The Growth of Sandringham

As the evening wore on, the Prince finally rose and said, "Gentlemen, I bid you good night." Whereupon an equerry advanced to escort the Prince out of the room. The guests followed. In the hall a servant handed a lighted candle to each one, the Prince shook hands and soon the house was wrapped in silence.

Situated in Norfolk about a mile from the sea, Sandringham is said to receive the air direct and unimpeded from the shores of Denmark. The Prince bought the house shortly after his marriage to Princess Alexandra of Denmark in 1868. Originally it was quite small, but as the family increased one addition after another was made until, in 1871, it was replaced by the building as it is today, a handsome edifice of brick and stone in the Tudor style. Later, as the children married, cottages for them were erected on the estate; Appleton House for Prince Charles—now King Haakon of Norway—and Princess Maud; and York Cottage for the Duke and Duchess of York, the present King and Queen. Both of those houses are quite simple and unpretentious. The grounds, some seven thousand acres, are planted with pine and well stocked with birds for the shooting season. About the house are gardens carefully laid out in long alleys with sculptures in bronze and marble, large vases, European and Oriental, some in Japanese cloissoné, all of which add much to the decorative effect of the park. Not far from the house are the orchards, the vegetable and flower gardens. There are beds calculated to produce certain effects of color at certain times of the year according to the taste of different members of the family. There are pergolas overgrown with roses and sundials of boxwood with the numerals in flowers of varied colors.

Memorial Trees

Some of the Prince's friends, upon one occasion, knowing the pleasure he took in his garden, commissioned Alma-Tadema to design a large marble bench, such as we often see in his pictures, and to supervise the laying out of the surrounding landscape. That remains a striking and effective decoration.

Numerous trees have been planted about the house by the royal family and their relations to commemorate a variety of events, such as births, marriages or foreign visits—as the inscriptions indicate. Some of the trees, when I saw them, were already grown to full size, while others were still hardly more than saplings. In addition to all this there are almost miles of hothouses of teakwood which the Prince preferred to steel, and to which he called attention with pride all richly stocked with flowers, fruits and ferns.

Quite close to the palace is the little stone church with its rectory, adjoining a picturesque old graveyard filled with ancient moss-covered memorials. Not far away in a secluded corner is a small burial ground for the royal animal pets with small carved stones perpetuating their memories. The little House of God shows all the affectionate care which the members of the royal family rival one another in lavishing upon it. Next to the seat of the Princess in the

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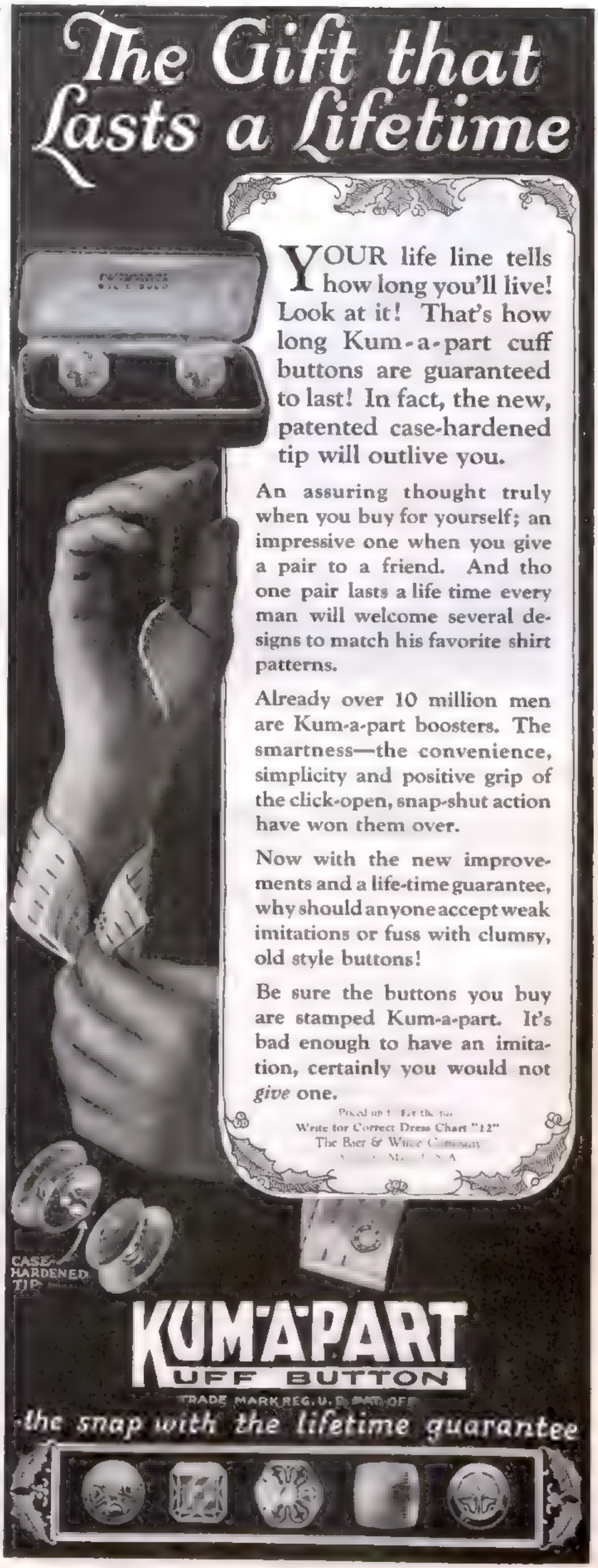

The Gift that Lasts a Lifetime
YOUR life line tells how long you'll live! Look at it! That's how long Kum-a-part cuff buttons are guaranteed to last! In fact, the new, patented case-hardened tip will outlive you.
An assuring thought truly when you buy for yourself; an impressive one when you give a pair to a friend. And tho one pair lasts a life time every man will welcome several designs to match his favorite shirt patterns.
Already over 10 million men are Kum-a-part boosters. The smartness—the convenience, simplicity and positive grip of the click-open, snap-shut action have won them over.
Now with the new improvements and a life-time guarantee, why should anyone accept weak imitations or fuss with clumsy, old style buttons!
Be sure the buttons you buy are stamped Kum-a-part. It's bad enough to have an imitation, certainly you would not give one.
Write for Correct Dress Chart "12"
CASE-HARDENED TIP
KUM-A-PART
UFF BUTTON
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
the snap with the lifetime guarantee

Beauvais Rug No. 4000 in Chinese design provides a perfect setting for this mahogany dining-room suite.

Beauvais Rug No. 3978 is only one of many designs suitable for the library.

Are you proud of the rugs on your floors?

Do your rugs give you a sense of real pride when your friends come to see you? Do these rugs tell them that you have good taste and judgment? Are you willing to have your taste and judgment represented by your rugs?

Of Sanford's Beauvais Rugs this can be said: Never, in any home, can their good taste be questioned. You can be proud of their beautiful designs—a beauty your first appraising glance will assure you of. You can be proud of the clear, rich colors, for Beauvais Rugs are pure wool, pure dyed—and that means perfect coloring.

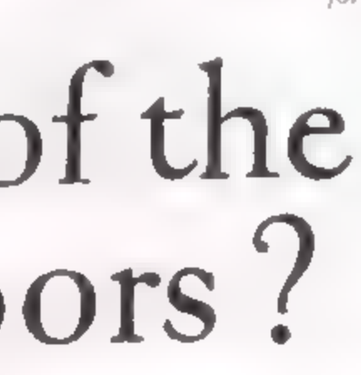
Luxurious in quality

You can be proud of the luxurious feel of your Beauvais Rug under the foot—its deep, close pile makes for softness. You can be proud of the smooth, unruffled appearance of the rug even when the children scamper across it—thank the closely woven back for that. You can be proud that there is not a single seam to provide a weak spot where the wear begins. You can be proud that the beauty of this rug is lasting—frequently it wears for twenty years, frequently for twenty-five years. You can be proud that it is the most widely sold rug anywhere; for this endorses your judgment—just as it does the judgment of the countless merchants who sell it. They consider it the best rug value on the market at its price.

Wide range of designs

Ask to see a Sanford Beauvais Rug. It comes in the widest range of designs and colors—Oriental or Chinese designs, two-tone effects, and many other exclusive designs inspired by rare and ancient motifs. It comes in sizes from 12 ft. x 15 ft. down to scatter rugs—the 9 ft. x 12 ft. being the most popular. All may be had in matching patterns; all are *seamless*. The name Beauvais (pronounced Bovay) is stamped on the back. Look for it.

Stephen Sanford & Sons have made rugs and carpets since 1838. They started with the highest possible standards of rug making; they have never lowered them—and that is the reason dealers today have so much confidence in these rugs. Most rug dealers and furniture houses carry Sanford Beauvais Rugs. If, however, you cannot procure them, write us and we will send you the name of the nearest merchant who carries them.



An actual reproduction of the back of a Beauvais rug showing the close weave.

Valuable Booklet FREE

Illustrated in colors

"How to Choose Rugs that Beautify Your Home." A booklet filled from cover to cover with suggestions—how to choose rugs in harmony with your home, how to get the longest wear from rugs, how to determine quality when buying—all helpful information. It is richly illustrated in full colors, and gives you color-harmony suggestions for various rooms. We will mail you a copy free upon request.

STEPHEN SANFORD & SONS, INC
295 FIFTH AVE., DEPT. H, NEW YORK CITY
Mills at Amsterdam, New York

SANFORD'S Beauvais Rugs

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BACK

(Continued from Page 139)

royal pew is the Saint George statuette in silver dedicated to her departed eldest son, the Duke of Clarence. That little monument is an exquisite gem from the master hand of Alfred Gilbert.

Every window in the church is a memorial in stained glass, rich in color and delicate in design, contrasting markedly with the plainness and simplicity of the interior. A small organ, new, but with the profusely carved old case, completed Sandringham's place of worship.

The next day was Christmas.

At the prearranged hour the valet appeared with a tray of coffee or tea. He brought with him the clothes which he had taken the night before, carefully pressed and folded, and laid out what was needed. From nine until ten breakfast was served in the dining room. For this meal the Princesses never appeared. But all the gentlemen came down and, as in other English country houses, whoever arrived was served as soon as he sat down. Generally a member of the household was present to do the honors at the table. One sideboard was loaded with silver platters warmed by spirit lamps, and under the covers were the many items which constitute the English breakfast fish, eggs, fowl, bacon, porridge, sausages—a vast variety. Upon the other sideboard were spread out the cold dishes, chiefly different kinds of meat, to which one helped oneself. A servant poured the tea and coffee and changed the plates until the fruits were served. No sooner was one place vacated than it was made ready for the next comer. These elaborate meals are probably a heritage of the days when the men were wont to go forth early to hunt or to shoot without pausing for lunch.

Persimmon the Pampered

After breakfast the entire party went to church. Everyone walked the short distance. The Princes sat in their pews, which flanked the aisle near the altar, the visitors, the household and the villagers taking the others. The service was brief. Unless the pulpit was occupied by a visiting clergyman or some noted divine, the Prince always cut short the time of the sermon to about fifteen minutes. After church the party walked in the grounds, the Prince noting and commenting upon the many changes and alterations always going on. He took the opportunity of looking them over with his clerk of the works and to explain them to his entourage and guests. Here he lived simply the life of a country squire and seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

When we returned to the house everyone spent the time in his own way—writing, reading or conversing. The Prince attended to his correspondence with his secretary until luncheon, which was at two o'clock. There being no shooting on this day, the gentlemen were present at the midday meal. The Duke and Duchess of York and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark also came in. The table arrangements were as impressive as the night before.

After lunch we were shown over the estate—all except the Princess, who was arranging the Christmas trees. Through the gardens and hothouses we went, then to the dairy, with its pedigreed Jersey livestock; but the chief attraction was the stables. As a special privilege we were allowed to see Persimmon, the famous horse that had won the Derby in 1896 and so many other races before and afterward.

Persimmon was cared for in truly royal fashion. He had a separate stable to himself, all lined and padded with leather. He had a particular stable boy to serve him whom he preferred to all others, and a little friend, a pony, which was always with him. He was a temperamental animal, Persimmon. To insure that he would enjoy his food, everything was done to keep him in good spirits, and that pony added to his well-being. The Prince took a great pride in showing him off and in explaining all the details of his existence. He had the horse brought out, patted him affectionately, and showed us his racing record engraved upon a shining bronze tablet outside his stall. It was a long list of equine achievements. Lord Marcus Beresford also came in for his share of recognition—which he truly deserved, considering the difficulty of the task of breeding race horses.

Universal Devotion to the Prince

Persimmon, however, seemed to appreciate our admiration but little. He was carefully wrapped up in blankets and his legs were neatly bandaged. He became restless and, as there is always danger of a cold or a slip, it was deemed best to restore him to his quarters and to the company of his little friend, the pony. The visit to Persimmon was the culmination of our tour of inspection. Besides, dusk began to fall and, as dinner was to be earlier than usual in view of the Christmas presents to be distributed afterward, we took the path that brought us back to the house most quickly.

The dinner was, if anything, even more elaborate than the night before. Besides the Princes from the cottages, the rector, Canon Hervey, and his wife and daughter were invited. But in saying that the dinner was more elaborate, one must remember that this was not a household where the mistress put herself out to entertain distinguished guests. Here the hosts were the most distinguished of all present. And this fact seemed to guide the spirit of the household at all times. The silent question always seemed to be: How can we best please our royal masters? The devotion of everyone to the Prince and Princess was almost legendary. And the lead in that devotion was taken by the Princess herself. Her solicitude for the well-being and happiness of her consort was an outstanding fact. She seemed to subordinate not only her desires, her pleasures, her views, but her whole personality to that of the Prince. That atmosphere enveloped the entire life of the household—an atmosphere of happiness and peace.

After the early dinner we all went into the big ballroom, where the trees had been set up. This room was one of the latest additions to the house. The trees were arranged upon three tables under the vaulted ceiling and illumined by seemingly

Interior of the Church at Sandringham

For the man who appreciates the UNUSUAL

The Emery Silcheck

NOTHING you could give a man would please him more than a box of Emery shirts.

Be sure to include the Silcheck . . . a new pattern of irresistible appeal . . . something special even for Emery.

An art-silk color stripe overlays a slender cross-stripe, of contrasting color, on fine broadcloth that is closely woven and beautifully textured.

Like all Emery shirts the Silcheck is thoroughly comfortable. Tailored to avoid binding. Plenty of room under arms and across chest.

Pre-shrunk neckband. Perfect finish. Fine stitching. Buttons firmly attached. Different sleeve lengths.

Comes in neckband style, with separate soft collar-to-match, and double cuffs. $5.00.

Other Emery shirts in silks, cords, checks, piques and other fabrics—$2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 and up, notable for their good taste, fit and finish.

Ask for the new Emery Silcheck—at better shops. Or we will see you are supplied promptly on receipt of money order and dealer's name. Give neckband size and sleeve length.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

Emery Shirts

Picture mother's glad surprise when she sees this

LIFETIME CLEANER

CAN'T you picture mother as she discovers this shining servant on Christmas morning? A little hush of expectancy . . . . a gasp of surprise . . . . her face glowing with gratitude . . . . her thanks . . . .

No more back-tiring, heavy sweeping for mother, no more weary dusting; and yet new brightness and longer life for the rugs and carpets she thinks so much of.

Hamilton Beach DE LUXE is the latest cleaner development, adding Super-suction to the Motor-brush. Powered by a full one-sixth horsepower motor; larger, we believe, than that in any like machine. That makes it doubly thorough, though doubly quick. From corded bumper to handle tip, every detail points to lastingness and quality. With greater reserve power for a long, trouble-free life. Every wanted feature is included in this amazing cleaner, at a price that makes it an unrivaled value. Just a small first payment will bring it for Christmas.

Hamilton Beach *Vacuum Sweeper*

To Dealers: Just a line on your letterhead will bring you a sample cleaner for unhurried examination. Also selling facts, figures and our interesting selling plan. No obligation. Write today.

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., *Racine, Wisconsin*

thousands of candles. One of the tables was for the grown-up members of the family, another for the children, and a third for the household and the guests. Upon the tables were trees for each individual present; the largest was for the Prince of Wales, and reached well to the ceiling. The others were in graduated sizes like the pipes of an organ, but still of imposing height. Then came the row for the household, smaller trees these, and upon a long table lay sorted the gifts for the children, each lot grouped under an individual tree, which was marked with the name of the recipient.

No sooner did we enter the ballroom than everyone rushed forward, anxious to find his place. A wealth of presents lay stacked for each one. There were not only such costly things as jewelry but all manner of lesser objects, decorative, useful or educative and ingenious. Next to a magnificent piece of Limoges porcelain from some crowned head would be a small bit of embroidery from some humble subject, or possibly a little poem or a drawing which a schoolgirl had ventured to offer. And these small objects brought as much pleasure and happiness as the far costlier gifts from the great. Everyone was remembered with lavish generosity. Everyone received something that bore a personal touch about it. Months before, it was a matter of serious reflection and devising as to what to give in order to cause the most agreeable surprise.

It need hardly be said that even under festive circumstances such as these, etiquette still surrounded the household. Inevitably, and regardless of all the good will of the hosts, guests and entourage would naturally still hang somewhat in the background. As the doors were opened the children, of course, were the first to rush forward toward that fairy Queen and for most of them their grandmother, Alexandra, Princess of Wales. The present Prince of Wales was at that time a child of perhaps five. His brothers and sister were younger still! Little Edvina Knollys was then about ten. And there were a number of other children. It was enchanting to see all those youngsters as they surrounded the Princess standing at their table. Leaping joyously from one present to another, they shouted, exclaimed, compared gifts with one another and kept each pulling his grandmother or grandfather to his or her tree to show them how generously they had been treated.

Omniscient Santa Claus

"How could Santa Claus have guessed that I wanted a Persimmon upon which to rock?" would cry a boy—possibly the present Prince of Wales.

And a little girl would exclaim, "And look at mine! How did he know that I wanted a doll called Alexandra, whom I could carry about?"

Grown-ups received their gifts with less ostentation, perhaps, but with no smaller delight and pleasure. And even I, stranger though I was, found myself regally remembered. Beneath my tree lay several pieces of handsome jewelry, a blue Danish porcelain teaset upon a copper tray with a card from the hand of Princess Alexandra, and a silver ash tray especially engraved for the occasion and set with the medal I had made for the Prince—my first commission for him.

The next day there was festivity for the servants. The distribution of gifts to them was a ceremony that I did not witness. But there was a dance for them in the ballroom, and every servant had the privilege of asking for the honor of dancing with some member of the royal family. There was nothing of the atmosphere of the Admirable Crichton discernible in this ceremony. The servants were all overawed by the honor and there was a great display of shyness and embarrassment, much to the amusement of those present.

The day after, when my visit came to an end, the Prince sent for me shortly before the hour of departure in order to go over some of the details of the memorial I was making. The Princess also gave me an opportunity of expressing my thanks and gratitude for a hospitality which had been royal indeed. When I bowed adieu to Princess Victoria she graciously gave me her album and asked me to leave a little sketch, which I can only hope was worthy of its environment.

The London Rothschilds

Lady Randolph Churchill's habit of wearing about her neck my little medal with the portraits of her two sons, created a sort of fashion which led to similar commissions on the part of many other people.

One of these, Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, desired me to make such a medal for her. Her husband was the youngest of the three brothers who headed the great banking house of that name in England. Mrs. Rothschild was not a Rothschild by birth, but a Perugia, a prominent family in Triest. The Rothschilds were already beginning to frown upon a too close consanguinity, and Leopold's was one of the first marriages outside the family.

Noted for her simplicity and unpretentiousness, this Mrs. Rothschild was exceedingly popular. She disliked the atmosphere of glitter peculiar to many of the rich, and inhabited a cottage at Ascot that was a model of homeliness. Much of the popularity of the Rothschilds in London was of this Mrs. Rothschild's making. For the eldest of the brothers, Lord Rothschild, was noted for a curtness of manner that bordered upon rudeness. Of him, too, the story is told that when a certain distinguished stranger came to see him at his office, he invited him to take a seat, and went on with his work. The stranger after waiting patiently for some time, arose and said, "Perhaps you did not understand, but my name is So-and-So."

"Very well; take two seats," was the answer.

Alfred, the second of the brothers, remained a bachelor all his life and collected works of art at a time when they were still easily obtainable. Of the brothers, he was perhaps the best liked, and he had the odd

(Continued on Page 145

The Ballroom at Sandringham

ELGIN TAKES THE TIME FROM THE STARS AND PUTS IT IN YOUR POCKET OR ON YOUR WRIST

A Gift with a Hint of the Stars

PERHAPS it is because nothing else one can select combines so well *all* the qualities which make a gift desirable, that Elgin watches are in such high favor as Christmas gifts.

In itself a *watch* has so much to recommend it—something *practical*, something *personal*, something that is a *constant reminder* of the giver.

And if it is an *Elgin* watch, to these are added the assurance of *beautiful design*, of *long-lasting* service and of *time-keeping quality*.

For Elgin is the *professional* time-keeper and every step in designing and making an Elgin is carried out in the *professional* spirit.

It is this spirit which led to the establishment of the Elgin Time Observatory.

There is only one source of precise time—the stars. And all that we know about time the astronomers have taught us.

So Elgin goes to the stars for the precise time.

The Elgin astronomers reached out to the stars for the time which governed every step in the making of the Elgin watch you select as a gift.

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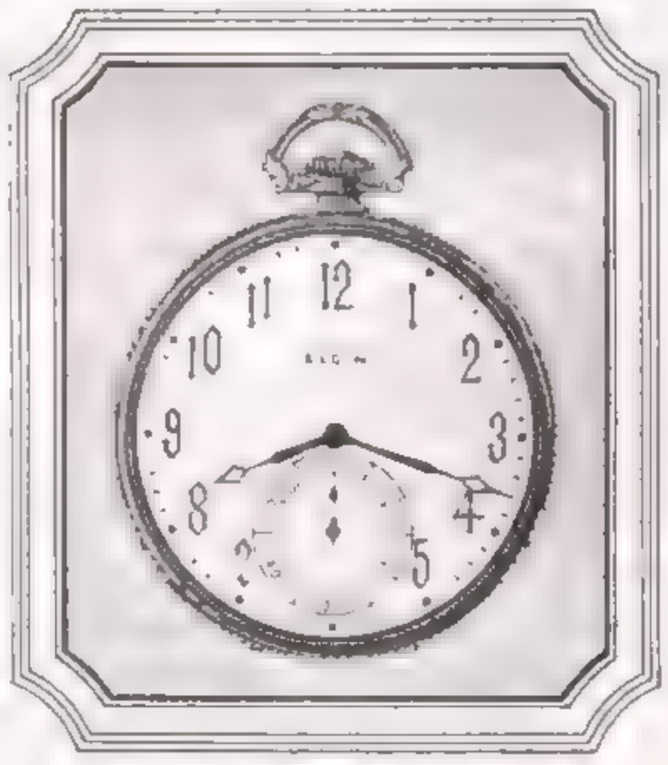
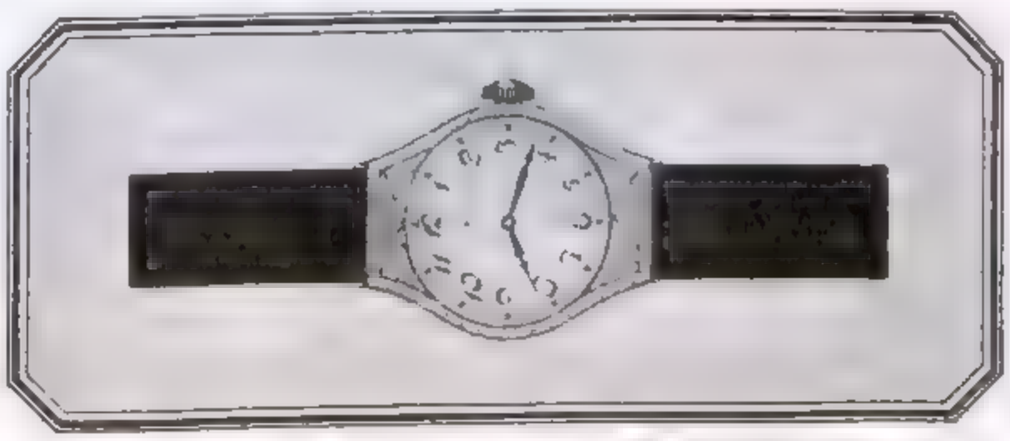




Elgin Wrist Watches cased in gold, inlaid set and gold lined, may be had from your jeweler at a wide range of prices

Your jeweler will show you Elgin watches in wide variety. You will be surprised at the low price for which you can buy a dependable Elgin for a boy—or a "knockabout" watch for a man. You can buy other Elgin men's watches—simple or ornate—up to $750. Or Elgin wrist-watches cased in green gold, white gold, or platinum—as *accurate* as they are exquisite in design.

Whichever you buy you may be sure of this—

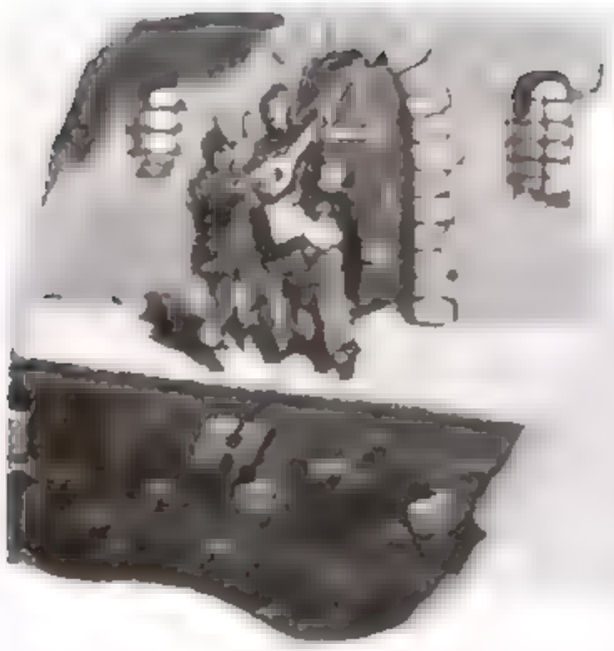
It is a *professional* time-keeper.

With a hint of the stars.

ELGIN

The Professional Timekeeper

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, ELGIN U·S·A



A Gift That Continues To Give

A MUSIC MASTER for Christmas! A gift the whole family will enjoy. A gift that re-creates in pure, audible tones all that's best in thought and entertainment, broadcast from five hundred stations daily.

Choose from what program you will—the variety is limitless. Whether voice or instrument, the words or musical notes will pour forth from MUSIC MASTER clear and natural—as though the speaker or artist were there before you

MUSIC MASTER—*the musical instrument of radio*—embodies all of the proved principles of sound reproduction

The reproducing unit is extremely sensitive and responds to the faintest impulses. The tone chamber is cast aluminum, unequaled for developing sound waves free from distortion. And the amplifying horn is natural wood, mellow and resonant like a violin.

Have you heard MUSIC MASTER? Your dealer will be glad to demonstrate it for you, or to place one in your home on trial

Dealers Everywhere

Connect MUSIC MASTER in place of headphones. No batteries required. No adjustments.

Model VI, (14" horn) $30
Model VII, (21" horn) $35
Model VIII, Cabinet $35

Music Master Corporation

Makers and Distributors of High-Grade Radio Apparatus

10th and Cherry Streets

Chicago PHILADELPHIA *Pittsburgh*

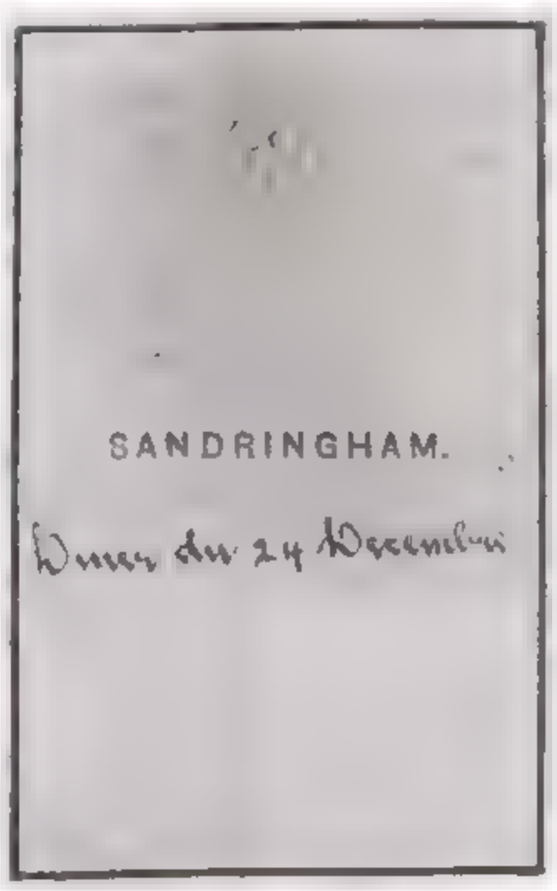
Music Master
RADIO REPRODUCER

Also in Beautiful Cabinet Form

(Continued from Page 142

hobby of keeping a private band for his own entertainment, lending it generously for charitable purposes. Leopold, the youngest, was the sporting member of the family, who maintained the Rothschild colors upon the turf.

Of his two younger boys, it was, that I was commissioned to make the medal. One of them, whether Anthony or Evelyn I do not remember, has since fallen in the war, in Mesopotamia, side by side with his cousin, Neil Primrose, second son of Lord Rosebery.



Through these London Rothschilds I became acquainted with the Paris branch, where also three brothers reigned. The head of the French house was the Baron Alphonse. I was commissioned to make a portrait medallion of his only daughter, Madame Maurice Ephrussy—with her youthful face and snow-white hair, a woman of striking appearance. This portrait had to be done in France, and accordingly, in the summer of 1900, I went back and forth across the Channel.

The country seat of these Rothschilds, Ferrieres-sur-Marne, which they occupied the greater part of the year, was about an hour's distance from Paris. During the Franco-Prussian War, in 1870, it had served as the headquarters of the old Emperor William and his staff, including Moltke and Bismarck. The family still preserves and shows to guests the visitors' book which all these personages had signed before leaving the château. This record impressed me less, however, than three things which have remained vividly in my memory in connection with the house.

The Kitchen Subway

First, there was the famous painting by Raphael, known as The Violinist. This picture, formerly owned by Prince Sciarra, was by him smuggled out of Italy in spite of the strict laws which preclude the exportation of great works of art. And the reason the picture has lingered in my memory is because then and there my feeling was confirmed that Raphael's fame far exceeds his merit in comparison with his contemporary Michelangelo. The second object I recall was a room hung with paintings on leather, which, although very striking and vivid in color, were attributed to Rembrandt—but in any case, seemed extraordinary and unusual. The third, oddly enough, was the kitchen. That kitchen at Ferrieres was a separate building, some distance from the main house. The dishes were conveyed to the house by means of a subterranean railway, with trains of heated cars to keep them warm.

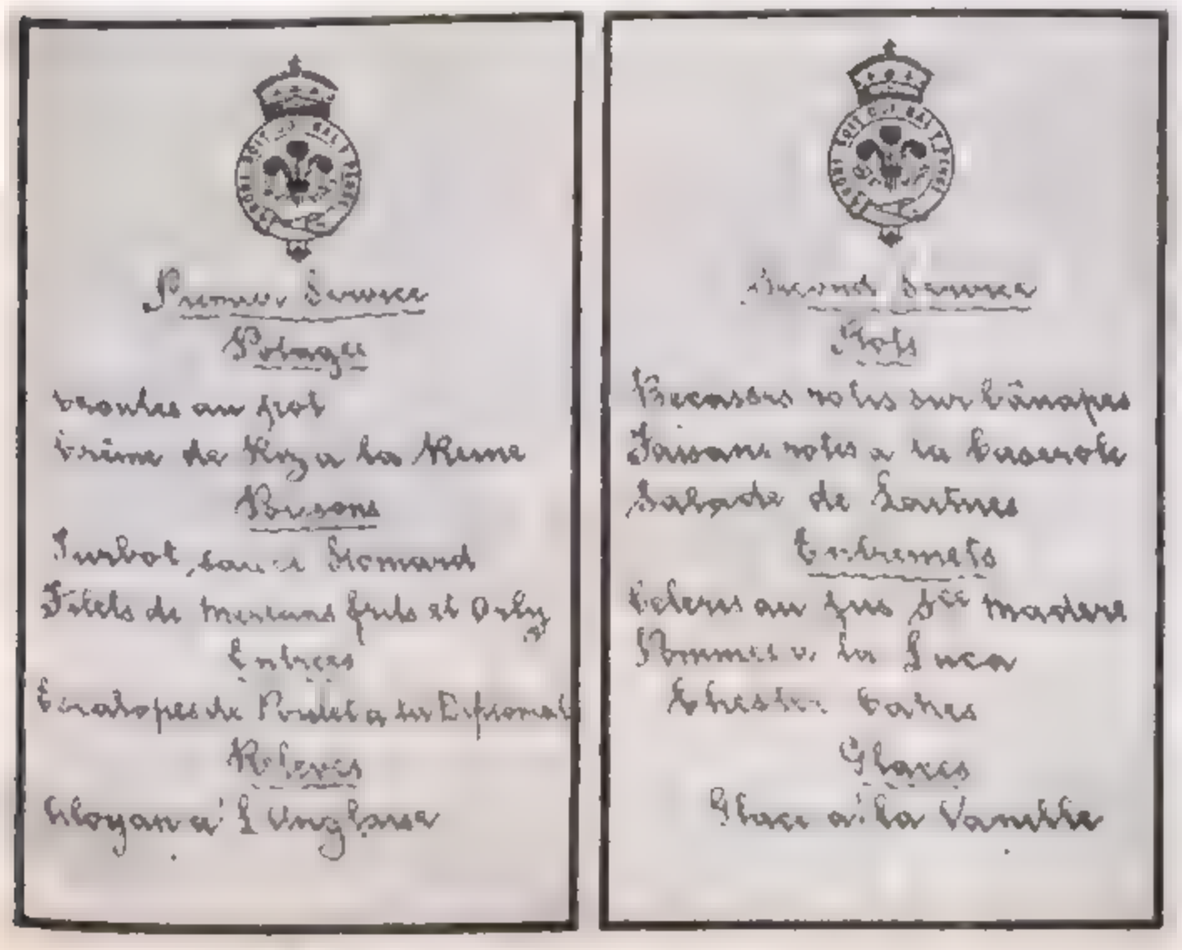
The old Baron Alphonse was possessed of one eye only. He had lost the other at a shooting party where a friend of his had made the unfortunate shot. As the specialist was operating in order to save the other eye, so the story goes, the Baron was heard to moan, "My God, what must my friend suffer!"

Count Witte

Possibly the story is true. But so far as I knew the French, the English and the Austrian Rothschilds, they seemed rather concerned with themselves than with others. Their point of view toward life was blasé rather than otherwise. Their lot was too easy and comfortable at birth and gave them too little to look forward to and thus bring out deep sympathy for others. The practice of close intermarriages between relations, often as near as first cousins, was also a detriment to the family. Its original purpose was to keep the fortune intact in the family. It proved harmful, however, and the practice has been since then largely abandoned.

During one of my stays at Ferrieres that summer, Count Witte, then Minister of Finance under the late Czar Nicholas II, was arriving for a brief visit. That was an occasion for a display of wealth such as even among the Rothschilds was not often indulged in. The Count was met at the station by the family with a carriage *à la Daumont*, drawn by six horses, two of which were mounted by riders. Like visiting royalty, he was shown over the estate, which was in every respect a model.

Witte himself was of an imposing, if somewhat extraordinary appearance. Though more than six feet in height and large in proportion, he struck one by the unusual narrowness and length of his head. As to feature and beard he was the typical Slav. He spoke French fluently, and his demeanor was that of a person always conscious of his exalted position. Though my



Dinner Menu — Sandringham, December 24th, 1899

Electricity means better work
—and more of it!

It's a sensation you won't quickly forget the first time your fingers glide over the hair-trigger keyboard of this electric typewriter.

The faintest suggestion of a touch engages the motor and electricity does the rest.

Every stroke has exactly the same speed and pressure; every impression is exactly alike.

The result is typewriting unbelievably uniform—as smooth and even as the best printing could be—and stenographers who are not fagged out before the day is over.

For the Woodstock Electrite eliminates fatigue that follows the steady tap-tap-tap of the ordinary machine. And speeds up your output immensely.

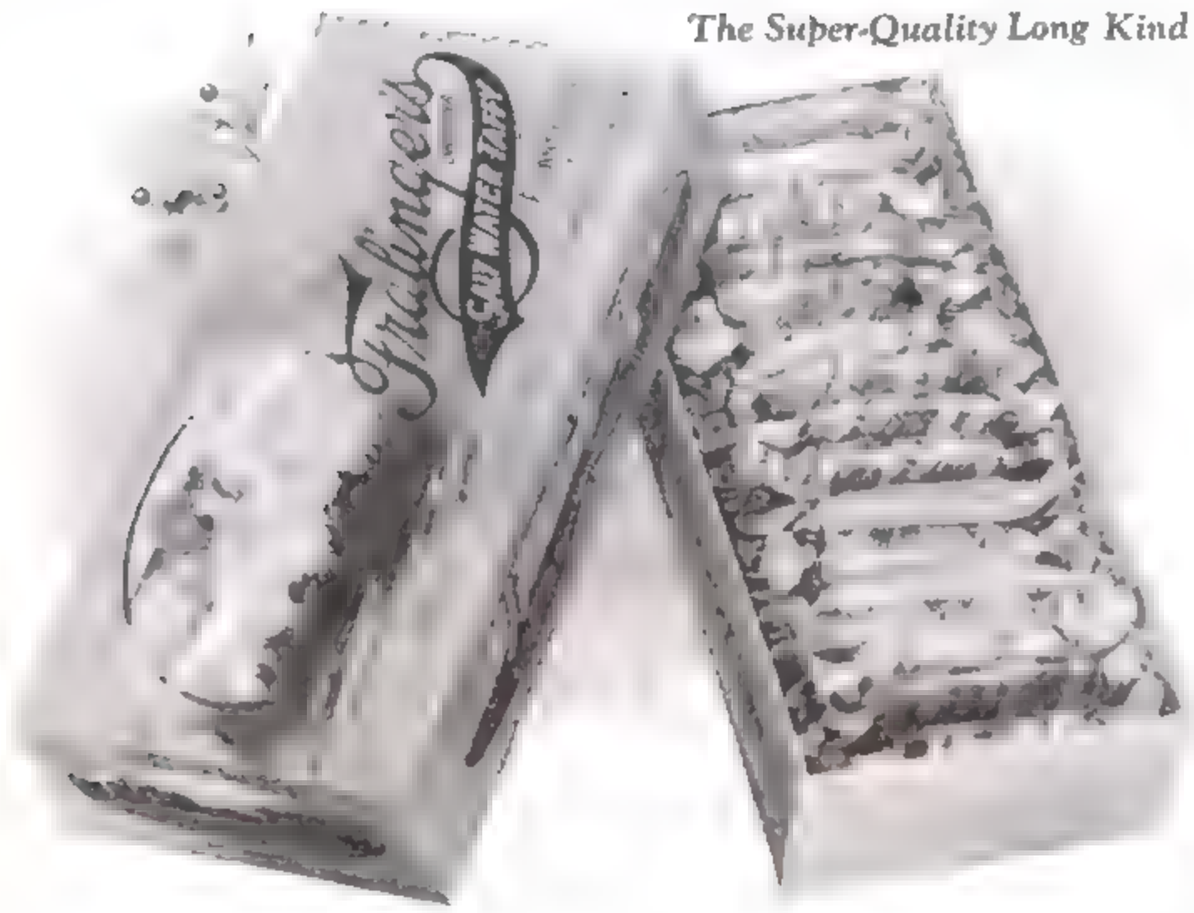
* * *

The Woodstock Electrite is a standard typewriter in every way—standard in size, standard in structure, standard keyboard. It is just another step in the development of the standard Woodstock Typewriter which has been making its mark in the commercial world for years and is now regarded by those who know as the finest typewriter made

Write today for booklet and details about the standard Woodstock and the Woodstock Electrite. It's information that every business man, typist and stenographer ought to have.

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER COMPANY
216 West Monroe Street, *CHICAGO*

WOODSTOCK
Electrite



The Super-Quality Long Kind

A Happy Christmas and a Healthy 26th!

FRALINGER'S Original Salt Water Taffy is a famous holiday candy, always associated with good times, good health, good flavor. Sea air and sunshine are sealed in every box.

The smooth creaminess is especially a delight at Christmas time, when many candies and foods are over-rich. Fralinger's is pure and wholesome, but not too rich. The 25 assorted flavors fascinate grown-ups and children alike—and there is no headache or stomach misery afterward.

You can get attractive Yuletide packages of Fralinger's at your favorite candy counter. You will find it deliciously fresh. It keeps its full flavor.

FRALINGER'S, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
Five Stores on the Boardwalk

Tasters [illegible] close 10 cents with the attached coupon

If you have any difficulty, order direct from us. 60 cents a pound, postpaid.

place at the table was such that I could not overhear any of his conversation, I could not help observing an air of serene dignity about him, a trait I had noticed elsewhere, in Rome as well as in London, as peculiar to all Russian statesmen and diplomats. They seemed to assume it in order to show the world what a powerful master they were serving.

The Baroness that evening was dressed in black silk and priceless lace, and wore her black pearls, which were famous. They were, in a manner, her Order of the Garter, worn only upon great and exceptional occasions. All the Rothschilds were present—Baron Edouard, Gustave and their families. A state dinner at Windsor could not have been more formal. Witte took in the Baroness, and she smiled as much as she was able. This was one of the rare occasions when I saw her without her habitual expression of dissatisfaction that seemed almost a perpetual weariness. Such an expression appeared ineradicable in those people, owing to a satiety of all worldly things.

There were forty-eight covers, and the table offered the best that any kitchen or cellar could produce. At a certain point in the dinner, when the host was about to rise and propose the health of the guest of honor, the head butler poured out for everyone a glass of Bordeaux of their own vintage. This, evidently, was such a rarity that the servant showed the label to each and every guest.

The attitude of the old Baron was very amusing. He was a sufferer from gout, for the relief of which a certain diet had been prescribed. In order to maintain his treatment scrupulously he was under the surveillance of a young physician, who would warn him when he was about to transgress the limitations of his regimen. When the priceless wine was served, however, the Baron lost patience with his young doctor. He threw him a defiant look and told him a thing or two, which evidently proved effective, for the doctor looked down at his plate and the Baron held out his glass to the dispensing butler. The old gentleman sipped his luscious liquor with such delight that I almost regretted my own palate was nothing more than a passageway to receive some of the necessities of our existence. I noticed that while he imbibed his nectar slowly as if to prolong the agreeable sensation, others emptied their glasses in a few hasty swallows or in one large gulp—much as we partake of the cup of life. Some greedy ones there are, and shortsighted too, who dispose of the full contents rashly, indifferent as to the effect and natural consequences. But others will drink with deliberation, premeditation even, and will enjoy it the more for having comprehended the fact that, once emptied, the cup will never be refilled.

Winning the Baroness' Gratitude

On another of my visits the Baroness had arranged to have a small musicale. The performer was a Mrs. Howland, an exceedingly capable violinist, the attractive wife of the American commissioner to the Paris exhibition of 1900. The time arrived for the music to begin, but there was no accompanist for Mrs. Howland. Both the hostess and the performer had left that to the other. In her embarrassment the Baroness herself offered to accompany. She confessed that she had not touched a piano in many years and begged for the indulgence of the guests. After the first few bars came a discord and a stop. She tried afresh with the same result. The faces of both performers were growing purple and the situation was becoming painful. Someone suggested a violin solo—one of those bravura pieces by Bach or Paganini, where the violin itself supplies the accompaniment. This type of music appealed little to an audience that would have relished a valse.

The Baroness rose in distress and asked, "Is there nobody in the room who can accompany Mrs. Howland?" No answer. "Then," she concluded sadly, "we shall have to forgo the pleasure of music tonight."

When I felt certain that there was no Paderewski in disguise in the room, I ventured to offer my services at the piano. Beginning with my early days in Rome, I had played a good deal to the violin. There, one of my neighbors, a certain Bernardelli, practiced with me every day. Several of the pieces remained in my memory and enabled us to improvise. And though my playing was not as perfect as might be wished, it had at least the charm of spontaneity. And it did count for something. For if ever in my life I have come near to being embraced by a woman, it was then and there. Mrs. Howland, who parted from her husband sometime after, subsequently married Sir Edgar Speyer, London head of the international banking firm of Speyer Brothers. The Speyer house was a center of music in London. Even before his marriage Sir Edgar had much music at his own home and started the popular concerts in Queen's Hall, which drew thousands every night. Lady Speyer had ample opportunity to display her many gifts, social as well as musical, though she never again played in public except for charity.

During the war, Sir Edgar took offense at some veiled gossip and rumors which the universal spy mania brought into being—pardonable enough at a moment when the very existence of a nation was at stake. Even in those dark moments, however, no one high in the counsels of the state either reflected upon or assailed Sir Edgar. Nevertheless, he was offended and chose to give up his baronetcy and to leave the country. In my humble opinion, he had done better to leave the matter alone until a happier and more serene period returned. And if he be a true lover of England, which I believe he is, he might well have taken to heart the advice given by Edward Hanslick, the famous music critic, to his wife when she sang at a concert which he had to review. He said: "And now comes the most painful duty that can befall a critic. My dear wife, let me give you some advice: Love and be silent."

The Hospitable Beresfords

Since those days at Ferrieres I have not seen Lady Speyer. Perhaps she resented my attempt to help her out of an embarrassing situation and still holds it against me. I am only too conscious of what a poor performer I am and, should these lines come under her eye, I hope they will carry to her my humble apology.

But the subject of music brings to my mind another notable musical home of those days, that of Lady Charles Beresford, wife of one of the most gallant and beloved of British admirals. Lord Charles was a popular national hero. When I knew him he had but recently returned from a mission to the Far East on behalf of Sir Thomas Lipton, the object of which was to promote business relations between England and the East. But to remain in complete retirement was impossible for Lord Charles, and he was representing a constituency in Parliament. One could readily understand why he was an idol of the masses. A great-hearted simplicity distinguished his manner, and he was always cheerful and ready to do a good turn for anybody.

A medal which Lady Charles commissioned me to make of him as a pendant for herself gave me ample opportunity to study this delightful man; he was a most agreeable sitter. Music, his wife's passion, did not appeal to him, and if he was present at her musicales it was only because some visitor there interested him at the time. His joviality and his amiability, nevertheless, remained unabated. Because he commanded H. M. S. Condor at Alexandria in 1882, and later, in 1884, the naval brigade in the Soudan sent to the relief of General Gordon, he was sometimes popularly called Condor Charlie—a name he did not like because of its rapacious connotation.

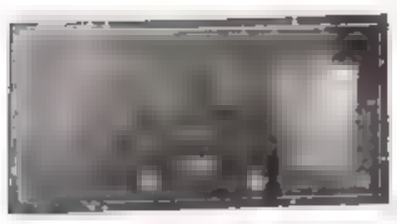
Lady Charles Beresford kept open house at her charming villa in West Ham, near Richmond, and every Sunday during the season her many friends assembled there to an always elastic hospitality. There would be music, and sometimes it was doubly enchanting to those who, after dinner, would stroll in the gardens and listen to the distant sounds in a perfect midsummer night.

Art and music, it has often occurred to me, tend to supplement each other and to blend with and relieve each other—like the cold and warm hues on the palette of the painter or like the major and minor chords in music. In fact, creation was founded on this principle of positive and negative; it pervades everything, commencing with the colors in the rainbow, three of which are complementary and the other three opposing—night and day, summer and winter, spring and autumn—each needing its contrasting counterpart for the formation of a homogeneous entity, the structure of existence

The ancient Greeks understood these laws and called their application the golden

(Continued on Page 148)

Wherever Dials Turn — Bakelite *for dependable insulation*



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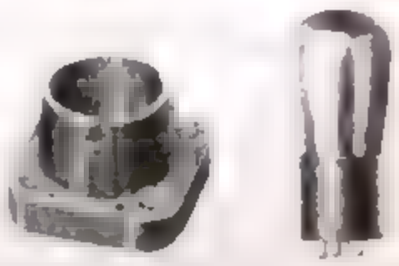

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BAKELITE

THE MATERIAL OF A THOUSAND USES

(Continued from Page 146

rule, by which they established relationships in accordance with their advanced ideals of perfection. Concerning the human body, the golden rule fixed all its proportions—the relation of head to body, to the limbs, of hand and foot to arm and leg, of fingers and toes to hands and feet—all painstakingly and comprehensively determined.

As these fundamental rules govern all the arts, this may be the explanation of why in one man is combined the ability to express himself in many media. To the artist, music is a necessity and, though he may not know its technic, he has a love for and an understanding of it.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones often came there. Sir Philip's father, the great Burne-Jones, believed his son to be a finer painter than himself, which shows how blinding paternal love can be.

Still another conspicuous figure at Lady Beresford's house was Sir Claude Phillips. His talent as a critic seemed to hover between art and music. He began as a musical critic and turned later to art criticism. He was a devoted friend of Lady Charles, and they were often seen at concerts and the opera together. He lived much among musical people. And I often wondered how it is possible for a critic to be in daily contact with the very people he is obliged to criticize and still to keep that aloofness which is necessary to make criticism completely unbiased. Yet Sir Claude seemed popular, both as musical and art critic, and his work in the Daily Telegraph was held in high esteem. So brilliant, trenchant and forceful was the pen of Sir Claude that he could make or unmake an artist "and stand a critic, hated yet caressed." The influence he wielded was great.

And that brings me to a point. Shall we ever approach a time when we shall be able to do away with critics and rely wholly upon our own æsthetic feeling and judgment? Shall we always have to be told by someone who has no more qualification than anyone else, what in art is good and what is not? What is to endure and what shall perish? Often when I went to see some of the collections in Paris of a Sunday afternoon I would overhear the watchmen and guards in the museums or visitors of the lower classes discussing art perhaps more intelligently than many a critic. With them this was a spontaneous expression of a feeling with which the whole country was imbued. With some, if not with all critics, it seems to be a process of filling just so much space with print because it is to be paid for.

The Trouble With Critics

The community of art critics is too often recruited from among disappointed artists, or from art students, or from men who wield a too facile pen from which flow glittering phrases as empty as soap bubbles. Those in the first-named class are the most dangerous because all their writings sound that note of disappointment, begrudging success to the fortunate ones, while every word serves but to stress the fact that "the greatest consolation for the mediocrity is that the genius is immortal only after his death."

The art critic generally knows little about proportion, color, perspective or technic, all of which are as indispensable as a knowledge of counterpoint is to the musician, even though he be a genius. How many times I have been asked to explain the difference between the lost wax process and the sand-mold castings, and why the former should be considered art and the latter only craft. Over and over I have elucidated the meaning of chiaroscuro or the significance of the expression "cold and warm color," so extensively used among painters and which means so much. All this and a thousand other details should have been taught to the art critic as a part of his curriculum in his preparation for a vocation which, if exercised in the proper spirit, could be as beneficial in its scope as the words spoken from the pulpit.

Instead, the critics are apt to live in their little narrow world, not daring to look beyond its borders lest the glare of light that would flood in upon their vision would completely inundate their obscure, dim corner. Usually each one is noted for the special tendency he champions, and so tenaciously does he do this that he is frequently unaware that a stronger and a cleverer man is stealing from under his nose the bone of contention, which leaves him with nothing to gnaw on and necessitates that he search for another bone. Few are broad-minded enough to see good where it is instead of where they wish to find it.

The artists' resentment of the critics is comprehensible, for the harm of an unintelligent criticism to an individual or a group cannot be measured. And so often the personal element enters in, the likes or dislikes of a critic for the personality and not the painter. Most of the masters have suffered like lions from the sting of annoying insects. What did not Richard Wagner endure from the barks of a crowd who did not know how to make a better noise? And how virulent were the attacks on Whistler by Ruskin? When I first went to London the echoes of the famous lawsuit still resounded in every corner where art was discussed, and the opinions of Ruskin were so highly esteemed that the defenders of the artist were in the minute minority. Now that time has proved Whistler's worth, the question naturally presents itself: Did those attacks do him any real harm? Would it not have benefited Ruskin if he had seen fit to emphasize the good in Whistler which was undeniably there? His undeserved harsh criticisms were about as valuable to himself as if he had cut his name in the bark of a growing tree in the hope that posterity might read it.

Michelangelo's Little Ruse

Michelangelo was not spared disparagement, which became so exasperating that he resorted to a ruse. At a place where archæologists were excavating, he buried one of his statues, after first breaking off an arm. When the marble came to light and was exposed in all its beauty, they sent for the master to point out to him how far more perfect was the work of the ancients in comparison to his own. He submitted to their sarcasm for a time, and then opening his cloak, he produced and fitted the missing arm.

Some talent is so supreme a gift that to attempt to destroy it or to damn by faint praise would be like trying to avert an avalanche or swim in the rapids of Niagara.

At the recent exhibition of Sargent's work in the Grand Central Art Galleries, the illustrated catalogue contained some reprinted opinions of former displays—eulogistic, of course. But there was one among them which contrasted sharply in its praise with the later writings from the same pen; continuous commendation had evidently proved irksome and had begun to pall—hence an almost complete right-about by way of variety.

Lord Charles had two brothers, Lord William and Lord Marcus Beresford, keeper of the Prince's racing stable. Lord William was married to Lillian, Duchess of Marlborough. An American by birth, daughter of Commodore Price, U. S. N., she had first married Louis Hammersley, a New Yorker, and after his death the Duke of Marlborough, father of the present Duke. Louis Hammersley had left her a respectable fortune, and with this, after she became the Duchess, she embarked upon elaborate improvements at Blenheim. These were later carried on by Consuelo Vanderbilt, the next Duchess. When the old Duke died, his widow married Lord William Beresford. But still she clung to the title of Duchess, which presumably had cost her too much to be lightly relinquished. Her marriage to Beresford proved a happy and congenial one, and their union was even blessed with a somewhat belated son.

One day I received an urgent message from Lord Marcus, whom I had met at Sandringham, bidding me come to Deepdene near Dorking to make for the Duchess a death mask of his brother, Lord William, who had just died. The telegram came too late in the day for me to avail myself of the aid of a molder and, as I did not wish to disappoint Lord Marcus, I decided to do the work myself. It was a dreary journey from Charing Cross in an empty train past midnight. When I arrived at Deepdene, Lord Marcus and the nurse in attendance were waiting up for me. The Duchess I did not see. I proceeded with my melancholy task.

The making of a death mask is no pleasant labor. First of all, the face is lightly coated with olive oil. In the case of a man, the brows, the mustache and beard are covered either with the skin of egg or with grease generously applied. A frame of soft clay is then laid round the head to mark the limits of the cast and to prevent the soft plaster from flowing out. The plaster has to be mixed with warm water and a little salt to make it set more quickly. In liquid form it is then applied with a brush and, as it gets harder, with the hand until the whole cools down and solidifies. To remove the mold it is simply moistened with a saturated sponge. This form the molder afterward uses for making the cast. All this I was obliged to do myself, with the help of only the nurse.

Once the task was done, I went upstairs to gain a little rest. To the stranger the house seemed enormous. It was early winter, and outside I heard the wind soughing and moaning. So cold and lifeless was everything within and without that I could not sleep. I longed for my cozy studio and the little cheerful fire that awaited me like an old friend. Early in the morning, at the first opportunity, I fled.

Yet, in spite of all this, I did not hear from the Duchess. I wrote her once or twice to say that the death mask was ready, but my letters remained unanswered. It was not until sometime later, when I was doing some work for Sir George Lewis, the noted solicitor, a man sympathetic to artists, that I happened to mention among others of my experiences, the one with the Duchess. He desired to know all the particulars. Sir George was the solicitor of the Duchess and had the management of her affairs. Very soon thereafter I finally received from her an apologetic letter with a check.

Sir George Lewis, I may add, was perhaps one of the most eminent solicitors in his day. His advice was universally sought and the most important and delicate cases were likely to be found in his hands. To have him on one's side was already in some degree an assurance of success. His principle was never to advise a lawsuit unless he was reasonably sure of the justice of the cause and the probable result. The money lenders' act, which was directed chiefly against his namesake, Sam Lewis, and intended to preclude the possibility of such vast accumulation of wealth in that business, was drafted by Sir George Lewis. The foremost contemporary names of his time, including that of the Prince of Wales, figured among his clients. His offices in Ely Place occupied two houses, which had been thrown into one and still seemed too small.

His wife, Lady Lewis, of German origin, was a great lover of art in all its forms. She was among the first of Sargent's patrons. In his early days, before he became famous, he painted the portrait of both Sir George and Lady Lewis. An entire wall in their house in Portland Place was covered with cartoons by Burne-Jones. Sir George Frampton, the sculptor, modeled the ceiling of her drawing-room. Paderewski and Alma-Tadema were intimates and often to be met in the Lewis house. Paderewski never came to town without devoting at least one evening to his friends, the Lewises, who made this the occasion for a big dinner and reception, which strained to its utmost the capacity of even their large house.

Laszlo's Limited Field

At about this time Philip Laszlo first made his appearance in England. Though a Hungarian, he had studied at the academy in Munich and set up as a portrait painter. He had an extraordinary facility for likenesses and his first portraits still painted under the influence of the academy gave excellent promise. His ease was amazing. It was the sort of ease which is far more general among the Italians and the Spaniards. Sorolla once told me that whenever one of his pupils shows signs of it, he sets him to copying Holbein until he copies him well. Laszlo was able to handle not only the brush with facility but also his sitters. He knew how to keep in the public eye, and like a clever musician who is sometimes able to play himself into the hearts of people, so Laszlo had the art of painting himself into their hearts. To my own critical judgment his work is overfacile. He has never had the impulse, seemingly, to retire from his endless portrait painting into a seclusion where he might listen undisturbed to that still, small voice, which every true artist should hear and which should make him long for the day when he will be able to follow its call.

I cannot remember any other instance of a celebrated portrait painter, such as Laszlo gave promise of becoming, contenting himself with turning out faces day after day with a facility which in time must surely become mechanical.

Laszlo first came to me with an introduction from Count Mensdorff, then the councilor of the Austrian Embassy in London. I was asked to help him obtain a studio for a short period so that he could paint a score of portraits or so. As I then had, besides my own large studio, a smaller one near by, I welcomed him as my guest. I saw much of him at that time, and we often had discussions upon art. One afternoon, when his sittings were over for the day, I visited him and observed the pile of canvases in all stages of progress which he had already accumulated in a short time in London.

"Don't you feel," I asked him, "like so many of us, that portraiture is only a means to an end—but, after all, it does not represent the very best which is in an artist?"

He seemed inclined to agree with me.

"After all," I went on, "in looking at the work of our foremost portrait painters—Velasquez, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Vandyke and Rembrandt—giants in portraiture to be sure, they revealed the true master rather in their compositions. Don't you agree with me?"

"Yes," was his answer. "I grant you that is true. And as soon as I feel a little more independent I mean to return to my studio in Budapest and begin on some work which I have in mind. I see a splendid decorative frieze which I am anxious to do."

"That is fine," I told him, "and I am glad to hear you say it. Because in my experience, true happiness for an artist lies only in those works which he can create in the privacy of his studio, uninfluenced by any consideration other than art in its purest form."

Prewar Diplomacy

That was a quarter of a century ago, but I have not yet heard of that frieze of Laszlo's. I sometimes wonder whether, as he looks back upon his achievements, he does not regret that he has remained so one-sided in the practice of his art.

Laszlo, I need hardly say, painted the portrait of Count Mensdorff as he painted the portrait of every other celebrity. Count Mensdorff was an excellent specimen of the diplomacy of his time. The prime requisite of that diplomacy was not so much a fine mind as a strong digestion. Almost all diplomats were in those days alike. Very few stood out for exceptional ability. Baron Trauttenberg, an adherent to the old school, one day wrote in an album: "The duty of diplomacy lies less in the achievement of great successes than in the avoidance of great difficulties."

That was the working principle of prewar diplomacy. And it was by no means confined to the Austrian Embassy, but prevailed in all the embassies I ever knew. For the statesmen of that era this was doubtless a sufficiently satisfactory motto.

Count Mensdorff came of a noble family so ancient that it even managed somewhere in its path to pick up a connection with royalty. The house of Leiningen, to which he was related, had at some time become linked with the house of Coburg. Mensdorff was therefore considered a relation of the British royal family, and was not only *persona grata* but a favorite. No dinner party, reception or house party was deemed complete without him. He was everywhere welcome—at Cowes, at Newmarket, at Chatsworth, at Sandringham and Windsor. When Count Deym, his chief, died, Mensdorff was elevated over many heads and made ambassador to the Court of St. James. With so popular a man, it was thought, the cordial relations between the two empires could not help but be maintained. When the war was approaching, it became evident that the situation demanded someone as adroit in diplomacy as Mensdorff was socially. With that type of man in London and such a diplomat as Austria now possesses in Monsignore Seipel, the priest-statesman, the destinies of the world might perhaps have moved otherwise. The Mensdorff type had doubtless been a great asset in the days when the fates of empires were settled by a chosen few over the coffee and cigars after a good dinner. But those times had passed, and they have passed forever. Today we live in a world where merit alone is of any account, where the humblest has the same opportunity as the highest born, where individuals can no longer decree the fate of whole nations, but humanity settles such things for itself.

And thank heaven for that!

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Fuchs. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

There's an unmistakable mellow fragrance and bouquet to "aged in wood" tobacco.

Some day science may explain this added aroma

—the remarkable gain in flavor that comes only when tobacco is "aged in wood"

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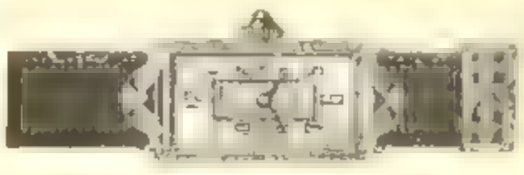

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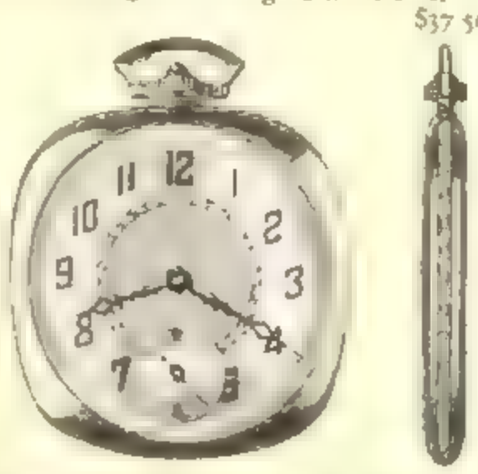

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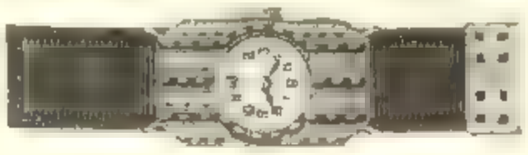

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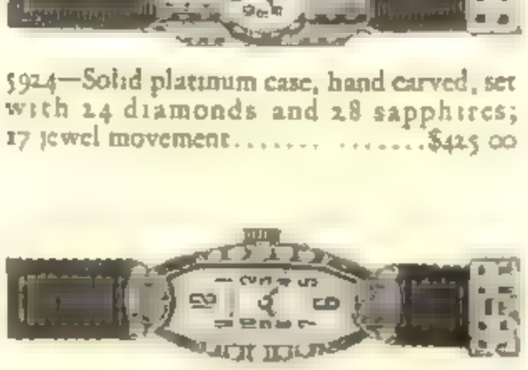


5892—Solid platinum case, hand carved; set with 20 diamonds and 4 sapphires 17 jewel movement $300.00

6897—18 kt. solid white gold case, platinum top; set with 2 diamonds and 4 triangular cut sapphires; 17 jewel movement...$75.00

4712—18 kt. solid white gold case, hand carved; 17 jewel movement... $65.00

4744—18 kt. solid white gold case, hand carved; 17 jewel movement.....$75.00

6724—18 kt. solid white gold case, hand carved, 17 jewel movement.... ... $50.00
15 jewel BULOVA Quality filled ... $35.00

6714—18 kt. solid white gold case, hand carved; 17 jewel movement $45.00
15 jewel BULOVA Quality filled.....$18.50

154—14 kt. solid white gold case, hand carved; 15 jewel movement..... $30.00
BULOVA Quality filled.....$25.00

Autocrat of Time

By-products carry a share which otherwise would have to be charged to meat.

Meat Consumers Do Not Pay the Cost of Producing Live Stock!

IF a thousand-pound steer were used for nothing but carcass meat, there would be approximately 440 pounds of waste.

Sold at such prices as ordinarily prevail, the meat alone would not bring as much as the steer cost.

If the 440 pounds were thrown away (as was formerly done save for the hide and tallow), it would be necessary that live stock be much cheaper or meat prices be much higher.

Either the farmer would get less or the consumer would pay more.

It is likely that the consumer would pay more. The producer must, in the long run, get back what it cost him to produce, and it follows, therefore, that if by-products were not utilized to take care of part of that cost, it would fall entirely upon the consumers of meat.

In other words, the parts utilized as by-products come with the animal; the cost of producing the live animal is not affected by what is done with these parts. It is the price which the consumer pays for the meat which is affected by the value given to the by-products.

Operation on a large scale is necessary in order to save many by-products, as, for example, the endocrine glands—thyroids, pituitaries, suprarenals, etc. It takes glands from 135,000 sheep to make one pound of suprarenalin, and a pound is worth more than $5000.00. This drug, diluted with water at the rate of 1000 to 1, makes bloodless surgery possible in minor operations. It contracts the blood vessels so forcefully that all the blood is driven out of the flesh tissue to which it has been applied. It is also a powerful heart stimulant.

Small packers could not afford to bother with by-products of the kind described, for tens of thousands of animals must be handled annually in order to make practical the saving and processing of such items.

A great many of Armour and Company's manufacturing and selling activities have to do with by-products—processing and finding a market for glue, curled hair, hides, calf skins, pelts, wool, lubricating oils, soap, violin strings, pharmaceuticals, catgut, ligatures, and numerous other commodities. By scientific research, advanced method of manufacture and by development of markets, one or more of these by-products has been made of value in practically every basic industry.

The value thus given to by-products in the packing industry is credited against the cost to the packers of the live animal and reduces thereby the proportion of the live cost which the consumers of meat have to pay. The use to which these products are put, therefore, effects a net gain to live stock raisers and meat consumers, and the result is that meat is cheaper than it otherwise would be.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

This advertisement is the tenth of a series designed to throw light on the fun[illegible] of meat packing. Write us for the complete series or for answers to any question[illegible] out the industry on wh[illegible] sire information

Sssssssssshhhh!

(Continued from Page 5)

rats—have a chair, sir—yes, I got it—answers to name Geraldine ——"

He turned to Larry Carraway.

"Yes," said the inky Mr. Legg, "I will not join."

Larry stared at him. "Join what?"

"Anything," said Mr. Legg firmly "And that goes." He raised his voice and roared, "Bill, Bill, for the love of heaven, don't spell 'pneumonia' with an 'n.'" Mr. Legg grabbed up a proof and began to read it with one eye, while he fixed the other on Larry and addressed him.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Legg. "You give me a pain under the vest. You come into this nice quiet little town that used to ooze brotherly love, and what do you do? . . . Bill, Bill, for pity's sake, that head ANOTHER DASTARDLY CRIME goes on the pig-stealing story, not the Hingley-Hatch wedding. . . . Yes, sir, you fellows have turned Billup into a hotbed of hate. Of course I understand your point of view—you get five dollars for every new member you sign up. What a pity! You look like a nice young fellow too. But you and your crowd have certainly corrupted Billup."

"Me?" queried Larry.

"I'm not speaking to the King of Sweden, am I?" said Mr. Legg, scribbling a headline on a piece of copy paper. "Yes, you. Do you happen to know, young man, that Damon Tuttle doesn't speak to his twin brother Pythias any more since Damon joined the Princes and Pythias joined the Hawks? And their devotion to each other used to be beautiful to see. You've split the town into two armed camps that's what you've done, young man. Please put your foot on that proof there before it blows to hellangone."

"Mr. Legg," said Larry, "just what do you think I am?"

"A Prince or a Hawk," responded the editor.

"Nothing so exciting," said Larry. "I'm a newspaperman—looking for work."

Mr. Legg laid down his pencil and thrust out an inky hand.

"Well, well! In that case, glad to see you." He scanned Larry's professional card. "I've heard of you," he said.

"Will you give me a job?"

"You? On the Palladium-Intelligencer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Young man," said Mr. Legg, "you've been out in the sun. A cabbage leaf concealed in the panama would have prevented your sad condition."

"I'm sane," laughed Larry, "and sober too. The fact is I need a job."

He told Mr. Legg how wanderlust had turned him into a journalistic gypsy.

"I know the feeling," Mr. Legg assured Larry. Then he shouted, "Bill, Bill, if you value your life, never spell 'accident' with an 'x' again. Now, Mr. Carraway, tell me why you picked out Billup."

Larry told the editor about the freckled-eared stranger and his signs.

"That," said Mr. Legg, "would be Hod Frick. He's high up in the Hawks."

When Larry had finished, Mr. Legg said: "I need a man. There's a real problem here that maybe you can help me solve. I can pay you only twenty a week, but you can get board and room at Mrs. Olsen's for twelve. If you aren't really Carraway of the Lance I'll soon find it out. I know a newspaperman when I see one. I used to work on the St. Louis Messenger myself till my arches fell and they wanted to stick me on the copy desk. Then I came here and bought the Palladium-Intelligencer. I was born in Billup, you see; and it used to be one of the pleasantest little towns in the country, but now ——"

"Say, what is wrong with Billup?" Larry inquired.

"It's got the sssssssshhhh habit," said the editor, and not pausing in his work, he went on rapidly: "Yes, sir, Billup used to be a good place to live in. Any civic project and the whole community was behind it to a man. Main Street just dripped with good will. Fact. And now—well, you noticed something, didn't you?"

"I didn't see any doves and olive branches," Larry said.

"No, and I'll tell you why. The folks here are going round like a lot of bulldogs with sore noses these days. Half of them are Princes and the other half are Hawks."

"You are Going to Leave in Complete Charge of the Paper Your Bright Young Assistant, Mr. Laurence Ashton Carraway"

"That's Czecho-Slovakian to me," said Larry.

"It was to Billup until six months ago. Well, sir, six months ago into town came two slick fellows from Chicago. Glib—that's what they were. One of 'em was Grand and Greatly Esteemed Organizer of the High and Mysterious Princes of the Enigmatic Realm of Secrecy. The other was Royal and Solemn Standard Bearer of the Cryptic Order of Honorable Hawks. Oddly enough, they both got here on the same day. One worked the south side of Main Street, the other the north side. They had smooth lines, both of them. I know. They tried them on me. The Princes—to hear them tell it—are the strongest and most secret order in the world, with secrets that would make a porcupine's quills curl. For ten dollars anyone could be a Prince, wear a purple robe with skeletons embroidered on it and learn those terrific secrets. Likewise for ten dollars—don't forget the ten—any worthy butcher's assistant or soda jerker could become an Honorable Hawk, wear a red bib with birds on it and lock in his bosom, so the Hawk fellow said, secrets that made the secrets of all the other orders, especially the Princes, look like a page from a first-grade spelling book. Indeed, the Hawk fellow whispered in my ear that if I joined the Hawks I could certainly look with pity and scorn on the Princes and their puny little secrets, and the Prince assured me that any bona-fide member of his crowd could properly regard a Hawk the same way a bottle of Grade A cream might regard a pan of sour skim milk. Well, I regret to say, Billup ate that stuff up. I could see why. Perhaps you noticed that our Main Street is no Broadway."

"I did see a difference," said Larry.

"The most ardent Billupian," said Editor Legg, "was bound to notice, now and then, that our Main Street lacked thrills. Its virtues are the simple, homely ones. So those organizers found plenty of material to work on. Wallie, the butcher's assistant, might be able to withstand a purple apron with skeletons on it, but he could not resist the secrets. It sort of made him drunk with power to think he knew secrets that his friend Cliff, in the shoe store, didn't know. So Wallie joined the Princes, and pretty soon Cliff joined the Hawks, to have some secrets, too, and soon the whole town was full of folks making wigwags at one another and exchanging passwords and trick grips. They got to hating one another—the Princes and the Hawks. Every man in town except me belongs to one bunch or the other. I have to stay neutral. It's a shame, that's what it is. It's ruined Billup."

"A sad case," said Larry. "Why don't you kid the bibs off them in your paper?"

The editor sighed.

"I wish I could," he said. "But you know how it is in a place as small as Billup. A man isn't free to do as he pleases. Everything I own is tied up in this paper, and if I kidded the Hawks and the Princes they might all stop reading it. Besides, how could you possibly kid a Hawk or a Prince? A sense of humor and the sssshhh stuff don't dwell under the same hat."

"But there must be some way ——" began Larry.

"I wish you could find it," said Editor Legg. "Now please take these proofs out to Bill—he's the dirtier one—and tell him if he puts the police-court news in the social notes again I'll tear his tonsils out. I've got to write two editorials, an obituary and a baseball story in six minutes."

Larry Carraway had finished his first day as reportorial staff of the Palladium-Intelligencer. He was sitting in his room in Mrs. Olsen's boarding house, recuperating from it. He had written half a column about a dog fight, a laudatory column about a concert of the Billup Silver Cornet Band, a long obituary of a prominent switchman, an editorial of a satiric nature asking the city fathers why Main Street had been paved with taffy instead of concrete, and full stories about the new pump at the waterworks and the bull calf that had come to brighten the home of the Caleb Prouts.

Outside his window lay Billup and the peace of the moonlight was on it. The vagueness of the night had softened the outlines of the houses. Only the slim white spire of the church, rising above the maple trees, was distinct. The windows of the houses were orange-yellow patches of light.

"There's a family behind every one of those lights," mused Larry, and laughed at himself, for newspapermen, being the most sentimental of mortals, affect to despise sentiment. "They're simple, decent folks too." He was recalling how cordial and helpful they had been to him, a stranger,

Warmth

YOUR feet have never, never known what luxurious comfort a foot can enjoy on a biting winter day—until they have snuggled into a pair of Iron Clads!

A soft, fleecy mixture of the purest cotton and worsted yarns that gently nestle to the skin—shutting the wintry weather on the outside.

Ask for Iron Clad sock No. 212. Woven in the most attractive two-color combinations, this sock has all the style, beauty, and durability for which Iron Clads have been famous for the past 46 years.

212 Olive and Brown	If your dealer can't supply you, send us your remittance, stating color and size (9½ to 12, 60c a pair east of the Rockies). We'll pay the postage.
212B Blue and Grey	
212G Two Shades of Grey	
212AB Brown and Blue	

COOPER, WELLS & CO.
212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.

Twice as much Reason for giving him a Cuno Electric Match this Year

it lights his cigars by day

and is a Utility and Spotlight at night

$8.00

CUNO

ELECTRIC MATCH AND UTILITY LIGHT

Here's another Cuno Gift!

Don't get up from your set to light your cigar or pipe CUNO RADIO ELECTRIC MATCH attached to your storage battery lights up your smokes while you listen – At Radio stores or direct in box *for* $1.25

THE CUNO ENGINEERING CORP., MERIDEN, CONN.

PRIZES FOR BOYS

Without cost, [illegible] The Saturday Evening Post Sales Dept. 327 Independence Square Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

You give all outdoors when you give a Flexible Flyer

Every boy and girl longs for a Flexible Flyer. They know that the "speed-king" of the hill, the envy of all eyes, is always the fellow with the Flexible Flyer.

Flexible Flyer is the strongest, the speediest, the safest sled. The merest pressure of hand or foot on the steering bar guides it. Good-looking, graceful, with all-steel front, grooved-steel runners and a handsome, hardwood top.

Thrill some boy or girl with a Flexible Flyer, this Christmas.

FLEXIBLE FLYER

Look for this trade mark on the sled you buy

Ask your dealer, or us, for Free cardboard model showing how Flexible Flyer steers, and how to get an "expert coaster" button.

S. L. Allen & Co., Inc.
Dept. 15 Philadelphia

Flexible Flyer

"The sled that really steers"

when he had made his rounds that day in search of news. "They don't seem to hate anybody but one another. It's a crying shame this sssshhhh blight. Perhap I "

Larry took a grip on his chin, and that was a sign his brain was working It was working at high speed, when a knock sounded at his door: no ordinary casual knock, but three distinct muffled raps

"Come in," cried Larry.

Cautiously, slowly, the door opened, and a man insinuated himself into the room. It was the mysterious stranger with the freckled ears On his tight lips he laid a long narrow finger.

"Sssssssshhhh!" hissed the stranger

"What's the matter?" asked Larry, also whispering "Is the place pinched? Or is somebody going to sing?"

"Sssssssshhhh!" repeated the visitor. He sent a surveying glance around the room, even letting it sweep under the bed. Having apparently satisfied himself that there were no eavesdroppers, he whispered, "The sun riseth in the east."

"Old stuff," said Larry. "I've known that for years."

The freckled one drew back, his eyes narrowing.

"Then thou art not one of us?" he whispered

"I art not," Larry answered "Who art us?"

In a whisper that was only just audible, the man made solemn reply.

"The Cryptic Order of Honorable Hawks."

"Ah," said Larry, "then you are an Honorable Hawk?"

"I art."

Larry contrived to look impressed.

"And when," questioned Larry, "do you honorably hawk?" His manner was respectful, disarming.

"At night," the other answered.

"How do you do it?"

The man assumed a look of great mystery.

"That is one of our deep and terrible secrets," he said.

"Ah, the Hawks have secrets then?"

"The secrets of the Hawks," asseverated the man, "are the most secret secrets in the world."

"What are they?" asked Larry, with an air of innocence.

The face of the freckled one showed he was inexpressibly shocked

"Ask not, stranger," he said with dignity. "They are for the ears of Honorable Hawks only."

"Oh, come now," cajoled Larry, "be a good fellow. Tell me one of them—one of the least deep and terrible. I'm dying to know. I won't tell a soul—cross my heart."

For a second it seemed that the man might comply; then the freckled one drew in his breath

"No, sir," he said, "I guess not. If I did, do you know what would happen to me?"

"No. What?"

The man sank his voice to a graveyard whisper and in a quoting voice replied:

"First my unworthy cranium would be severed from my dagger-pierced torso; then my traitorous trunk would be hewed into one thousand and one small bits of equal size, and each bit would be put into a separate bottle and the bottles would then be cast, one at a time, into the vast and bottomless ocean on one thousand and one consecutive nights."

"Golly!" whistled Larry. "It might prove fatal."

"Besides," added the visitor, "mebbe you're one of them vile Princes."

"Honest, I'm no Prince," said Larry. "So the Princes are a pretty vile lot, are they?"

"The vilest," averred the man, "of the vile."

"Why is that?"

"Well," said the visitor, scratching his head to assist his memory, "their secrets is spue-ur-i-ous."

"Spurious?"

"Yes, sir. Them Prince fellers mock at the Hawk secrets—and the Hawk secrets are the only true secrets."

Larry sighed.

"They must be hot tamales," he said. "I wish I knew a secret."

The man became suddenly confidential.

"Say, brother," he said, "how would you like to be an Honorable Hawk?"

"Me?"

"Yes."

"But do I deserve such an honor?"

"I guess," said the freckled-eared one, "I could get you into the Honorable Hawks." He cleared his throat. "It costs ten dollars," he finished

Larry stood up—a decisive gesture.

"Cheap enough," he said. "I'm your man."

"Come Thursday night," said the freckled one, "on the stroke of eight. Up over the hay-and-feed store. Mum's the word."

"Mum," agreed Larry, "is the word." Then—"But you say the Hawks are a secret order."

"Terrible secret," the man assured him.

"Nobody will know I join?"

"Nobody."

"Are you sure?"

"Brother," said the man—he was quoting again—"if one Hawk was to give away the secret of a brother Hawk, his perfidious cadaver would be roasted on a slow fire and his vitals would be fed to hyenas and he would be dropped from the order forever more."

"Fair enough," said Larry. "Do you take the ten now?"

"I do," said the man, and did

The owner of the astonishing ears slipped away as quietly as he had come. Larry took a fresh hold on his chin and sat contemplating the moonlit landscape.

He was deep in thought when he heard another knock at his door—this time five crisp taps

"Who's there?" called Larry.

A low voice answered him.

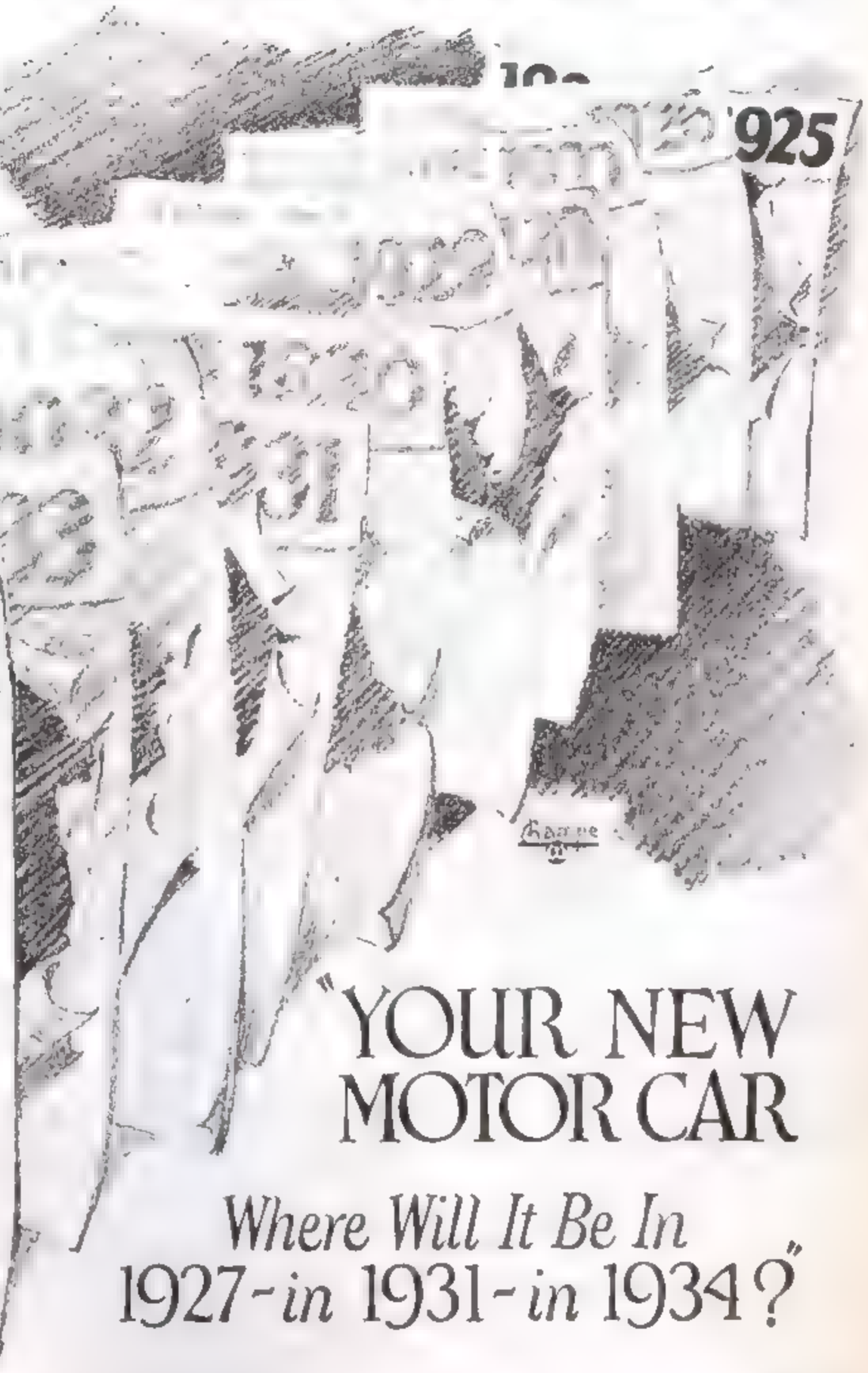
(Continued on Page 156)

The City of a Thousand Christmas Trees, Pasadena, California

The NEW CASE

Jay-Eye-See

THE TEN YEAR CAR



"YOUR NEW MOTOR CAR

Where Will It Be In 1927-*in* 1931-*in* 1934?"

PAST sales records indicate that 75% of all the cars bought in 1924 will be out of the hands of the original owners in 1927, either traded, sold or junked. With each change someone takes a needless loss. To the original owner it will average 50% because he must absorb such items as luxury tax, freight, handling charges, selling costs, etc.

Thinking people—bankers, dealers and car buyers—believe this is a tremendous economic waste, a sacrifice to faddish lines, too many models, high pressure selling methods, and bad engineering and construction. If you think this over you will agree.

Case engineers started years ago to determine why motor cars wore out before their time. They developed and put into operation a scientific method of determining the "Endurance Factor" of every part used in Case cars. Then, by an orderly process of refinement and improvement, each part was brought nearer and nearer perfection. How certain this progress has been is evidenced by a recent nation-wide investigation showing that the *life of all Case cars then in service was many years beyond the average.*

The Endurance Factor

of a certain part is determined by dividing the *number replaced* by the total *number in use.* If eight transmission shafts are replaced in 10,000 cars in use the "Endurance Factor" for the shaft is $\frac{8}{10{,}000} = .0008$

Every possible step has been taken to reduce this factor in the New Case to the lowest possible point by—

1. Better co-ordination of parts and units throughout the machine
2. The use of the finest and most suitable materials throughout.
3. Infinite care and precision in workmanship
4. Exhaustive inspection of the minutest details.

This infallible system has made possible the New Case—The 10-Year Car

With this accurate, fundamental knowledge, the New Case, Jay-Eye-See and Y models, have been designed.

If you, too, believe that trading a motor car every year or two is wasteful—if you believe an automobile should give a minimum of ten years of satisfactory, economical transportation, see the New Case.

In this new 10-year car you will find, in addition to maximum economy, that greater satisfaction and pleasure that come with owning a motor car that gives the utmost in performance, unfailing dependability, comfort and refined appearance.

The Case dealer will be pleased to explain the design and construction of the one car that's built with a definite, accurate knowledge of the "Endurance Factor" of every part. You must see for yourself this *New* Case to appreciate how well a car can be built—and drive it to realize its wonderful performance and riding qualities. Case Owners need not buy too many automobiles.

CASE MOTOR CAR DIVISION

J. I. CASE T. M COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 154)

"One from without who would have speech with him who is within," said the voice.

"Then," called back Larry, "let him who is without come from without within."

The door swung open gently and a stranger glided into the room. He was a long frock-coated man with an Adam's apple like the Alps and the sadly serious face of a ewe. He stopped just inside the door; he raised a bony finger to his face, laid it beside his five-inch nose and sniffed loudly, twice.

"Ah," said Larry, "the gas man!"

The stranger, coming closer, let out a sound like escaping steam.

"Sssssssssshhhh!" he said.

"I'll take a case," said Larry, "if it's good prewar stuff."

The man's reply was curious. In a tense, significant whisper, he said, "Washington, J. Adams, Jefferson, Madison."

Larry grinned. American history was one of his hobbies.

"Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Jackson, Van Buren," declaimed Larry.

The man came one step nearer.

"Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor," he hissed.

"Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln," whispered Larry.

"Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur," whispered the man.

"Cleveland, B. Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt," came back Larry.

"Taft," whispered the man.

"Wilson," whispered Larry.

"Harding," whispered the man.

"Coolidge," cried Larry triumphantly. "I win! Give me the cigars."

"Win? What meanst thou?" The man's face was creased with a sudden suspicion.

"Wasn't it a game?" asked Larry.

"A game?" The man was horrified. "Why, I thought thou art a Prince."

"No flattery now," smiled Larry.

"I mean," said the visitor sternly, "a High and Mysterious Prince of the Enigmatic Realm of Secrecy."

"Very sorry," said Larry. "I'm not even a low and unmysterious prince."

No smile traversed the cemetery countenance of the visitor.

"Then you don't know what you're missing," he said.

"Missing? What? Why?"

"By not being a Prince," said the man.

"Well, what am I missing?"

The man's voice was sepulchral.

"Secrets," he said.

"Well, give me a sample."

The man shied as if he had touched a hot stove.

"What? Tell one of our secrets to one in the outer darkness? Say, mister, do you know what would happen to me if I did?"

"Something pretty dreadful, I suppose."

In an awed voice, the man spoke:

"First, my unworthy cranium would be severed from my dagger-pierced torso; then my traitorous trunk would be hewed into one thousand and one small bits of equal size ——"

"Don't tell me," broke in Larry with some excitement, "that you'd then be bottled and tossed into the briny deep!"

"Say, how did you know that?"

"Well, what else could they do with you?" Larry countered. "I guess you'd better not tell me a secret. If all those things happened to you, it would spoil your day. I suppose I'll never get to know those secrets now."

In the voice of one conscious that he is doing a particularly handsome act, the man addressed Larry.

"I might be able to get you into the Princes," he said.

"That certainly would be white of you."

"Of course, it comes high."

"Naturally. How high?"

"Ten dollars."

"It's a lot of money," said Larry, "and I wouldn't pay it to be just a plain prince. But a High and Mysterious Prince—well, here's your ten."

The stranger stowed the bill into a vest adorned with a princely watch fob the size of a turkey egg.

"The Sublime Royal Court convenes Friday at nine," he said, "in its august sanctuary back of Mort Deeley's livery stable. Wilt thou come?"

"I wilt," promised Larry.

Monday morning Larry Carraway came into the office of the Billup Palladium-Intelligencer humming.

"Mr. Legg," he said, "I've got news for you."

"What? This early in the morning?"

The editor was already inky and his hair rumpled.

"What is it?"

"You're going fishing today," Larry announced.

"Me? Fishing?"

"Yes, you—fishing."

"Young man, has some fiend in human form struck you on the head with some blunt instrument?" asked the editor.

The Stranger Pulled Away as If He Had Been Stung by a Bee. A Dark Disturbed Look Rushed Over His Face

"Not yet," said Larry. He looked the editor straight in the eye. "Now listen to me, Mr. Legg. You are going fishing at Buckeye Lake today; you are going to stay in the middle of the lake in a boat all day, far from Billup and the sssshhhh stuff. You are going to leave in complete charge of the paper your bright young assistant, Mr. Laurence Ashton Carraway, who will assume entire responsibility for everything. Listen, can't you hear the fish calling?"

"But I don't want to go fishing," protested the editor.

"Oh, yes, you do." Larry looked straight at him. "You've no idea how much you want to go fishing. You've no idea how much you ought to go fishing. A clean, healthy sport—fishing."

Mr Legg was studying Larry's face. The editor smiled.

"I think," he said presently, "that a day of fishing is just what I need."

On Monday evening all good Billupians went out to their respective front porches to read the Palladium-Intelligencer that had been tossed there. A tranquil hour ordinarily follows. But not that Monday. Billup stared at the paper with bulging, unbelieving eyes; Billup was shaken to its roots.

Across the top of the front page ran a headline in the blackest of black type:

SSSSSSSSSSHHHH!

Billup caught its breath and read:

"Editor Roscoe Legg was away fishing at Buckeye Lake today. He left in full charge of this paper his staff Mr. Laurence Ashton Carraway, of New York and other places. Now Mr. Carraway, being a stranger in these parts, found himself hard up for news. So he thought it might be interesting to the readers if he printed in full the secrets of the High and Mysterious Princes and the Honorable Hawks. No other paper in town will have this story, he reasoned, even if there was another paper.

"Here are the secrets of the High and Mysterious Princes:

"First, you give ten dollars. Five of it goes to the man who signs you up, five to the Sublime National Sanctuary. Then you bind yourself to secrecy under penalty of being cut into small bits, bottled and heaved into the ocean. You are now a Prince. When you meet another Prince, you say, 'Sssssssssshhhh!' lay your finger along your nose and sniff twice loudly. This is the Mystic Token by which Princes are known. You then take turns naming the Presidents of the United States. This is known as the Most Sublime and Occult High Sign. You then link little fingers with the other Prince. This is known as the Most Historic and Impenetrable Grip. To gain admittance to a Sublime Royal Court in August Sanctuary convened—which means a meeting in a room back of Mort Deeley's livery stable—you knock five times, sniff twice and say, 'Admiral George Dewey.'

"Once inside, you don a purple cotton Mother Hubbard with skeletons on it. Then all the Princes stand in a circle, holding hands, and the secrets begin. The first secret known as the Sublime Outer Mystery is that they all sing the first verse of Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, backward. The second secret—known as the Sublime Medium Mystery—is that they all recite the Declaration of Independence, backward. The last secret known as the Ultimate Mystery -is that all the Princes chant the names of the Vice Presidents of the United States. They all then give three loud sniffs and the ritual is over. They then sit around, drink hard cider and swap stories.

"Here are the secrets of the Honorable Hawks: First, you give ten dollars. Five of it goes to the man who signs you up, five to the Chief National Hawk Nest. Then you bind yourself to secrecy under penalty of being cut into small bits, bottled and heaved into the ocean. You are now a Hawk. When you meet another Hawk, you grasp your ears with your hands and flap your elbows, once, twice, thrice. This is called the Mystic Token. You then hold speech with the other Hawk as follows:

"FIRST HAWK: The sun riseth in the east.

"SECOND HAWK: And it setteth in the west.

"FIRST HAWK: East is east.

"SECOND HAWK: West is west.

"FIRST HAWK: North is north.

"SECOND HAWK: South is south.

"This is known as the Sacred Preliminary Password. You then link little fingers. This is known as the most Historic and Impenetrable Grip. You then take turns naming the Presidents of the United States. This is known as the Most Sublime and Occult High Sign.

"To gain admittance to a Most Secret and Terrible Gathering of Hawks—which means a meeting in the room up over Ed Loomis' hay-and-feed store—you knock three times, sniff twice and say, 'Admiral George Dewey.'

"Once inside, you don a red bib with a bird on it. Then all the Hawks stand in a circle, holding hands, and the secrets begin. The first secret known as the Sublime Outer Mystery—is that they all sing the first verse of Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, backward. The second secret—known as the Sublime Medium Mystery—is that they all recite the Declaration of Independence, backward. The last secret—known as the Ultimate Mystery—is that all the Hawks chant the names of the Vice Presidents of the United States. They all then give three loud sniffs and the ritual is over. They then sit round, drink hard cider and swap stories.

"In short, the secrets of the Hawks and the Princes are the same. And this is not surprising, because their rituals, under the title High School Fraternity Stunts, are printed by Solomon, Casey & Bunce, Chicago, Illinois. Price, one dime, ten cents."

Inside the paper, under Social Notes, the Billupians read:

"Mr. Laurence Ashton Carraway has resigned his position as reportorial staff of the Palladium-Intelligencer. He will travel in foreign climes for his health."

Larry Carraway had dropped off the train in St. Louis, after six diverting weeks on a paper in Kanab, Utah, and he went to the press club to get his mail and talk shop. In a corner of the grillroom he observed a smallish man with bright eyes and white hair accomplishing the feat of eating a Welsh rabbit and chewing gum at the same time. When this man spied Larry he jumped to his feet. The man's hands gripped the lobes of his ears and he flapped his elbows, once, twice, thrice.

Then in solemn tones he said, "The sun riseth in the east."

"Why, Roscoe Legg!" Larry greeted him. "How are you? Glad to see you."

"I just ran down to St. Louis to see some of the old gang," Mr. Legg explained. "Billup is so darned peaceful now."

"Peaceful?"

"Yep; now that the Hawks and the Princes have merged to form the Billup Town Improvement and Good Citizenship Association," said Roscoe Legg.

Yesterday
the state coach of Louis XIV was one of the first to have glass windows. But for all its showy carving, it lacked many comforts.

Today in a motor car with

Wilson *built* Body

. . . modern families travel as if born to the royal purple. In this great Age of Luxury, the character and elegance of Wilson coachwork set a standard for the judgment of all coachwork. The Wilson craftsmen have been steadily at it for five and twenty years—designing beauty and building strength—lifting motoring higher and higher into the realm of pleasure!

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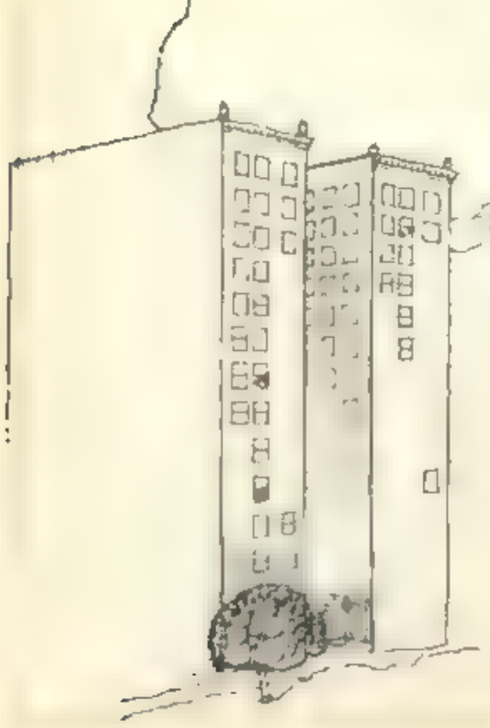
SCIENCE has found the right way to heat with oil. And proved it for five years. This way is radically different from the old-fashioned methods. It will interest you to see this oil burner that has solved the problem. You need know nothing of mechanics to understand it.

So far as nearly 20,000 present owners are concerned there is no heating problem. Their homes are always exactly the temperature they enjoy. They smell no fumes. They see no dirt or dust. They hear no unpleasant noise. They know it is dependable.

You, too, will have this experience when you heat your home this scientific way.

One right way to burn oil

Four new facts about oil burning were first used by our engineers six years ago. They are the now famous four natural laws. They explained the difficulties others were having in trying to heat homes with oil.



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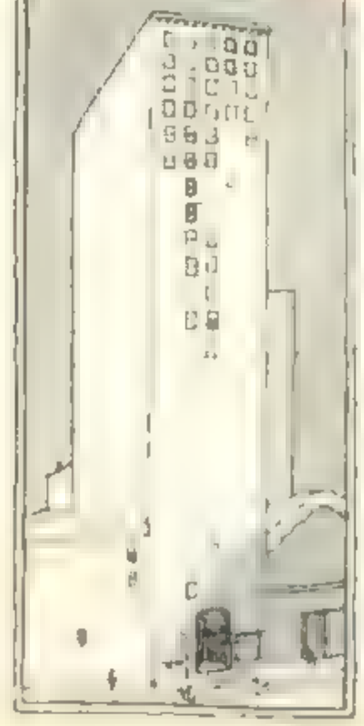
OIL-O-MATIC
HEATING

Proved for five years

No house is too large for Oil-O-Matic. Few are too small. The same burner is used in all installations. Homes take a quiet, slow motor. Large buildings a slightly faster motor and more burners.

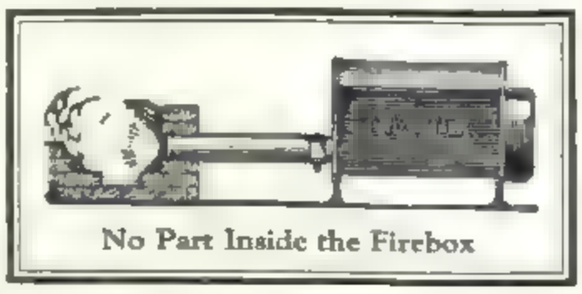
Oil-O-Matics have been serving perfectly for five years in Homes, Apartment Buildings, Churches, Bank and Office Buildings, Hotels, Y. M. C. A.'s, Schools, Theaters, Hospitals, Stores, Factories, Newspaper Plants, Greenhouses, Garages, etc. Whatever your heating requirements, Oil-O-Matic will meet them.



oil heating is a proved success

So we built an oil burner in accordance with those laws. For five winters, now, Oil-O-Matic has answered every demand in thousands of homes, large and small.

When you buy an oil burner see that it agrees with these laws. If you follow them you cannot go wrong. Here they are:



No Part Inside the Firebox

The four famous laws

The first law says that oil must be broken up into a fine mist. Oil-O-Matic atomizes the oil so fine it floats like a fog.

After the oil is broken up, the second law demands that it be burned before it touches anything. This prevents carbon and soot. Oil-O-Matic burns oil in suspension, or mid-air.

According to the third law, the amount of air that is mixed with the oil must be exact. Naturally this cannot be left to someone's opening or closing a damper. The oil burner itself must measure the amount of air.

The fourth law is just as important. Oil cannot burn perfectly without reflected heat. So lining the firebox of your heating plant with brick, assures perfect combustion.

It is this way of burning oil that has made the use of fuel oil really successful for heating homes. It is the method found in Oil-O-Matic. Ask to see a demonstration.

Note these exclusive features

There are other features that make Oil-O-Matic different from any other device that burns oil.

We originated and perfected five years ago the Williams Thermal Safety Control.

This positive device watches over your entire plant. Oil-O-Matic can't run at all, unless it runs right. Not a drop of oil can flow. The motor is stopped. Ignition is shut off. Engineers say this control is the greatest advance in oil burner construction since our application of the four laws.

Listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories

Oil is ignited either by an electric spark or a gas flame that remains lighted only about 10 seconds, each time it is required. No gas is used at any other time.

Oil-O-Matic burns a cheap, low gravity oil. This gives you more heat units at a lower cost. See chart below for authentic figures on grades of oil.

So this perfected way, approved by leading combustion engineers, ends all doubt. Now no one need be without the comforts of oil heating. Oil-O-Matic can be installed in any good heating plant. Steam, hot water, vapor, hot air.

Exclusive Thermal Safety Control
This simple device stops the whole plant unless everything is working 100%

Sold on easy terms— Guaranteed

The men who install and service your Oil-O-Matic are all trained men. Most of them are graduates of the Williams Institute of Heat Research. They have experience, facilities, organization, and financial responsibility. They are backed by a substantial, reputable manufacturer.

They will be glad to offer you terms if you want them. Our new deferred payment plan carries no interest on the notes.

Get the facts now. See it demonstrated. Send the coupon for a copy of "Automatic Heating." It will answer every question. After you read it you will never go back to coal.

Facts about oil

There are several grades of oil. The words "fuel oil" properly apply only to the lower gravity oils. The chart below shows the number of heat units per gallon in the various grades. Note that fuel oil recommended for Oil-O-Matic contains more heat units and costs the least.

Oil-O-Matic can use any one of the grades and adjusts itself automatically to the lightest or heaviest.

Before building Oil-O-Matic, we realized that our burner must make use of the cheaper, lower gravity oils. Not only because these grades contain more heat units and are more economical, but because there will always be an abundance of the lower gravity oils.

Grade of oil	**Heat Units per gal.*	*Average cost per gal.*
KEROSENE	132,858	12c
DISTILLATE	136,887	8c
GAS OIL	138,926	7½c
FUEL OIL (For Oil-O-Matic)	141,790	6½c

These prices relatively correct depending on local market.
**These figures taken from "Fuel Oil in Industry" by Stephen O. Andros, A. B., E. M.*

Note: A gallon of fuel oil weighs nearly a pound more than a gallon of kerosene. Heat units are shown in terms of gallons. You buy oil by measure, not by weight

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Toe and Heel

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THE GRAVEYARD OF THE ATLANTIC

(Continued from Page 21)

stuck 'way out. He couldn't walk. We had to carry him and lay him in the grass. We figgered he was going to die, but he didn't."

"But I mind one as did," said the first. "He come ashore off a wreck we never see. Got as far as the Sailors' Home, opened his mouth to speak, an' dropped dead. We never knowed who he was, nor nothin', poor cuss!"

A few years ago one of the patrolmen found a fisherman's boot. He shook it, and bones from two human toes fell out. Search in the breakers revealed three bodies. A dory later came to land—mute testimony of sea tragedy. Two winters past, a man and a boy who had strayed from their fishing vessel in a fog managed to make Sable. The boy survived, but the man died. Both were French.

"Remember that great wreck o' the I-talian bark Rafaele?" asked a surfman. "That was in '96. She come ashore in a ninety-mile gale. We heard her distress gun, and 'twas all hands out! We wasn't long getting the boats and the guns hitched up 'Twas some run we made, with five ponies on each boat, down the beach!

"The crew was in the riggin', and the bark was breakin' up fast, with a most tre-mendous sea smashin' over her, shootin' up higher'n the masthead. We fired a breeches line over. Saved all hands, mister, but the last man hadn't hardly got ashore when she busted in two an' went down. A close call, that!"

The list of ships lost on Sable reads like Lloyd's Register. Old seafaring men will recall that a number of the famous clippers died there, such as the Union, Packet and Hannah and Eliza. A very curious incident was that of the bark Myrtle, which in 1840 went ashore, was abandoned, and during a heavy gale got clear of the sands. Without a soul on board she drifted all the way to Fayal! This is one of very few instances of a ship's ever escaping once she had struck the island. Only seven in all have ever touched Sable and lived to brag of it.

From a Lookout Tower

A good, soul-satisfying wreck was the Princess Amelia a century and a quarter ago. Some provisions were saved, and all hands lived for two winter months in a hut, till her captain and a few others decked a longboat with canvas and after perils manifold managed to reach the mainland for help.

Another first-class disaster was the loss, some years later, of the Francis, with the immensely valuable equipage of the Duke of Kent. Every soul perished, first or last; and rich furniture and plate strewed the beaches. But not for long. Wreckers and pirates of the most low-browed description in those days made the island a rendezvous; and these hard-bitten birds soon swooped down to garner loot from the royal wreckage. Presently jewels and rare articles appeared in fishermen's cabins on the Nova Scotia coast. Stories were whispered, too, of grim murder—of gently bred folk from the ill-fated ship reaching Sable alive, only to have their throats cut

What stories, if those impassive sands could tell!

Dinner ended before the life-savers had narrated half the wrecks they knew, and out we visitors wandered to inspect this most deadly of islands. Look where one would, some glimpse of the sleeping monster, Atlantic, met one's eye; for at its widest, Sable measures hardly a mile. And steadily booming, the roar of surfs on either shore companioned every thought or word.

Ocean is there the one big fact. Even the buildings have a trim nautical tang, with ships' fittings and furniture. Near the super's house I found a perfect lady. Very much of a lady she was, portly enough and to spare, gazing with painted smile up into the sky. She, too, could tell a story if she would, this carefully repaired figurehead. No one now remembers what tall ship she once led onward through stormy seas, only at long last to end her days on Sable.

Farther stood a patrolmen's house, where dwell seven bachelors and a cook. Only married men have the outside stations, with the comforts of a garden and chickens; so marriageable girls are at a premium. Up a high dune—where three wild ponies fled with streaming manes and tails—I reached one of the lookout towers. Its lofty platform afforded magnificent views of the Atlantic; feather-white surfs tumbling over the bars; all the vast curve of the island, wild and forbidding. Herds of untamed ponies browsed over the scantily grassed hillocks or among the pools, some fresh, others salt. Telephone lines strode away, connecting all stations, so that when a wreck is sighted the island's full man power and apparatus can be assembled.

Briny perfumes wafted from surging beaches. Olive and cream-yellow tints prevailed, with snowy surf collars all about—a subdued yet appealing color scheme. A pale, wistful, melancholy place, far from the world's moil; a strange place wherein to live one's life away.

Yet that's exactly what many of the islanders do—live there always, untroubled by the world. As I was examining some storm-torn signal flags a good-looking young chap bespoke me. Everett Gregoire he said his name was, and one hundred per cent Sable Islander.

"I've been here fifteen years, sir. Came here when I was only five. No, sir, I never remember seeing a tree or a locomotive, movie or auto. I never saw the inside of a schoolhouse, either. The old folks teach the young uns to read and write. I've been studyin' wireless, and I can operate pretty good. If I could only get over to the mainland and take my exams I know I could get a license!"

Such is one Sable Islander's ambition. Can it ever be realized?

"Yes, sir, I'm a patrolman," he went on, while I admired his clear blue eyes and fine tan. "Each of us has thirty-six miles a day to cover, on pony back, in thick or stormy weather. Clear days, we just take observations from the towers. Every beach and bar has to be covered twice a day and reported on. Fair weather, it's not so bad. But you take it in a winter gale or a sand storm and it's about all a man or a pony can do to face that. 'Specially as we have to get away from our stations before daylight on the morning patrol, and can't come in till after dark on the afternoon one. Sandstorms are the worst, sir."

Havoc of the Sandstorms

The islanders dread these more than blizzards. Nothing can restrain that sleety, cutting drift. The wind-shot sand etches window glass and sometimes eats holes clear through it. Sand filters through every chink, piling up gray drifts inside the houses and getting into food. Of windy mornings, the islanders have to shovel it away from their doors. Not even the works of a double-cased watch escape it.

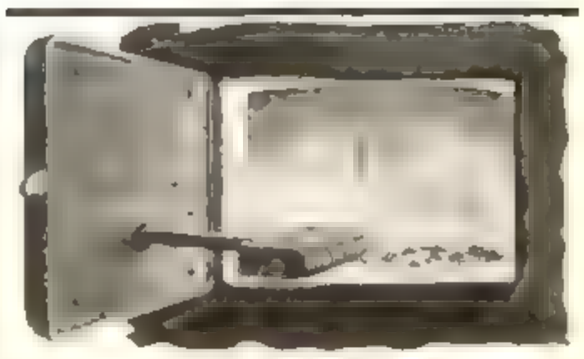
The Canadian Government once set out eighty-four thousand young pines to hold the sand, but the wind blew them all out ere long. Despite shelter fences, sand buries buildings up to the eaves. It wears all the bristles off pigs' noses, if let out to root in it, and gives them a high polish. But few pigs are allowed to run at large, because they may eat drowned folk washed ashore. Sheep and cattle die from sand in their grass.

"Eleven cows died one year," explained young Gregoire. "The ponies are wise and eat only the tops o' the grass, but the cows eat it all, and that finishes 'em. Every little while we have to drag 'em off to Monkey Puzzle and bury 'em."

Monkey Puzzle is Sable's animal cemetery. Odd name—but then, odd island! The islanders, however, are passionately attached to it. Cut off from the world as they are, they look upon this desolate, treeless strip of storm-bound, fog-shrouded sand far out in the Atlantic as their home. Few ever leave it.

"Superintendent Boutilier stayed here nigh thirty years," continued Gregoire. "Chief Cox'n Naugle's wife has been here thirty. She come here when she was a baby. Naugle's been here twenty-two. Lots of us, even as could, don't care to visit the main once in five years. Maurice Noonan, 'the father of Sable Island,' stayed fifty. He helped bury more'n twenty drownded folks. When he was sixty-four, he thought

A Corner of Davy Jones' Locker



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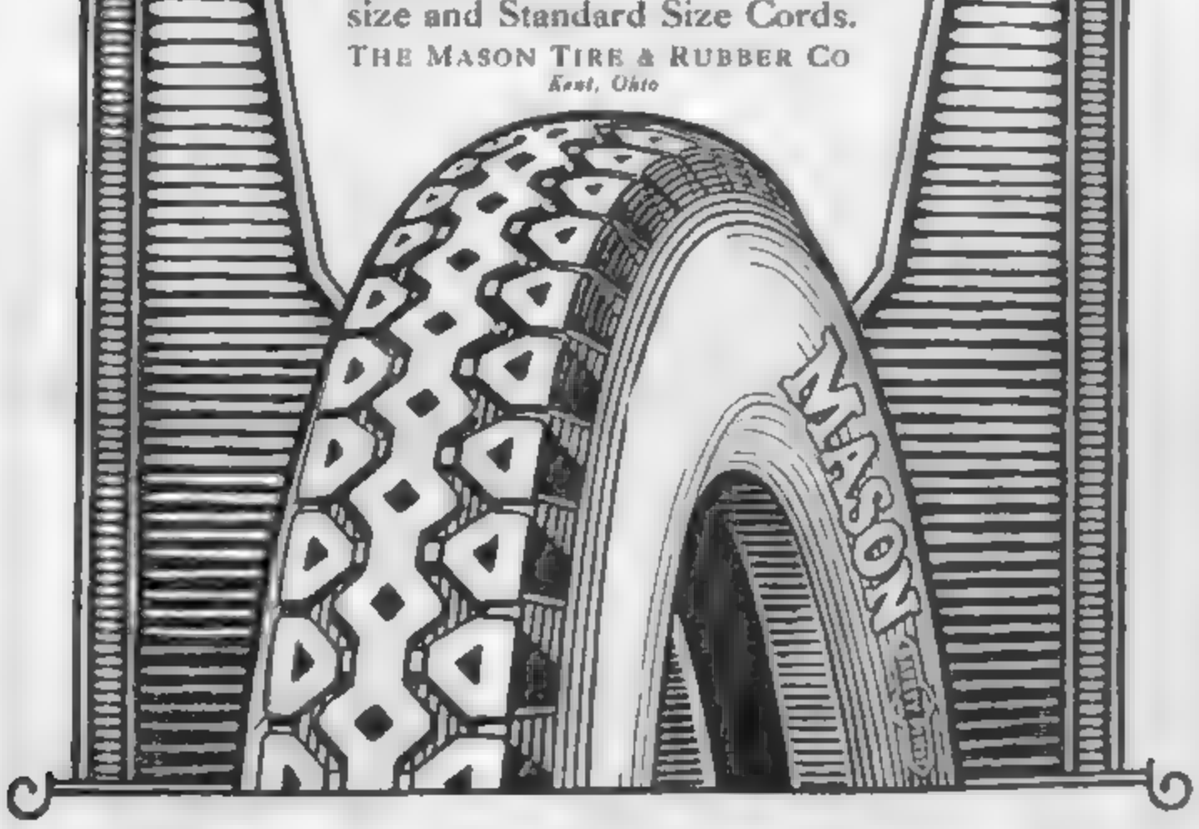


MASON
SAFETY FIRST
CORDS

he'd retire, but he couldn't stand it and had to come back. He saw nigh fifty ships come ashore, and helped save hundreds o' people. One day he saved the crews of two ships twenty-five miles apart. That was going some!"

The biggest hardship at Sable—strange to say—is lack of reading matter. The islanders read every book and magazine to tatters. If you have any to spare, for heaven's sake send them to Sable Island, care of S. S. Lady Laurier, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. Every page will be a life-saver to the life-savers far out on that unspeakably barren death trap of the Atlantic.

Another day I visited the Sailors' Home, where shipwrecked crews are kept till taken off. Once crews sometimes had to stay for months; but now, with wireless, they're soon relieved. At times the island has had to make room for as many as two hundred castaways and go on short rations, even shooting and devouring wild ponies. The home contains twenty-four bunks, each inscribed with names of unfortunate ships and men. Interesting reading, that.

Beyond it lies Wallace's Lake, half a mile wide and eight long—some lake, for a sand bar in the ocean! An islander went with me, in a dory, across this singular lake, under constant watch of very tame and inquisitive seals. Sable, by the way, is a breeding and basking place for immense pods of seals, all government protected, like the millions of sea fowl that at various seasons swarm there. Walrus herds, once abundant, have all been exterminated. So would the seals have been, too, if the government hadn't interfered. About fifteen years ago an enterprising Halifax firm got a concession to kill some. They did just that—killed some, to the extent of two hundred and fifty thousand head. So the government revoked the concession, and since then the seals have lived in peace, almost as tame as dogs.

The Louis XVIII Medal

The south shore, across the lake, is a long, narrow desert of sand, marked only by seals' flipper tracks, hoofprints of ponies, and weather-bleached bones of wrecks. Against it I saw driving formidable bombardments of surf. Sometimes at night surfs like that leap fifteen or twenty feet in air, blazing with phosphorescence. The heavy malice of such breakers will doom any vessel caught there.

Almost at that very spot the Marshal Foch met death, with many others. The most famous wreck there was the old French frigate L'Africaine, in 1822. The islanders saved all her two hundred men in a ferocious tempest, going out with lifeboats after all the frigate's own had been stove. For that Louis XVIII struck a medal in their honor and sent them a big silver cup brimmed with gold coins. Next year the Marshal Wellington was hurled ashore, with two hundred and twenty-nine souls aboard, not one of whom would ever have survived had it not been for the islanders.

Midway of those desolate barrens we found a little wooden box nailed to a telephone pole. Our guide took a ticket from the box.

"A patrolman's ticket," he explained. "Each man leaves a ticket at the end of his beat, and the next man takes it, and so it goes all round the island to the super. Good idea, ain't it?"

Getting Smaller and Smaller

And as we recrossed the lake: "Here's where two American schooners were lost a while back."

"The surf dashed 'em over here into the lake?"

"No, sir, though sometimes the surf'll beat clear acrost, right up to the super's back door. But the time I mean, a storm opened up the lake, and a couple of Americans run in here for refuge. Next night the sand all closed up again, and there they was, trapped. They never got out, neither. You could see the bones of 'em a long time, till the sand swallered 'em.

"The sea'll cut through here sometime for good, and this whole end'll go. Sable used to be two hundred miles long and five wide, and there's people livin' that remember when it was ten miles longer'n it is now. The West Light has been moved back already three times. The last time was only October gone, and now there's heavy surf over where it stood then. It cost forty thousand dollars and we nighhand to lost it. Another fifty years and there may not be any Sable Island—and then God help any ship as hits the bars!"

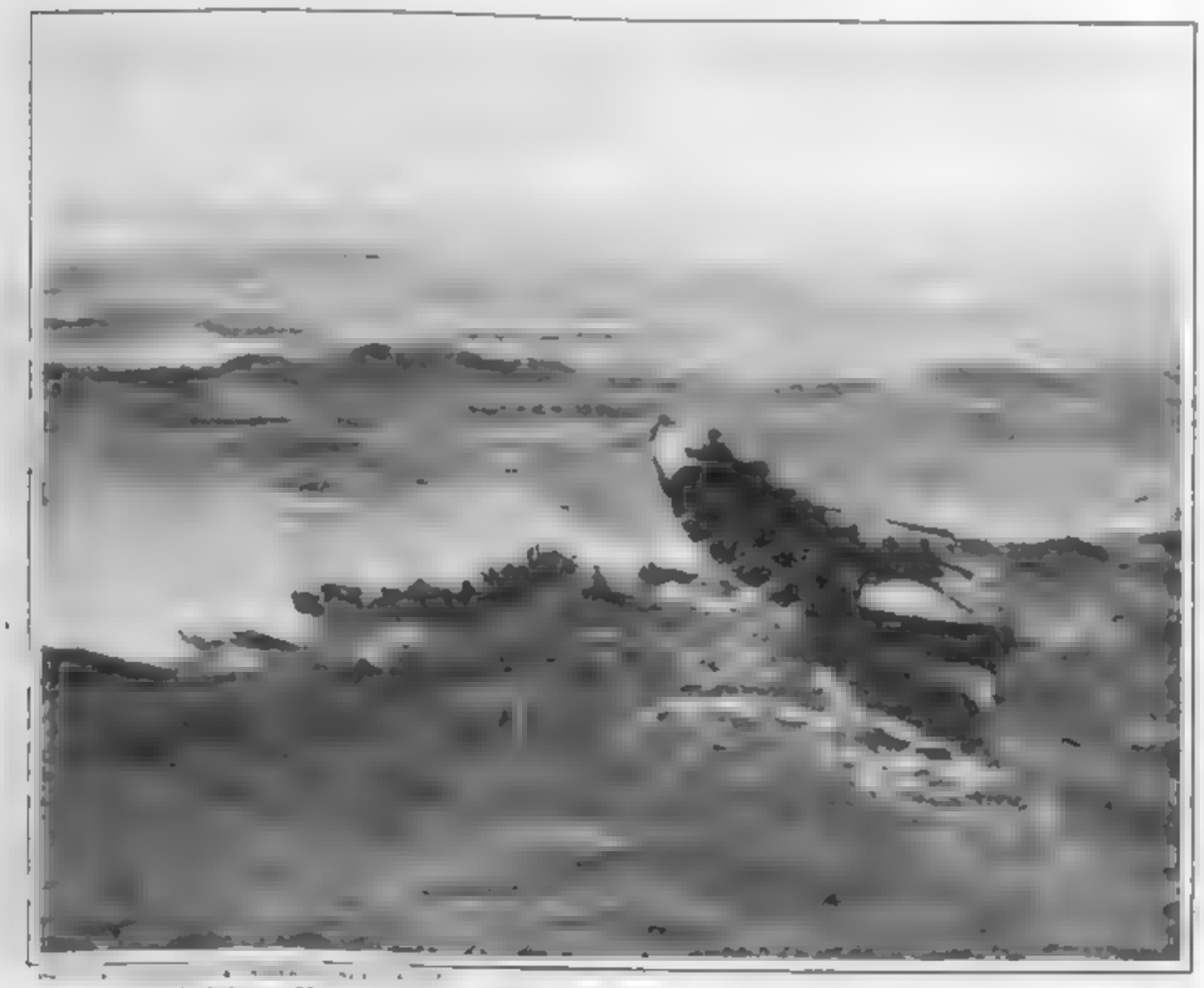
After supper we drifted over to the patrolmen's quarters, for stories were in order, especially ghost stories. If ghosts should walk anywhere on earth they should on Sable.

"There's a place here called the French Gardens," asserted a tall, soft-spoken lifeguard, lighting his pipe. "It's all inclosed with sods, and it ain't a healthy place to get near at night. Talk about your ghosts!"

This sounded encouraging. The French Gardens, I knew, were made by sixty convicts marooned about 1690 by the Marquis de la Roche. Left there for five years, they built shanties with wreck timbers, lived on seals and wild ponies and berries, fought and killed each other. A dark chapter, indeed. When France rescued them, only eleven were left alive after horrors, violence and misery indescribable. They were brought back and presented to the king, as ancient records tell: "Cloathed from head to foote in shaggy skins & their hayre of prodigious length."

"And if you walk nigh the French Gardens at night," the lifeguard affirmed, "and whistle the Marseillaise, they'll come up, the dead uns will. It ain't a very pleasant sight on a dark night, now I'm tellin' you!"

(Continued on Page 165)



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Endorsed by bakers everywhere, including the Retail Bakers' Association of America, the American Bakers' Association, and the Bread and Cake Bakers' Association of Canada

(Continued from Page 162)

"There's another French ghost on here too," added a second patrolman. "He's a Paris gentleman as always complains to wrecked Frenchmen about Henry Somethin', for banishin' his wife with that bunch o' convicks. He walks round the lifeboat shed on the twenty-third o' May, in old-fashioned boots with silver buckles."

"Then there's the ghost of one o' the judges that executed Charles I," said another, a ruddy and thin-faced man with muscular bare arms. "After that judge escaped from England, he hid here a long time an' died here. The twenty-ninth of every May he marches round, singin' psalm tunes through his nose, and you can hear him above any hurricane as ever blowed!"

"I never seen him," remarked the soft-spoken lifeguard, "but I know there's a tall ghost with new oilskins on, you'll meet now and again. Also a lady without arms, as walks every Fourth o' July."

"Don't know nothin' about that," said a sturdy islander, from the bard blue bench along the wall, "but there's an old man that always rows in Number Four lifeboat, nights. He ain't none of our island folk. Always pulls bow oar, he do. He comes mysterious and goes the same."

"Shaaah! That's all bunk!" Chief Coxswain Naugle rebutted. "I been in that boat a hundred times, an' never see him!"

"Mebbe not, but you can't deny the Smoky Hut lady!"

The Smoky Hut lady seemed well known by all hands.

"She must ha' been a passenger on the Princess Amelia, wrecked afore 1800," explained a staff man, squinting through his smoke. "That was a mighty rich ship, with lashin's of money, plate and jewels aboard. Pretty nigh two hundred drownded, but some got ashore and tried to winter here. Them times, there was plenty pirates round Sable. I reckon pirates murdered some o' them survivors."

Cap'n Torrens and the Lady Ghost

"There was a Cap'n Torrens sent to rescue 'em, but he got wrecked here too. And one day Torrens went into Smoky Hut and see a lady settin' there with long wet hair hangin' down her back, like she'd just come out o' the sea.

"'Good heavens, ma'm!' says the cap'n. 'Who're you, an' where'd you come from?'

"She only held up her left hand, an' he see one o' the fingers was cut off. He's goin' to bandage it for her, when she slips out the door an' runs. He after her, but can't overhaul her."

"You never can, a ghost!" grumbled someone.

"She runs to the lake and into it; an' where she goes to then, blowed if the cap'n can tell. When he cruises back to the hut, though, there she is again, still holdin' up her hand. An' by that he reckonizes her as a Mrs. Copeland he used to know.

"'Murdered by pirates for your ring,' says he, 'and the finger cut off, to get it! Well, ma'm, I'll hunt them pirates till they're shot or hung, s'help me!'"

"And what happened then?" asked I, the alien.

"Oh, Torrens got on track o' the ring an' found it after a while, an' sent it back to the murdered lady's friends. But he never could ketch them pirates. So the poor lady, she's still walkin' the sands, holdin' up her hand, for revenge. There's times o' year when you're almost bound to see her, round Smoky Hut."

"I don't b'lieve a dog-gone word of it!" grunted Naugle. "You can't tell me there's ghosts an' such!"

No one answered. Only the long surf against the death-strewn beaches roared and receded, charged and thundered upon the desolate sands where secrets lie that never can be told.

Money? What For?

Ghosts there may or may not be, but buried treasure is very much of a reality on Sable Island. The place, if properly worked, would be a gold mine. Only Davy Jones' bookkeeper knows what values lie hidden there. In addition to loot buried by old-time pirates, rich treasures must at various times have been cast upon these treacherous bars and beaches. Every little while ancient coins are exposed by the shifting sands. Even while I was there, East Light Keeper Gregoire's little daughter picked up a big Spanish coin of the long ago, sand-polished like new.

Americans would go to excavating, forthwith, but the islanders pay little heed. Trivialities like doubloons fail to raise their pulses.

"Money? What'd we do with money here?" Naugle one day queried, when I had driven down to West Light to see him. "No store, nothin' to buy, no way to spend a copper. One man I know went two year an' never see a red cent. Money's the least of our worries!"

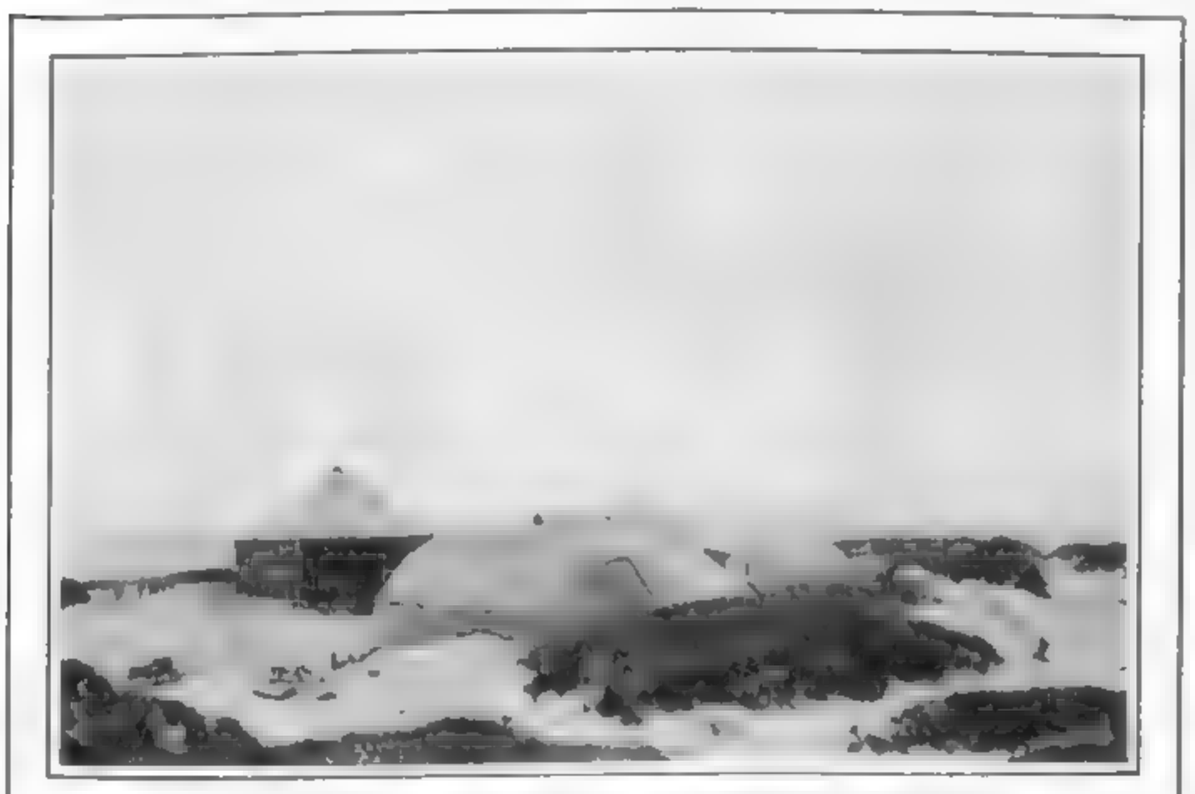
Sable Island is the only place I know where money seems to have no value. The men's pay of about a dollar a day is mostly drawn by relations on shore. The islanders' compelling motive is service, duty, not cash. Being so far from the world, they dodge not only all money evils—including politics—but also all sickness. They've never had any epidemic but measles.

"We're rich," said Naugle, swinging his rubber boot against an empty oil barrel and gazing seaward with clear gray eyes. A typical islander he, with strong brown hands and bronzed face. Dungarees and an old straw hat gave him a picturesque touch. "We don't need money; nor medals neither. If some of our fellers did half the rescues on the main they do here, they'd be round-shouldered carryin' their medals!"

But, by way of exception, one islander some years ago let money lure him from Sable. He got that money oddly too.

"He was a cook, here," Naugle told me, "gettin' a hundred and seventy-five dollars a year. Well, one day on the nor'east dry bar, he claims he found a bunch o' men, like pirates, sittin' on the sand. They had a power o' money—he said—an' though they might ha' killed him, they didn't. They give him a big whack of it. I think, myself, he just found it. Anyhow, he took it an' went to Halifax an' shared up 50-50 with the gover'ment, an' started in the real-estate business an' got mighty rich.

"Another of our men, too, picked up a package one day on the beach, all water-soaked. He didn't think much of it, but



Roofs and Walls on Sable Island are Drifted Deep With Sand

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Safety—
the Gift Supreme

THE new streamline model Auto-Reelite makes a most practical and appreciated gift. It is the ideal driving light—spotlight, trouble light and portable light in one—providing complete protection over every mile of travel for the life of the car.

By simply loosening the thumb screw on the bracket, the lamp may be taken to any part of the car, the automatic reel within paying out and retrieving the cord as required. There are no loose parts—nothing to lose—nothing to forget. The cord is held clean, dry and unkinked, never in the way, always ready for use.

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THE ONLY SPOTLIGHT ON A REEL

Men You Respect

Advise a new way of teeth cleaning
They've taught millions to fight film

MODERN research has developed a new way of teeth cleaning. Able authorities have proved it effective. Leading dentists of some 50 nations are advising it today.

Millions now employ it. The whiter teeth seen everywhere show one thing that it means. In view of all this, don't you owe yourself this simple ten-day test?

How teeth are ruined

Film is the teeth's great enemy—that viscous film you feel. It mars their beauty and causes most tooth troubles.

Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Soon it becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Such troubles come to nearly all who do not fight the film.

The modern ways

Dental science has in late years found two film combatants. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Many careful tests have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Dentists everywhere began to advise it. Millions saw its benefits. Thus, in a short time, this new method came into world-wide use.

Some unique results

Pepsodent does more than fight film. It embodies other factors which research proved essential.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to better neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva to better digest starch deposits on teeth.

These combined results have brought a new dental era to people who enjoy them. Now we urge you to find out how much they mean to you.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

You'll see and feel

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will gain a new conception of what clean teeth mean.

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

just took it home an' putt it up on a beam to dry, an' forgot about it. Later, he opened it; an' what d'you think, sir? 'Twas a big lot of Bank of England notes, good as gold. Buried treasure here? I guess there is!"

The moving sands are continually revealing unsolved mysteries. A guard recently picked up a scabbard mounted with gold. About a week before my visit an old Napoleonic bayonet was found in a dune. Once the islanders uncovered the site of an ancient encampment, with rusty gunknives made of iron hoops, a tattered British ensign, and human bones; also a shilling from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. What sea rovers perished there?

"Old coffins once in a while come out o' the sand, an' bodies, too. We bury all the skilitons we find right away. We got two fenced graveyards, but if it's too far to carry bodies we just bury 'em in some nice civil place, with a wooden cross an' their names—if we can find 'em out. Last year the sand shifted an' we found a lot o' rough boxes with skilitons in 'em. Some had wooden shoes on. Frenchmen, I cackelate. Queer, eh?"

Picking up ancient coins and burying the unknown dead are all in the job. So too, betimes, is standing the whole night through, turning the lighthouse lenses by hand. In very cold weather the mechanism clogs, and the keeper has to swing the heavy French lenses round and round for endless hours. It must be a man's-sized job in that bitter cold, with a ninety-mile tempest howling through the winter dark, and with immense seas pounding close below, spindrift slashing against the lantern! But they think nothing of it, and stick. John Gregoire, at East Light, told me he'd been there sixteen years, and was looking forward to sixteen more.

When the Lifeboat Pitchpoled

"When there's a wreck there's somethin' doin'!" he assured me, as we sat smoking the pipe of peace. "It don't take us long to hitch up an' make a run to the beach. We don't spare the ponies much then. No S. P. C. A. rules goes, when there's miles to make through the sand to a wreck!

"Sights, is it? I've seen some good ones. Seen a steamer strike the outer bar, wash clear over an' sink on the beach. I could set here all day an' tell you the names o' wrecked ships, on Sable. One o' the cruelest times was when we had to bury all the crew o' the Topaze. An' we buried one man, late last winter, as come ashore without any face on him—just long seaweed trailin' off where it used to be, an' barnacles on his boots.

"Last November," he continued, "the Pelican struck in a gale, come off, an' drifted down abreast Main Station. We boarded an' anchored her. Had it bad, sir, goin' ashore. Never see worse surf. Thought we was gone sure, that time, but we made it. Accidents to life-savin' crews? Well, we got into kind of a scrape five years ago. Our lifeboat pitchpoled on us. That means the surf was so high it flopped the boat right end for end, upside down. I remember once a boat done that on the nor'west bar, while our crew was savin' passengers off a wreck. There was eleven women an' children drownded. Man named Hance was cox'n. He took it so much to heart that he faded right away after that, an' died.

"As I was sayin', our boat pitchpoled, a long ways offshore. There was six of us. We was goin' out to a steamer, the Stanley. But we got rolled out, we did. Naugle, he somehow made land, an' helped the rest of us in through the surf. We was all as good as dead, but him. Black as coons. I was unconscious, Lynch had his hip broke, an' the rest—one of 'em, Will Clarey, nigh sixty years old—was all full o' water. We didn't get rightly well in a long time."

The One Rule of Procedure

"The Skidby took about all we had to give, mister. She struck in a Feb'uary blow, a bad un, an' sent up flares. She had thirty-two men, an' we had eighteen, all workin' together. Three or four hours, things was pretty lively. Our men come on horseback from all the stations, with rockets an' gear. Dark? I guess it was dark! A night wreck's the worst kind. We shot a line out, rigged a breeches buoy an' got all hands off. But I reckon we couldn't of done much more.

"Rules about goin' out? There's one rule. We got to go an' keep on goin' till we've been swamped three times. After that we can quit if we want to—which we mostly don't. Seems like it's the Lord's doin's that we come through so much danger with so little trouble. That's the way I putt it, sir.

"Oh, yes, we help a lot of Americans. Fishermen, mostly, as have no wireless, an' come ashore in the fog. We like 'em. Americans are good people. We ain't forgot Miss Dix, yet."

How many of us, here at home, know the name of D. L. Dix? It's still spoken at Sable. Miss Dix visited Sable, away back in 1853, saw a terrible wreck and noted that the equipment was poor. Later she raised funds and sent the best of lifeboats and apparatus to the island; and this gift was instrumental in saving very many lives. One of her boats is still in use, and Miss Dix herself will be remembered there as long as Sable Island endures; Sable Island, with its simple code of courage, its one prime rule—"We got to go an' keep on goin' till we've been swamped three times!"

The most exciting day's work, in autumn, is the annual round-up of the wild ponies for shipment to the main. Almost everybody seems to have heard about Sable Island ponies, and wants to know more about them. I was no exception. Above all else, I wanted to see the ponies. Well, they're there, right enough; droves of them. It's strange to find such, away out in the ocean on a sand heap.

Where ever did they come from, in the first place? Nobody rightly knows. You hear all kinds of stories about that. Some say they're a New England breed. Others assert they're from France, put ashore—by whom, no one can tell—to provide food for

(Continued on Page 169

Chief Cox'n Naugle, Saver of Many Lives and Spinner of Many Yarns
At Right—Young Gregoire, Who Has Never Seen a Tree

"travelo"
knit jackets & vests for men & boys
You'll please him most with a "travelo"!
Christmas shopping is easy when you've written "travelo" after *every* masculine name on your list. And with many smart styles and colors to choose from, you can select a jacket or vest that is *certain* to suit each individual fancy. Don't forget that "travelo" jackets are made for boys, too.
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THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE

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Santa Claus has a Tip for the Head of the House

SANTA CLAUS *knows*, because he has delivered countless cleaners at Christmas time. Where he brought the *Bee-Vac*, he has seen many thousands of housewives relieved of drudgery, have cleaner, healthier homes, and happier families, because the efficient *Bee-Vac* ever after assumed all the hard work of home cleaning.

In the economical *Bee-Vac* Electric Cleaner you obtain many original improvements—including unusually smooth sweeping action without need of adjustment; powerful motor, enabling *deep* cleaning; a restful, easy grip afforded by "ball and socket" handle knob; convenient method of attaching large dust-proof bag; easy, *sanitary* way of emptying dust bag; simple, quick connection of cleaning attachments direct to center of fan casing; and the truly wonderful swing-back, self-cleaning, *double* brush, which so effectively dislodges all surface litter while cleaner is moved forward or backward.

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The efficient *Bee-Vac* saves labor and time in the farm home. Its universal motor operates on either A. C. or D. C. if you have central station power.

Or if you own a farm lighting plant, a low voltage motor is supplied without extra charge. Make it a practical as well as a merry Christmas.

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Twelve thousand dealers sell the Bee-Vac. You will find one near you. But if you prefer to buy through your favorite dealer, and he does not handle the Bee-Vac, just tell him to order one for you from his wholesaler. You'll get quick delivery, and THREE GUARANTEES protect you against dissatisfaction of any kind.

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"Little Frisky Speck O'Dirt" tries hard, but he can't get away from the Bee-Vac. When the children are wakeful in anticipation of the coming of Santa Claus, you can divert their minds with the adventures of the little rascal told in amusing jingle and pictures. Write today for this free book.

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LAKE AND DESPLAINES STREETS

CHICAGO, U.S.A.

$39.75

Why Pay More?

(Continued from Page 166)

shipwrecked mariners. Perhaps some may be descended from stock when L'Africaine was wrecked, in 1822.

At times they have been estimated at five hundred; again, as low as one hundred and fifty. In good seasons they increase. When sand blows too heavily over their pasturage they perish. Just now there may be some three hundred. A good many have been eaten at various times. An old record, in 1842, is eloquent: "We got another Fatt horse for to eat." They had to be stalked and shot like any game, though sometimes in the early days it was hard even to get within gunshot of them.

I trailed a lot of ponies over the island, but shot at them only with a camera. You have to go easy to get near enough for a picture. But you don't want to get too close, for sometimes a master horse will charge a man; and once they have him down, may stamp on him. When they're being broken, if they throw the rider they stick around and try to kick him to death. Gentle natures, obviously.

Tougher than boiled owls are the Sable ponies, take no shelter at any time, and spend the winter pawing the snow from the harsh ribbon grass. In droughts they can subsist on what moisture they get from the few plants growing on the island. There's no use putting out water in pails for them; they will die rather than drink it. The dread scent of man overcomes their suffering. Even the barn colts—picked up very young and carried to a station—are wild and always bolt when they can. The very blood of freedom courses in all their veins.

"When sandstorms or blizzards strike, they 'most generally drift to the lee and form groups with the weak and the young uns inside," a patrolman told me. "The old master horse takes the most exposed place. In the old days we used mainland horses for all our work, but of late years we've been breakin' the ponies for draft animals and ridin' patrol. We got about fifty broke now. Usually we hitch two ponies and one mainland horse abreast, with the ponies on the outside. They work good, and they're fine for the saddle, once you show 'em who's boss. But they never get over bein' wild at heart, and they like nothin' better than to bite a man or kick him. We've had some arms and collar bones busted by 'em on this island, I tell you!"

They're wiry, ragged little beasts, about twelve or fourteen hands high, big-headed and Roman-nosed, mostly all bays or chestnuts. The wild horses of Tartary must be some such animals.

As early as 1803 these little fighters were caught and sent to Halifax. Nearly every year since then some have been shipped, prices running sometimes as high as sixty dollars a head.

Now the exporting of ponies is the island's biggest event—barring wrecks. The sale of them helps pay expenses of the life-saving establishment.

A Sable Island round-up is an event you won't soon forget. It comes when everything else has been done, all the freight stored, all the empty oil barrels sent aboard. Those barrels, by the way, furnish a great lark for the island boys. Rolling them off the high sand cliffs, watching them leap and bound to the beach with vociferous dogs in chase is rare sport.

An Ocean Round-Up

All the boys took part in it, our last day, except one crippled lad. He sat on an old dory, half leaning on his crutches, and watched; just watched. All his helpless life he has lived on Sable, knowing only sand and sea; a forlorn and patient figure of resignation. Not for him a gallop on pony back, or barrel rolling, beach combing, and the like. Year after endless year he has been waiting. All his life he must sit waiting -for what?

To return, however, to our muttons; in this case, wild ponies. And it is time. Steel-gray clouds, tenuous threats of fog, and white water on the outer bars all were beginning to warn the Lady Laurier: "Begone!"

Up at the main station everything was activity; for the ocean rodeo, strangest sight on any island in this part of the world, was beginning to get under way. The pound, along the shore, had been built, with wing fences leading to its mouth. Now the tame ponies—Duke, Beatty, Louise Cavell and many more—were being saddled and made ready for the round-up of their wild kin.

The ocean cowboys presently sallied out and away. They swung a wide sweep, and returned from miles at a round gallopade, shouting, driving a swarm of frightened ponies in panic flight, spurning showers of sand. Some of the fugitives, in spite of yells and maneuvers, dodged the fatal wing fences and went skyhooting off over the dunes. But a couple of dozen found themselves shortly in durance very vile indeed. From this durance, not all their running, neighing or kicking could free them.

"That's enough now, boys, for this time!" the super directed. "Now we'll noose 'em!"

So men of the sea undertook to noose 'em. But Sable Island ponies consider it unconstitutional to be noosed and thrown. Very few Western rodeos have the edge on what happened. Everybody, human and equine, was sweating freely before the show had hardly more than commenced. Youngsters on the fences, with vociferation, were getting all the thrills of circus day. Confused bawlings arose from various earnest men:

"Now you got him!"
"No I ain't!"
"Dang his hide, he bit me!"
"Look out there, Tom; he'll kill ye!"

'Ware Hoofs!

No deaths or broken bones resulted. The worst casualty was a shirt sleeve that got torn clear off. But talk about your sand flying! It showered in machine-gun bursts. The alleged bite was only a nip, but the man nipped swore roundly that thereafter he'd prefer the south end of a pony. As a tussle it was the real thing. No wild broncs ever fought harder than those fiery little Sable beasts.

It took three or four men, even after the ponies had been noosed and thrown with a trip line, and properly choked, to get a Bonaparte hitch round their froth-flecked jaws. Then roping their feet started the battle all over again. 'Ware hoofs! They thrashed in stark frenzy. But one by one the fighters were overcome, and with bound legs were heaved into waiting boats. And away with a lift of surf and a long sweep of oars the captives surged, toward the waiting Lady Laurier.

There still greater terrors awaited them. Hooked by the foot ropes, and with a clattering gnar of devilish engines, they soared aloft. They pendulumed inverted over the sea, swung inboard, plumped down on deck. And after that, sailors dragged them into stalls, loosed them and sprang clear of the flailing hoofs.

The ponies' freedom forever ended, now their slavery to man, the abhorred, had begun.

"All hands aboard!" the order came. Now it was good-by, and a long isolation of months would settle down upon that strange graveyard of the Atlantic, where unknown dead of every nation lie.

The island's whole population stood on the beach to see us off. Some of them looked a bit melancholy. After the good cheer and excitement of boat days, perhaps they found the prospect of solitude once more a trifle somber. A few of the husky islanders shoved us off; the launch picked us up, and away over a pearly sea with an angry wound of sunset bleeding along the horizon, we heaved for the ship. Huge cloud banks ballooned over the island, and the bars were growling. Today had been fair, but tomorrow —— We had stayed long enough.

"Fog's coming on, boys," judged the captain, when we had scrabbled up the ladder. "Get your course. Sou'west from the compass, here, to the point of the East Light"

"That's the last till next time," the mate remarked. "Thick weather comin'!"

The propeller began to pulse. Three long whistle blasts saluted the island. We swung a wide arc and pointed into the north. Sable faded. Evening grayed, and fogs began to wrap us in their wool. As dusk descended, a stab of radiance pierced it from the faithful lighthouse that, come what may, never must go black.

Then the fogs wholly took us. Light, island and all vanished. And so we left Sable brooding amid her treacherous seas; Sable, that land of men whereof the world, which owes them so infinitely much, hears so very little; that island of strange events and of unheralded, unrewarded brave fellows—heroes all!

Your boy will bear the marks *to his grave*

Look close at your boy's carefree face and vision what it will show ten years from now. For then it will reveal to you and the world the matured character that now is taking form within him. Will you see the clean lines of courage, the firm lips of determination, the frank eyes of honesty? That depends entirely on what is getting into your boy's mind right now; on the impressions he receives from the friends and associates of his work, his play and his reading—from the few whom you know, and the many you do not know.

Your boy must be guarded from degrading influences that can mar and pervert his character. More—he must learn to guard himself. To this great purpose—the protecting and developing of growing boys—THE AMERICAN BOY is dedicated. For a quarter of a century it has guided, befriended, counselled and chummed with the flower of America's boyhood on its way to manhood.

In fiction tales of throbbing interest it shows your boy the world of industry, art and public endeavor. The pages of THE AMERICAN BOY are peopled with men and boys your son would be eager to claim for friends—whose qualities he would admire and strive to make his own. But THE AMERICAN BOY is not one-sided. Contrasted with honor, generosity, courage and ambition are the traits your boy might acquire just as easily if ignorant of their nature. Here he learns to protect himself. For he sees the cheat, the liar, the sloth, in his true light and despises him enthusiastically.

At this Christmas time, when your boy is uppermost in your mind, what greater gift can you offer than a fine, unsullied manhood? Today you can start him on the road to it with an understanding, trusted guide—THE AMERICAN BOY.

See how eagerly he will welcome it—how he will revel in its stories, written by the foremost boys' authors of the day—how he will comb its articles on all his interests and activities. See for yourself the influences your boy will absorb and make a part of himself. Send us the coupon below. You need send no money. We will mail your boy, or any other boy you wish to see get ahead, the beautifully illustrated current issue of THE AMERICAN BOY. A bill for $2.00, covering a year's subscription, will be sent you later unless you notify us to the contrary within ten days. Mail the coupon today and your boy will have his copy Christmas morning.

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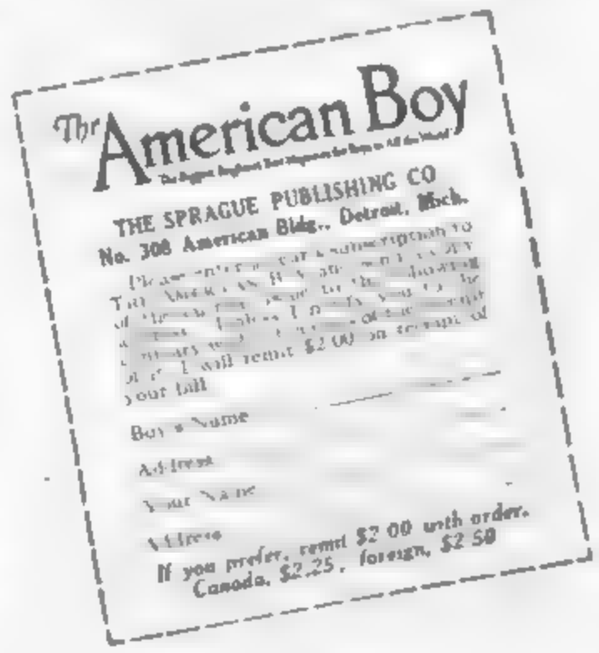

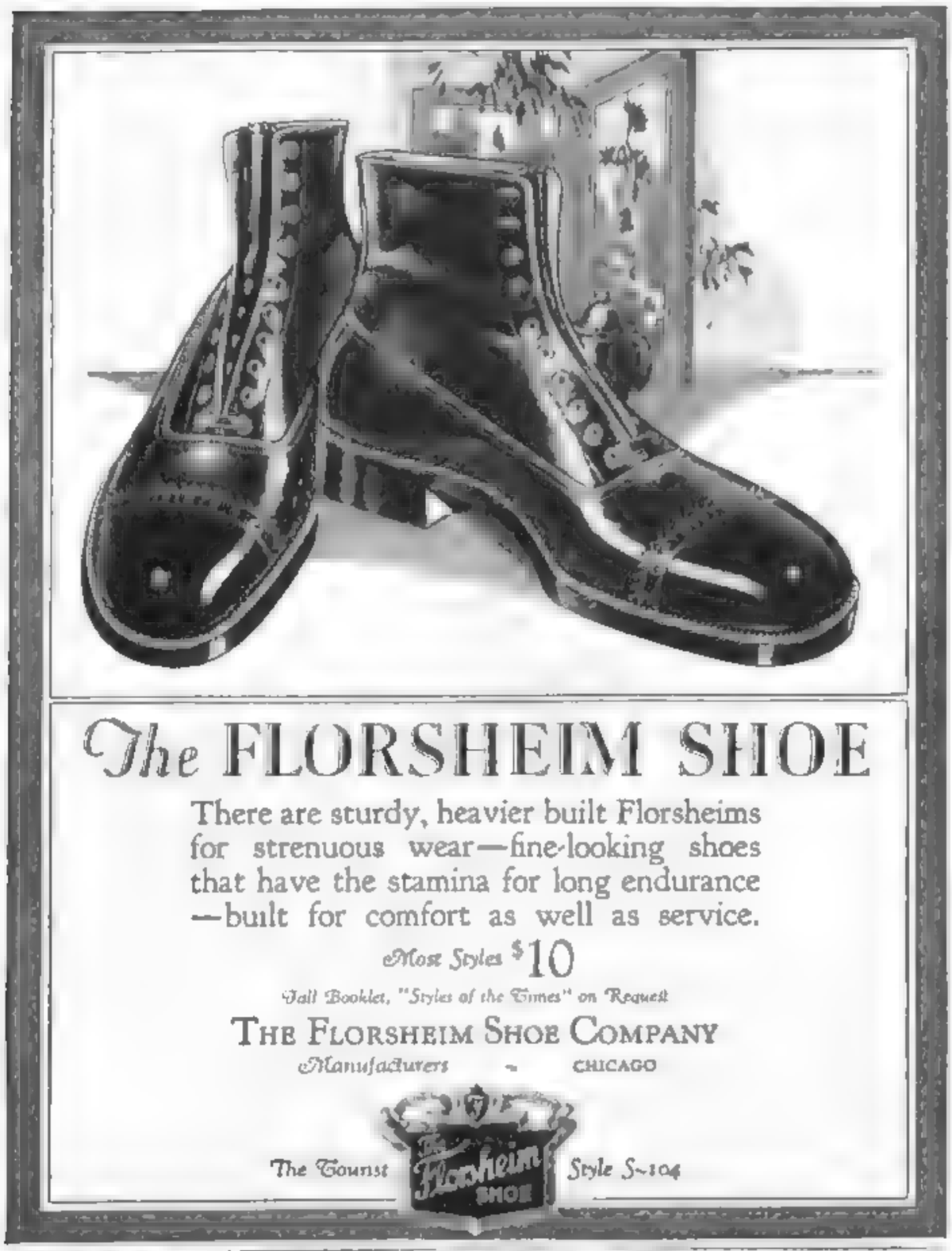

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Stromberg Motor Devices Co., 69 E. 25th St., Chicago, Ill.

THOSE DEADLY FRENCH SALESPEOPLE!

(Continued from Page 27)

spending the better part of an hour in the Musée du Louvre. However, the trip meant a ride in the open without strain on the brain or feet, and besides, the commissionaire was good company with his droll manner of speech and his refined habit of never speaking about money or business, as her American men friends were so apt to do.

The gardens of Versailles were indeed charming on that fine June morning. On the way out the madame had gathered from the commissionaire's conversation that the palace had once been the home of French monarchs and that Marie Antoinette had been the wife of one of them, but which one she was not sure. The name, of course, had always been familiar to her, but she was under the impression that it was merely some kind of perfumery. Now she knew better, on the authority of the commissionaire himself. "Marie Antoinette," the commissionaire repeated over and over; "of all the queens of la belle France the most beautiful and the most unhappy."

When the automobile stopped before the Little Trianon in the gardens of Versailles the commissionaire suggested that they get out for a few moments. He had, he said, brought his camera along and if madame would accept so trifling a gift he would like to take a photograph or so of some of the most charming views to offer as souvenirs of her last days in France. Just ahead of them across the grassy lawn was a white marble statue of Aphrodite. The commissionaire contrived to fall behind a few steps as they approached this piece of sculpture, and just as the lady reached it he stopped her with an excited exclamation.

"Let madame arrest herself by all means!" he cried, at the same time unlimbering his camera. "A photograph should surely be made of this charming scene. Madame stands at the side of the veritable statue where so many times stood the so beautiful and unhappy queen of France to mourn the fate of her royal husband during the last sad days. It is as though history were repeating itself!"

Madame had no objection. It was not for her to question the commissionaire's historical information and to inquire how Marie Antoinette could have mourned her royal husband's sad fate at Versailles when she happened to be in prison in Paris during the last sad days. Besides which, madame had had domestic tragedy of her own, having lost not only one husband but two. The fact that these losses had been brought about through court proceedings rather than death did not lessen the thrill she felt at being photographed under such touching circumstances.

The commissionaire snapped the scene and gravely folded up his camera.

"It is enough," he said simply.

On the Dotted Line

The ride back to Paris was silent, thoughtful, the commissionaire holding the camera caressingly all the way as though fearful of damaging its precious contents. It was not until they were on the bridge leading to the St. Cloud gateway that he bade the chauffeur stop the machine and then spoke earnestly to his companion.

"It is a never-to-be-forgotten day," he said, "and surely madame should have some more tangible record than a frail photograph. Would it not be wonderful if she could take back to her home in America a reproduction of the veritable statue beside which she and Marie Antoinette have stood so appealingly?"

Madame, still under the spell of history and salesmanship, agreed that it would be wonderful.

"It is settled then," said the commissionaire firmly. "I know a great sculptor who can make marvelous reproductions of antique statues. He charges only two thousand dollars each. Shall we not say four—one of the glorious Aphrodite and three others as a background for madame when she stands in her own garden at home like the so beautiful and sad Marie Antoinette?"

There, on the bridge across the Seine with the chimney pots of Paris ahead and the palace of Versailles behind, madame signed an order authorizing the commissionaire to buy eight thousand dollars' worth of assorted statuary à la Marie Antoinette.

For generations it has been comparatively easy for Paris to get the trade of the lady tourist. For her there are the beaded bags; the perfumery; the jewelry, real and imitation; the hats and dresses. The dog trade, too, has been well looked after by a multitude of alert shopkeepers featuring in their show windows the latest in dog furnishings. This year there have been two important innovations in the dog line. A score of shops in the Rue de Rivoli and Rue St.-Honoré display full lines of dogs' rubber shoes for wet weather; also dog blankets, each with a neat pocket on the hip and a lace handkerchief sticking out of the pocket jauntily.

But it is not efficient to secure only the trade of the lady tourists and the dogs. Paris woke up to the fact that it was not getting the returns it should from the visiting gentlemen, particularly the American gentlemen. The American husband and father is indulgent toward his females, willingly supplying the money for their beaded bags and dresses, but his personal purchases have been insupportably meager. On his visit to London he might indulge himself in a suit of tailor-made clothing or an expensive pipe, but in Paris what does he spend? Practically nothing! He accompanies his wife and daughter on their visits to the shops and museums. He sits on the sidewalk in front of a café and drinks a glass of wine or a glass of beer at fifty centimes. For want of more exciting employment he visits each day half a dozen money-exchange establishments to learn what his twenty-dollar travelers' checks are worth in francs.

The Popular Umbrella-Cane

Something should be done. Something has been done. The psychology of the American gentleman has been studied. It is learned that he likes to appear chic, but also that he dislikes to be what the droll English call swankish. He will buy for personal use only that which has the appearance of utility, of mannishness. For instance, the matter of a walking stick. The Englishman, the Spaniard, the South American, carries a stick as part of his costume. But not the gentleman from les États Unis, naturally the best dressed and the best spender of all. The gentleman from les États Unis fears that if he carries a stick he will be considered feeble; or worse than that, foppish. Alors, the thing for Paris to do is to invent a stick that will comprise within itself the chic and the practical. Also the high price.

The canne-parapluie is the happy issue of this psychological survey. On the surface it is a walking stick and nothing else, sturdy, mannish, authoritative. But suppose one is in one's home city in America and one fears criticism. One touches a spring in the handle, and voilà, out comes a beautiful umbrella! One's critics are silenced, for assuredly an umbrella is a practical thing. Five hundred Paris shopkeepers feature canne-parapluies in their show windows. At a low estimate twenty thousand canne-parapluies were carried through American customhouses during the present year.

One heard in a Paris hotel dining room one evening a scrap of conversation between a Paris business man and a foreign gentleman who was in France to buy merchandise for his department store at home. The latter was inclined to be critical of some of the things he had observed.

"France is all right," he said, "for art and museums and all that sort of stuff, but what you need is to take your minds off those things and think more about business. I was at a place today where a whole building was used to hold a lot of old dresses and pictures of costumes of Chinese and Japs and Peruvians, and so on, and they told me it was kept up at the expense of the public. In Melbourne we'd throw all that junk into the street and use the building for a factory or something useful!"

"But it might be," answered the Frenchman, "that the Musée des Habillements is what one calls a paying proposition. When one is in industry one keeps records, is it not so?"

The Australian agreed that one did.

(Continued on Page 173)

As Easy as Turning a Page

Stations Click in With Certainty and Simplicity

HEAR the beautiful harmony of a Christmas Carol sung in Washington or the silvery chimes of old Quebec. And they come in quickly and positively—no fishing—no fussing—no logging—no uncertainty—if it's in the air Thermiodyne will get it regardless of distance.

With six tubes that bring in loud-speaker volume and only one control. Think of it! With one hand you can get any distant station you want. They click in quickly and accurately and always at the same place. Local stations and distant stations cannot interfere with each other and the four verniers are provided to refine the variations in broadcasting and to regulate volume.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate Thermiodyne against any set he has regardless of price. If you've never listened in with a Thermiodyne you've never really heard radio.

Every set is backed by our ironbound guarantee.

The 14 Points of Thermiodyne Supremacy

1 Single control
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5 No logging of stations, nothing to remember
6 Cannot squeal or howl
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9 Newspapers give time and wavelength
10 Thermiodyne picks them at the exact setting every time
11 Stations of different wavelengths cannot interfere with each other
12 Six tubes—3 stages of thermionic frequency, detector and two stages audio frequency
13 Distance, volume, clarity, without fuss or excuses
14 180° turn of single control, like instant tour of dozens of cities

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Thermiodyne

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DEALERS and JOBBERS

Write for full particulars regarding franchise for selling the most remarkable receiving set on the market. A few territories are still available, but act quickly

Treat 'em Rough

They'll Like It

You don't have to coddle McKays. Treat 'em rough they'll like it! They'll outlast ordinary chains by months and miles.

UNITED STATES CHAIN & FORGING COMPANY
Union Trust Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Makers of McKay Tire Chains, McKay Shurcut Chains, McKay Ready Repair Links, McKay Bumpers

McKAY TIRE CHAINS

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40 Years of Knowing How

Have you seen the new McKay Red Bead Bumpers? There's a type and size for every type of car—all new—all better. Ask your dealer.

(Continued from Page 170)

"And the ladies of your so great Australia like the styles of France, else you would not come here to buy?"

Again the gentleman from Melbourne agreed.

"And if the great Paris dressmaker desires to bring out a new style to sell to the world and that will keep his hundreds of employes at work it is useful to know what the lady of Mongolia, let us say, wore in the year 1450?"

At length the gentleman from Australia admitted that the museum of old dresses might not, after all, be a dead load on the French people.

Great salesmen are not developed in a single generation, and the French were practicing the art while our American forefathers shivered and starved on Plymouth Rock. We fought and killed the Indian in New England, while in Canada the Frenchman sold his personality to the redskin and engaged him in gainful trade. Louis XIV was the first truly great chamber-of-commerce executive, for it was he who conceived the idea of selling Paris to the world. When history's final chapter is written Louis XIV will be remembered not for his wars or his bon mots or his loves, but for his discovery of the fact that it pays to make a city attractive; that trade follows the tourist.

But even Louis XIV had a predecessor with a sense for business in the real-estate line that only recently has come to be appreciated. Everyone knows how the resourceful real-estate operator in the growing American city often manages things when he desires to turn a cow pasture of the outskirts into a new residential addition. His first move, after clearing off the brush, naming it Brightview and laying off streets, is to build himself a modern residence on the property and force his more or less unwilling family to move in. This, of course, is to prove his own confidence in the future of Brightview. The next necessary move is to get others to share his confidence, and this is best accomplished by inducing a few prominent citizens to move there also. Concessions are necessary. A few choice building lots at half price. If sales resistance is particularly strong it may be even advisable to make a free gift of locations to a restricted number on condition that the recipients will erect good-looking houses thereon.

Thus Brightview becomes a desirable residence district and the later buyers of lots pay enough to make up for those sold at half price or given away.

Henry IV, Real Estater

It all seems very modern and typically American. It is likely that each resourceful real-estate man who does it believes he originated the scheme, or at least that it came into being not earlier than the Spanish-American War. But listen to the voice of history: Henry of Navarre, whose trademark it will be remembered was a white plume, became king of France in the year 1589 under the name of Henry IV. A few years later he decided to build himself a new town house, and chose as a site what was then known as the Marais Quartier, which means in plain English the swamp quarter. Naturally, such property was rather undesirable, but it was cheap, and the resourceful monarch had a few tricks up his sleeve. He first put in a drainage system, renamed it the Place des Vosges, and was ready for business. Thirty-six wealthy citizens of Paris were discreetly approached by the king's man of affairs and an identical proposition made to each. If the monsieur would agree to build in the Place des Vosges a home of a certain cost and of architecture to comport with that of his monarch, his building lot would cost him next to nothing—in exact terms, one English pound.

Naturally, the thirty-six wealthy citizens were not slow in availing themselves of the opportunity to live neighbors to their king on such bargain terms. Once the king's house and the thirty-six other handsome residences were completed it was easy to sell the surrounding property at a profitable figure to the social climbers of the metropolis.

With such a heritage it is no wonder the French are good business people. Good sellers. Good buyers as well. The case, for instance, of the Widow Valquet, who has a prosperous café around the corner from the Palais Royal. For twenty-five years Madame Valquet has been a café owner in Paris. At the age of fifty-four she still has the buoyancy of youth, showing no marks of time except for a missing tooth here and there. She is healthy and strong because she was country born. Indeed, yes. In her time she has milked the cows, has pitched the hay and even swung the big scythe. Nor has she dissipated her strength in useless pleasure. In all her twenty-five years in Paris she has never been to a theater; only twice to a cinema. And why, monsieur, should one waste time and money on such things when there is the more keen pleasure in chatting with one's clients and watching real life as it passes one's door on the Street of the Good Children?

Three years ago the Widow Valquet retired from business. Big business it was, too, for she owned the great café opposite the Montparnasse railway station, with fifty chairs on her terrace and three *garçons* to wait on the clients. Retiring, she went to live in a *petite ville* twenty miles from Paris. But fate decreed that Madame Valquet should not stay retired. She has a daughter, very pretty, a replica of what Madame Valquet herself must have been before she lost the occasional tooth. In the *petite ville* there was a furniture factory. In the factory was a handsome young workman by name Etienne. The two young people met, loved and desired to marry.

The Plans of the Widow Valquet

This dénouement put the situation squarely up to the Widow Valquet, for handsome young workmen in France do not marry unless they can support their wives in the manner to which they have been accustomed, and they expect the bride's family to help out. In plain words, one requires a dot. Madame Valquet considered the matter deeply. It would not be wise to give the dot in money, because young workmen in factories have not been trained in affairs of finance. Plainly, the proper course would be for her to set the young people up in some kind of business where she herself could look out for them. A café in Paris surely was the thing.

Did the Widow Valquet go to an agency and signify her desire to buy a café? Assuredly not, monsieur! When one buys a café through an agency the agency demands a commission. Also, the café owner who desires to sell out always asks a greater price when he thinks one is anxious to buy. It is much better to watch the announcements in the Petit Parisien, because when one puts an announcement in the journal it is a sign that he is anxious to sell. When one is anxious to sell he makes the cheaper price. Is it not so?

Madame Valquet looked at more than twenty cafés that were advertised in the Petit Parisien before she decided on one that seemed to be just the thing. It was kept by a Bulgar. And dirty, monsieur! On the shelves where the bottles stood there was dust of three months at least. The Bulgar's trade had run down. Sometimes he took in not more than one hundred francs a day.

One wondered why Madame Valquet desired to buy the Bulgar's café in preference to others. But ah, that is where the experience is useful! Just half a block away is located the big store. Already the store has built an addition on the street on which is located the Bulgar's café. Some day it may wish to take the whole block for a huge building, and then it will be lucky for the person who has a lease in the block. Also, the competition was not bad. The only other café in the block was kept by a lady who is not affable with clients. She does not smile when she pours the coffee or wine. Madame Valquet herself has actually seen her receive money from a client without thanking him. Assuredly, a café owner who always smiles will win the clients from one who holds tight the lips, *comme çd*.

The Bulgar, who was a foreigner, could not know these things like a native, but, nevertheless, he asked a good price for his café. Madame Valquet laughed at him. Not offensively, one may be sure, but just enough of a laugh to let him know his price was insupportable. She called his attention to his so trifling receipts. She named the figure she would give. The Bulgar could think it over. Perhaps he could find some foolish person who would pay him his price.

A week later the Bulgar visited her in the *petite ville* and offered to compromise. But she was adamant. Like the towers of Notre Dame. Like the French Army at Verdun. The Bulgar could keep his café if he liked,

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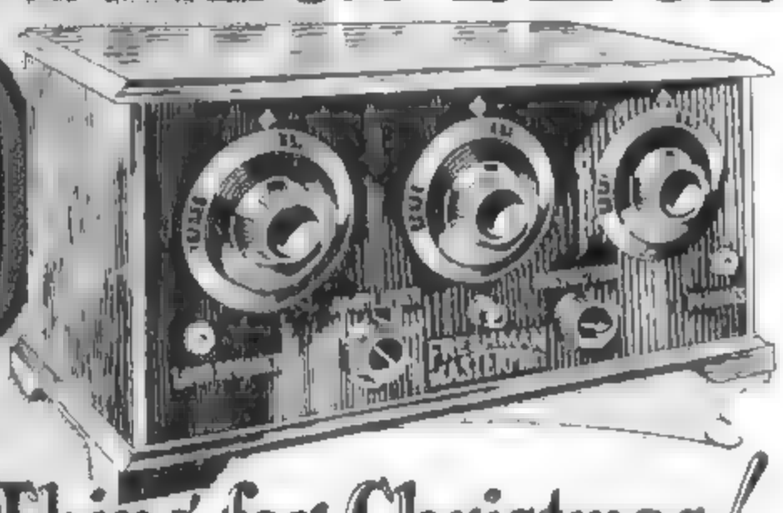
$60



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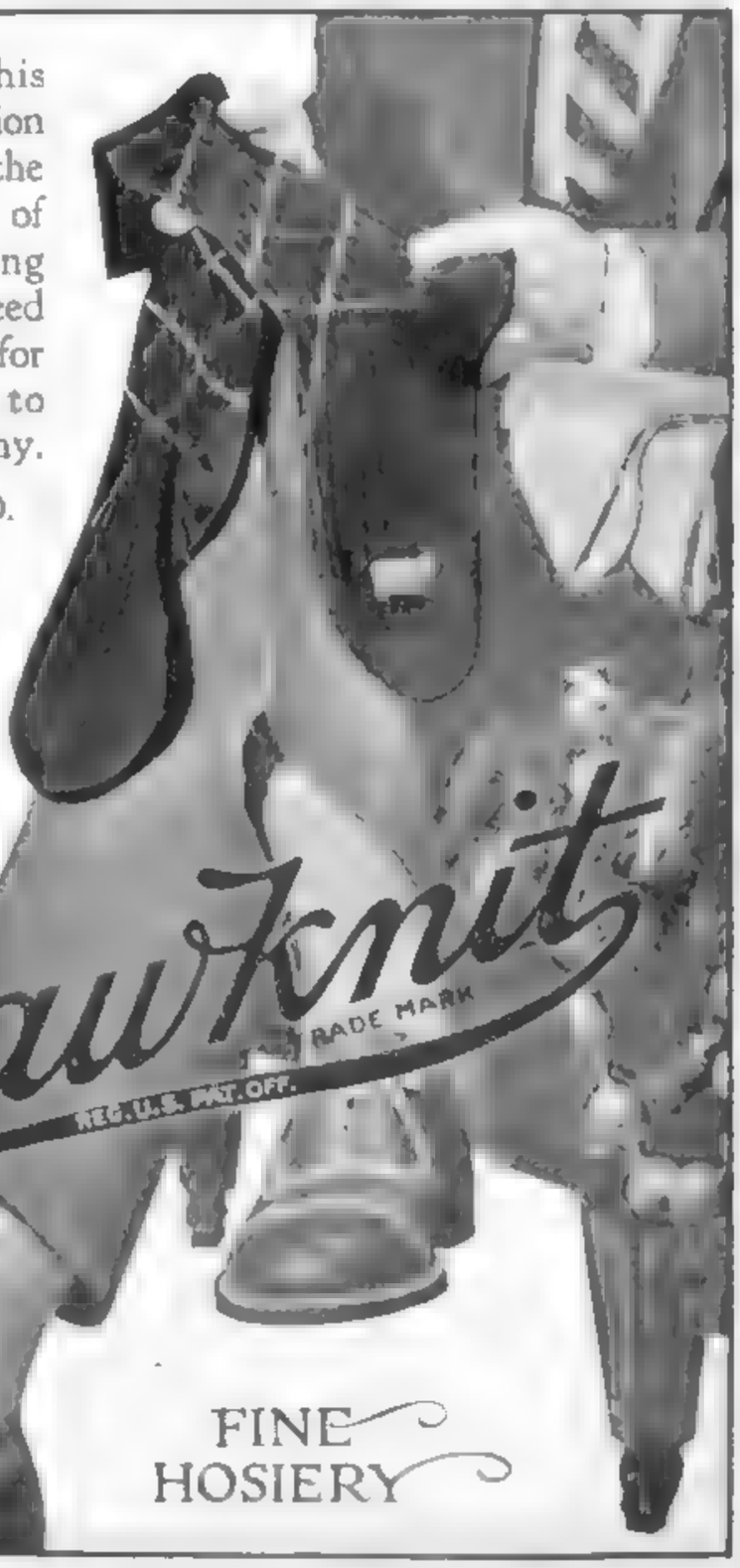

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Mr. Grant DeK. Pritchard of New Jersey is employed all day in a large office. But on Saturday afternoons and in the evenings, he has many times averaged $2.50 an hour extra. Not bad for *spare time*, is it?

Spare Time *and* Easy Work— Good Pay for You!

THERE, in brief, you have three of the principal reasons why so many keen business men and refined women are our local subscription representatives for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. But there are other reasons which will prove just as attractive to you:

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Your offer sounds attractive. Send me all the details. Of course this request does not obligate me in any way.

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and sell his little hundred francs of coffee and vin rouge each day. There were many other cafés for sale in Paris, where the receipts were far greater and where more people passed the door than in the street where he was. The Bulgar went away.

But he came again. The transaction was happily terminated. At the price originally offered by Madame Valquet? Of a verity at that price and not a single franc more!

All this took place a year ago. The daughter of Madame Valquet and the handsome Etienne were married. No expense was spared, even to a wedding voyage to Toulouse, in the south of France, where the flowers bloom always and life is one long romance. One may have a feeling for the young, even though one's own romance is long past and though one has lost a tooth here and there. People woke one morning to see a big sign over the door of the Bulgar's café announcing a change of proprietorship, and Madame Valquet behind the counter wiping away the dust of the former owner. Business had already improved when the young people returned from their wedding voyage and the family of three settled down in their new home.

It is good to know that Madame Valquet's arrangements are working out well. The rent is not dear when one considers that for a dollar and a half a day, American money, one has the café on the street level, a large cellar underneath, a room above for the billiard and checker playing, and three chambers for living purposes. Besides which, the lease runs for ten years longer and the big department store will surely need the building before that time passes by. The so handsome Etienne is becoming a good merchant under the instructions of his *belle mère*. He may have an occasional moment of pique when Madame Valquet takes the glass out of his hand to serve some special client; but she is always careful to refer to him as the *patron*, and even allows him occasionally to buy the supplies from the salesmen who call each day, after she has satisfied herself that their prices are right. The work is divided fairly. The *patron* opens up at half past five in the morning. Madame Valquet herself closes at half past twelve, midnight. During the busy middle hours the whole family is behind the counter. Except Sunday. Inexorably, on Sunday, Madame Valquet takes a full hour for church, which is good for the soul. Each month the number of clients increases. The lady who has the competing café and who does not smile has no increase of clients; one can see that plainly. The affairs of the family of Madame Valquet go well. Let the babies come now, monsieur; one, two, three. There will surely be a dot for each!

Department-Store Methods

From the modest ménage of the family of the Widow Valquet to the huge department store opposite the Palais Royal may seem like a change from little business to big business, but one finds the same deadly efficiency in both. The great establishment is gorgeous with its wonderfully trimmed show windows to catch the eyes of moneyed visitors, its gilded dome and its stately floorwalkers in Prince Albert coats. But one realizes in business that one must have the patronage of all classes if one prospers completely. Around two sides of the huge building are rows of plain kitchen tables placed on the sidewalks, piled high with bargain goods for the economical client and presided over by eager young men in black skullcaps. Do the kitchen tables detract from the prestige of the Grand Magasin? Assuredly not; a shop is a place in which to buy things, not to sustain one's social position; and one knows that the *établissement* can sell all its merchandise more cheaply if it increases its daily sales by having the kitchen tables on the sidewalks.

No person in a French department store receives a regular salary. Merely a tiny stipend each week to cover the actual cost of food and lodging. What one earns depends entirely on one's sales. Thus each sales person is in a way in business for himself or herself; and it is well known that one will work harder for himself than for someone else, *n'est-ce pas?* It is charming to walk past the Grand Magasin on a fine morning, say at about a quarter to nine, when all the employes are gathered about the entrances waiting for time to begin the day's work. One sees the young man of the men's trousers department and the slender girl of the corset counter snuggling together in the crowds, arms around each other's shoulders and cheek rubbing against cheek. Their souls are in their eyes as the bell rings and they give the parting kiss. It is not what one would call in London or New York the businesslike attitude. But twenty minutes later when one visits the trousers or the corsets will one detect any inattention to business? Assuredly not; for the 2 per cent commission on the corset or the trousers speeds the day when the young salespeople may have a ménage of their own and need no longer do their courting on the sidewalk of the Rue de Rivoli.

Practically all business houses in France are operated on the same plan as the department stores a small salary to the employes with a commission on sales. Where from the nature of the business it is impractical to pay sales commissions, the employes share in the profits. Government ownership finds little favor in a country where human psychology has been a study for centuries. One recalls the reflective words of the big hardware manufacturer in his office in the Rue de Rome.

Five Per Cent Profits

"All of us, even in France, are naturally lazy. One will work only as hard as he must. One may love his country; but if he receives a thousand francs a month salary from his country he will not give it eleven hundred francs' worth of work. Only in private industry can matters be so arranged that there is the personal incentive behind one's actions."

Where the French Government does go into industry, as much care as possible is taken to make the recipients of favors earn their money. The tobacco business is a government monopoly. Cigars, cigarettes and smoking tobacco are fabricated in government workshops, but the retailing is done by private individuals licensed by the authorities. The price at which each article must be retailed is advertised by the government, and woe be to any retailer who charges more than the government price. During the past summer whole columns of the Paris newspapers were given over to the exposure of certain unhappy dealers who had yielded to the cupidity of charging an extra sou per package for a certain kind of cigarettes

One could hardly blame these dealers for their crime when one learned the profit they were allowed to make according to law. The spread between the wholesale price and the retail price is precisely 5 per cent. Described in American terms, the dealer pays nineteen cents for a cigar and sells it for twenty cents! Besides that, he has to lay down his money in advance and pay for delivery.

Even at this slender profit there is tremendous demand for licenses to enter the tobacco business. The government sees to it that the tobacco shops are located far enough apart to give each one a reasonable clientele, but near enough together so one does not have to walk too far to buy one's smoke. One has the thought that the effort of making fortunes on a 5 per cent profit may have had something to do with the development of salesmanship into a fine art.

For fortunes actually are made in buying cigarettes at nineteen sous and selling them at twenty. Take the lady, for example, who has the tobacco shop near by the Saint Lazare railway station. She owns an automobile, diamonds, a country home outside of Paris; all gained from her tobacco shop hardly more than ten feet wide and twenty feet deep. But do her wealth and her so big diamond earrings tempt madame to neglect her business or to serve her clients inattentively? Absolutely no! Every day of the year madame sits at the cash desk just inside the doorway, her three young lady assistants ranged behind the counter at her left. No client enters her doorway without a greeting from madame herself and from the young lady whose privilege it is to wait on him. The millionaire in a silk hat, the workman in sabots, the bell boy from the hotel opposite, it is always the same. Madame wishes him *bonjour* as she waves him to the young lady clerk. The young lady hopes his health is prospering as she hands him his favorite cigar of Havana or his pipe tobacco of Maryland. Madame trusts he will have a pleasant promenade as she takes his money and bows him out the door. Does madame sell her personality to her client? She does. But also she sells the

(Continued on Page 177)

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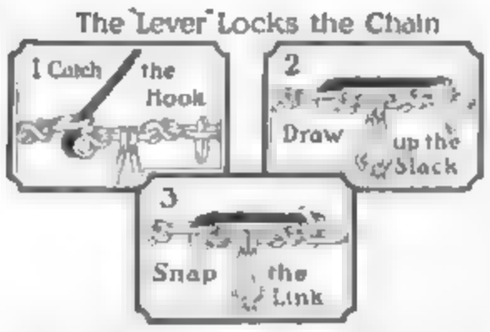

See how the patented Blue Boy Fastener draws up the slack and locks the chain so that it cannot drop off. It is easily put on and as easily removed.

TRACTION such as a tractor gives! *Three cross chains* (not one or two) always on the ground. *Safety* in highest degree! Start quick without slipping. Stop dead without skidding.

Extra mileage too! Dreadnaughts are overweight, made of special alloy case-hardened steel with malleable inner core. There's a cross chain to every other link of rim chain—more chain for your money. Patented Blue Boy Fastener locks chains securely to wheels—they can't drop off!

How about a set of Dreadnaughts for Christmas?

All Dreadnaught chains are overweight; last longer. Your garage, accessory or tire man has all types in stock, including Balloon, Dreadnaught "Double Duty", Dreadnaught "Regular", and "Super Dreadnaught", or he can get them from his jobber. Ask him.

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Dealers: Ask your Jobber's salesman to supply this display cabinet. Keeps stock well arranged and moving. Has more than doubled chain sales of many hundred dealers.

1 2 3

3 Cross Chains Always On The Ground!

(Continued from Page 174)

client to himself. He feels an added sense of importance as the recipient of so great attention. Who knows how many clients there are who enter with the intention of buying only a single cigar for one franc, but who go out with a whole boxful at fifty francs? The number must assuredly be great, for madame's receipts every day in the year average eight thousand francs!

It was in a big and justly celebrated art establishment in Paris that one saw real French salesmanship at its best and deadliest. A great bronze vase was in the show window, priced at twenty thousand francs, and a stout foreign lady tourist from the near-by hotel came in to inspect it. To an ordinary observer she had the appearance of being a mere looker who sought entertainment rather than one who really intended buying; but evidently there was something about her that to the expert French eye suggested ready money, because the proprietor himself came forward to wait on her. One's first thought was that the burden of his enormous black beard would have sapped all his energy, but this was a mistaken idea, because his every movement was light and graceful as that of an athlete.

The vase was truly a work of art and the product of the firm's own studio. The lady must see it under more suitable surroundings than the show window, where the turmoil of the boulevard distracted. To appreciate great art one must be detached. The porter would carry the vase to the little room just at the rear. If madame would deign to follow she could view it as though in the silence and refinement of her own salon.

The lady followed uneasily, giving the appearance of one who was getting in deeper than she wished. She said something about only looking around, but the remark was lost in the bustle incident to setting up the vase on a little table against the wall with a background of green velvet. The proprietor stood back impressively to allow the view to take hold. The stout lady interjected a discouraging remark.

"It's a pretty piece of goods, all right," she said, backing away a step, "but I guess I'll look a little further before I make up my mind. Twenty thousand francs is a lot of money."

The proprietor put up his hand deprecatingly at this crude mention of money, but his enthusiasm was in no way abated. Such a work of art would truly adorn any salon. Doubtless the madame had many works of art. He would feel personally honored if she should purchase the vase because he knew it would rest among other objects chosen with equal understanding. So many people unfortunately lack the discernment. Is it not so?

A Stroke of Genius

At this delicate tribute to her good taste the stout lady gave way to the natural desire of living up to the compliment. She regarded the vase seriously for some moments, head on one side as though better to appraise the decoration and contour. Having thus indulged herself she prepared to make her escape.

"The piece has some good points, all right," she said sagely, "but it doesn't altogether suit me. The base of it now. I don't think the base exactly suits the upper part. I'll look further before deciding."

It was time for quick action, because she was already turning to leave. The proprietor seized upon her last words.

"The madame believes the vase to lack the perfect symmetry? I am desolated. But it shall be to us a lesson! I beg madame to wait a little moment. I shall call our designer!"

An office girl scurried off in the direction of a stairway and the designer arrived in surprisingly quick time, as though he had been waiting for the summons, a tall, handsome young man who wore a blouse and an artist's tam-o'-shanter cap and carried a drawing pad in his hand. The proprietor told him sternly that the madame of so excellent taste believed the base of the bronze vase did not suit the upper part.

The designer was also desolated. He looked at the vase mournfully and passed his hands lightly over its contour a few times as though to get the feel of its fault.

"Madame has a marvelous eye," he said at length, "to catch at a glance a lack of elegance that escaped me, a lifelong student of the *beaux arts*. I had considered this piece wonderful, but perhaps it was only my vanity."

Then a bright thought penetrated his sadness. Eagerly he tendered the lady his drawing pad and pencil.

"If madame would render me the great favor," he said, "she will be so kind as to make a little sketch to show just how the base should be modeled to form the perfect symmetry!"

The designer and the proprietor stood gravely at attention facing the stout lady, who held helplessly in her hands the drawing pad and pencil that had been so unexpectedly forced upon her. In America it would be said that the buck had been passed to her. Worse than that, she had been led to pose as a critic and now she had to make good. Also, she had been taken into the family, so to speak. Friendly and eager eyes were upon her.

The Lady Surrenders

She did not want to buy just then. She wanted the luxury of long mornings shopping about Paris before coming to a decision, and perhaps in the end the greater luxury of deciding not to buy at all. But one will always pay a high price to save one's face. She took another long look at the bronze vase.

"Maybe I was wrong about the base not suiting the top," she said slowly. "I guess I was looking at it from the wrong angle. Would you take a check for it?"

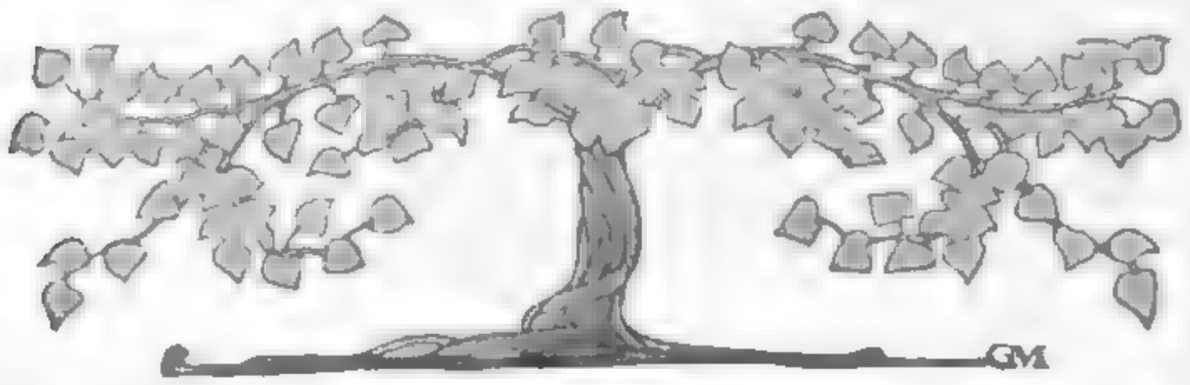
Both the proprietor and the designer threw up their hands in horror at the thought of doubting the check of so charming a client. Sooner should be doubted the signature of a prince of England or a director of the Bank of France. Of a verity they would accept the madame's check for the beautiful bronze vase. For anything else in the whole establishment. For the establishment itself!

The check was written. The proprietor gave it the merest glance and tossed it carelessly to a determined-looking Frenchwoman who sat in the cashier's cage. Then he returned quickly to his client to engage her in conversation about the purchase she had made. The determined-looking Frenchwoman quietly picked up the check, put on her hat and walked out the front door. A moment later she was in a taxicab and dashing toward the Place Vendôme, where are located the foreign banking houses. The proprietor was still in earnest conversation with his client on the subject of art when ten minutes later the telephone rang in the cashier's booth.

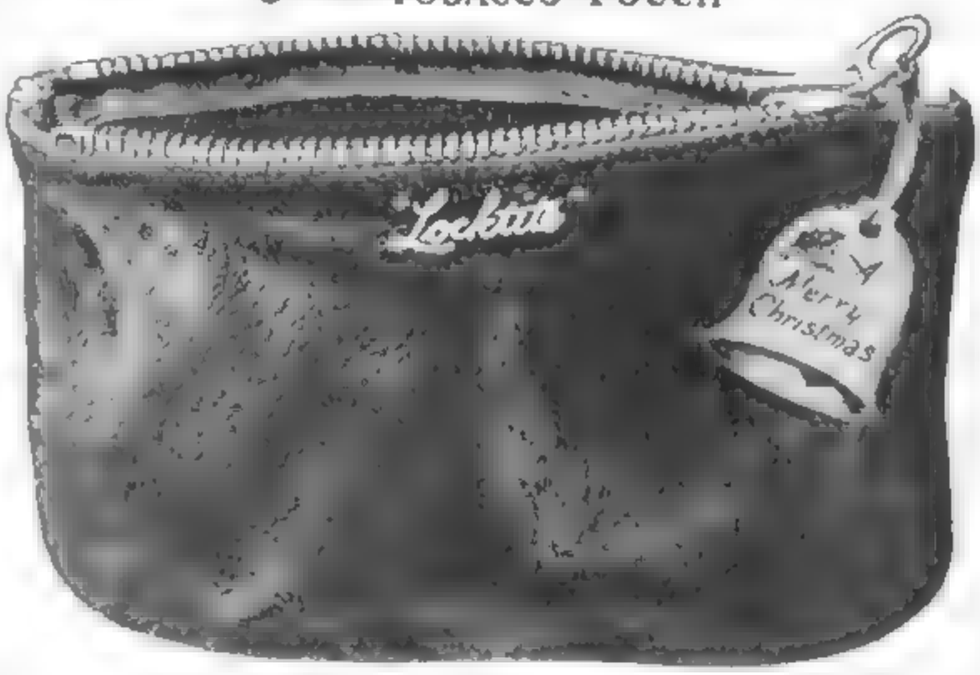
He excused himself to answer the call, received the brief message, and turned again to his client brightly.

"Madame's purchase shall be delivered to her hotel at once," he said. "It has been a great happiness to wait on one who possesses the so unerring sense for beauty and who is withal so businesslike." He gave way to a despairing gesture. "If the people of France could only be wise in the affairs of business like those of other nations it would be so much better. But it is not so. We think only of art, of life, of pleasure!"

The stout lady went away highly pleased. The determined-looking Frenchwoman returned from the bank with a sheaf of thousand-franc notes, which she stuffed into the cash drawer. The crowd on the boulevard milled past, thinking only of art, of life, of good business.



"Locktite"
TOBACCO POUCH



Men Like This Gift

IF HE smokes a pipe give him a Locktite Tobacco Pouch and be 100% sure of pleasing. Most practical pouch made. Attractive leathers, durably rubber lined. At cigar stores and wherever smokers' articles are sold. Write us if dealer cannot supply.

Genuine Suede Grey or Brown **1.00** | Ooze Cowhide, Imported Capeskin **1.50** | Ooze Calfskin, Buck or Pigskin **3.00**

Manufactured and Fully Guaranteed by
The F. S. MILLS CO., Inc., Gloversville, N. Y.

"A Sure Gloom Chaser"
Says Dad

When it's hard to smile, and you want to get a million miles away from "trouble," take the lid off the Puzzle-Peg box,—away goes "gloom." Every move of the tantalizing pegs takes you farther and farther away from your worries. You go on an excursion of joy. The new Free Book of 104 problems contributed by Puzzle-Peg fans from all over the world, makes the new edition the greatest game value ever offered, for 50c.

Puzzle-Peg —the wonder puzzle of the century. Played by one, makes fun for all. Any one of the 104 problems may foil you for hours. But there's great fun in trying, and you never tire of it. For all who are shut in or lonely, Puzzle-Peg makes the ideal gift. For sale by all good Game Dealers, or sent postpaid for only 50c. (In Foreign Countries, 75c.)

Get the complete L & B "FUN PACKAGE," 4 games — Puzzle-Peg, Blox O, Toss-O and Zoo-Hoo. All for $1.75 (Foreign Countries, $2.00)

Great Fun for Two
BLOX-O
The sensational new game hit—totally "different." Play is fast and furious. A 3-ring circus of fun. For sale by all Game Dealers, or sent post-paid direct. Complete set only.... 50c
(In Foreign Countries, 75c)

A Thrilling Game of Skill
TOSS-O
Five skillful tosses of the steel ball may win you a perfect score—but even the best players find such a score as rare as the perfect bull's eye in marksmanship—par in golf—a no-hit game in baseball, etc. If you like a contest of real skill, you will enjoy Toss-O immensely. Played by any number of persons. At all Game Dealers 25c
(In Foreign Countries, 35c)

The Double-Purpose Game
ZOO-HOO
Educational and amusing for the children, it becomes an exceedingly difficult and absorbing Puzzle for grown-ups, by simply removing one disc. Folks of all ages have endless fun helping "Wash," the colored Zoo keeper, to get his animals back in the proper cages. Complete at Game Dealers for 50c
(In Foreign Countries, 75c)

LUBBERS & BELL MFG. CO. 721 SECOND AVENUE CLINTON, IOWA
The Fun Factory

Have You a Radio "Fan" On Your Gift List?

Give him this new Cabinet Audiophone. He'll thank you every time he tunes in. Its full, round voice is so natural you want to look inside for the performers.

Its "voice" is not a phone unit. It is an adjustable electromagnetic device that gives pleasing quality to the most powerful tones, yet is as sensitive as any loud speaker ever built. For distance "fishing", or for volume on concerts, it gives you radio at its best.

Genuine mahogany. Size 17 x 10 x 10¼, just right for top of radio set or phonograph. Price, $30.00 at your dealer's. Other Audiophones at $25.00, $20.00, $15.00 and $12.50.

The Bristol Company, Waterbury, Conn.

Bristol AUDIOPHONE
LOUD SPEAKER

Mr. Edwin L. Hamilton
New York

Our Plan Will Pay You, Too

FOR more than thirty years Mr. Edwin L. Hamilton of New York was Traveling Secretary of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. While engaged in his life work of service, he decided to extend his usefulness by making good literature more easily available to his hosts of friends and neighbors. So he became a subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. And he quickly found that it paid—paid so liberally that he is now working for us under a weekly salary contract.

If you can spare an hour or so now and then—even though you have never had any experience—you'll be interested in the special cash offer we have to pay you for local orders. It's yours if you will only send the coupon.

Clip and Mail

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
330 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Please send me all details of your offer. This request, of course, in no way obligates me.

Name

Street

City *State*

TRAFFIC IN SENTIMENT

(Continued from Page 15

great boxes of ribbon and fragrance back that she might have the money to live on instead. This Florabelle was chiefly fictional, but even at that a comparison is interesting. Florabelle of the six best sellers gave up her flowers that she might eat and buy clothes. Nancy of real life gives up her lunch money and her silk stockings that she may have something pretty to look at instead.

Nancy is the symbol of what has happened in the florist trade.

No one has set it down on record as to what hero first in moment of extremity gave vent to that slogan, "Say it with flowers." But the florist is the man who will insist that he deserves to go down in history with the creators of "Don't give up the ship," "Damn the torpedoes!" and all those other famous little sayings that have made American history. For these simple words, wasting their lives all these years apart in a dictionary, have in their coming together made history in floristry.

Armed with this slogan, it must be owned that the flower merchants deliberately set out to make a nation say it with chrysanthemums, with roses, with gentle spring posies or however its heart might fancy. A national advertising campaign was in fact instituted to teach the public just how very many languages a simple bloom might speak.

Did the undertaking succeed?

The ice man paused, after putting a thousand pounds into the florist's refrigerator.

"How much will it cost me for a nice bouquet? My oldest girl's confirmation is next Sunday morning."

At ten o'clock, on his second round of the day, the postman stopped to ask, "You folks telegraph flowers everywhere, don't you?"

"Yes, that's right."

Anonymous Offerings

"I'd kinda like to send some upstate to our Annie. Just had a letter from her. She's right in the midst of her final examinations, an' she's nervous. You know, we'd kinda like to let her know that her ma and me are sure she's coming through with flags flying, see?"

There are persons buying flowers today who never dreamed of buying them before! They invest in culture, in the niceties of life, in sentiment—call it what you will.

As purveyors of the intangible to a nation reputed by its neighbors and somewhat boasted by itself to be hard-shelled and material-minded, the florists have doubled their business in the past five years.

Besides being a merchant dealing in commodities which have color, dimensions and highly marketable fragrance, the florist must play expertly the rôles of a high priest of beauty and a trusted confidant as well.

Like an oracle, he must know the last word in what is truly expressive. Like the priest, the doctor and the lawyer, he is daily informed of secrets which he must never tell.

At least he must never translate these confided matters except to the radiant or pensive posies which wait in their vases to be sped on their appointed errands.

Even the delivery boy must go about his business discreetly. It is not unusual for him to be given a plain box, devoid of any identifying labels, with the name and address of a certain lady printed thereon, and to be instructed briefly, "No information!" In case he may be questioned, the youngster's answer will be as bafflingly vague as even a taxi driver could furnish. Although a fat tip is dangled before his eyes the delivery boy will maintain with naïve innocence, "A man gave me the box on the street. I never saw him before." That's his story, and that's all there is to it.

A Rose a Day

A broker has two favorite women friends for whom he has provided charge accounts at the same flower shop. It happens occasionally that both of these women visit the shop at the same time; yet neither is aware of the existence of the other.

Recently there was the death of a woman drug addict, evidently of the figurative underworld. A florist sent funeral flowers on the order of a customer duly recorded in Manhattan's Blue Book. What bond could there have been between these two? The florist wondered, but did not comment. He never comments.

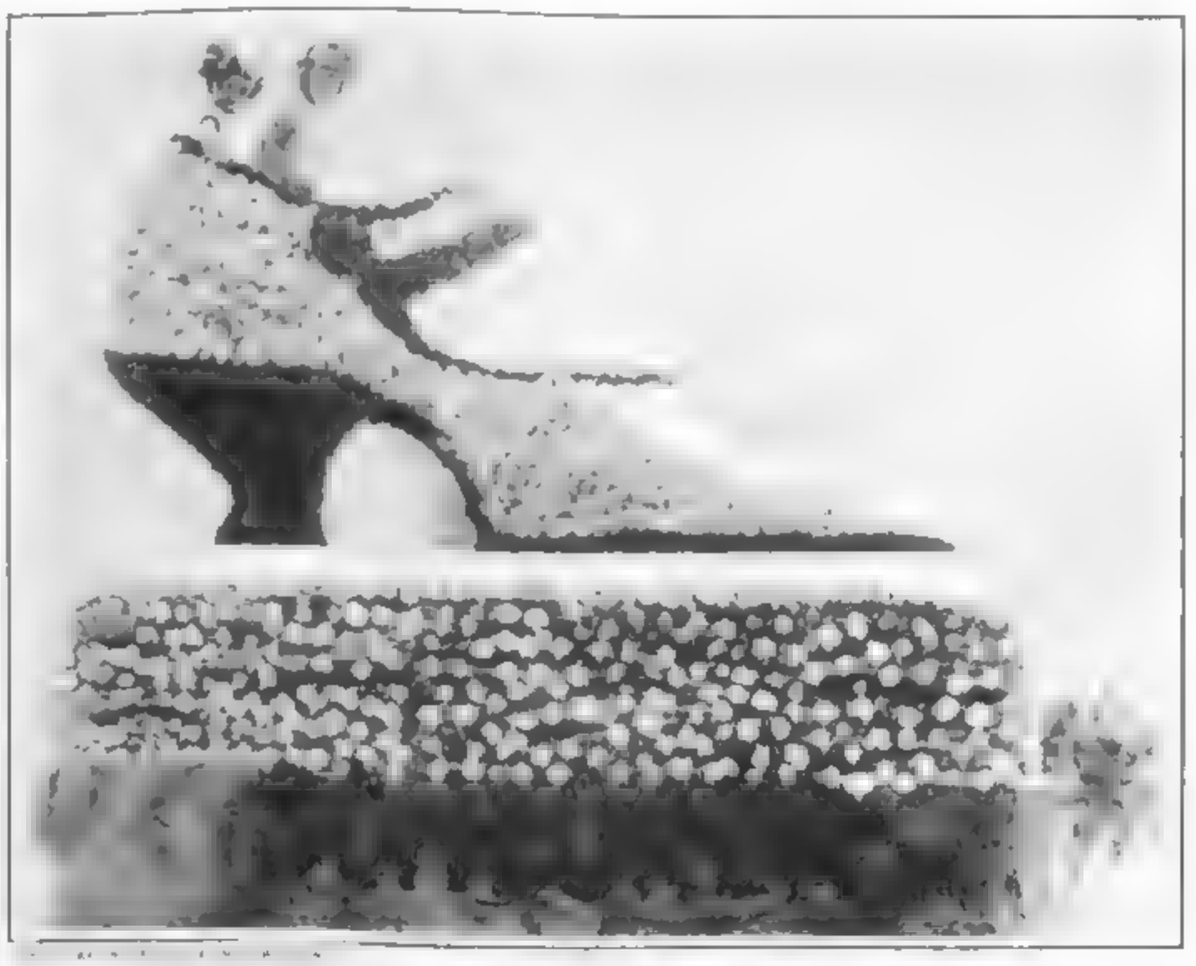
The scandal which flares up in the inner circles of society perhaps astonishes even the intimate friends of those concerned—but does not surprise some florist. The shocking, unexplained suicide of a person of prominence, to which newspapers devote columns of speculation on the mystery—undoubtedly a certain florist knows the cause of this tragedy.

A brighter side to the traffic of a great city in sentiment is the visit to a Lexington Avenue flower shop of one of the young business women who spend part of their lunch money each day on the purchase of a single rose.

At 12:05 daily she comes in as regular as a clock. "What's the matter with Miss M—— today?" they say if on some rare occasion she doesn't appear. You may be sure Miss M—— never gets the worst of the bargain when she buys her single posy. What does she do with it? Well, long ago she confessed that about all she does with it is to take it back, and put it in a bud vase on her desk.

She likes the look of it, she says. It makes her desk look like a parlor. It inspires her to keep it clean.

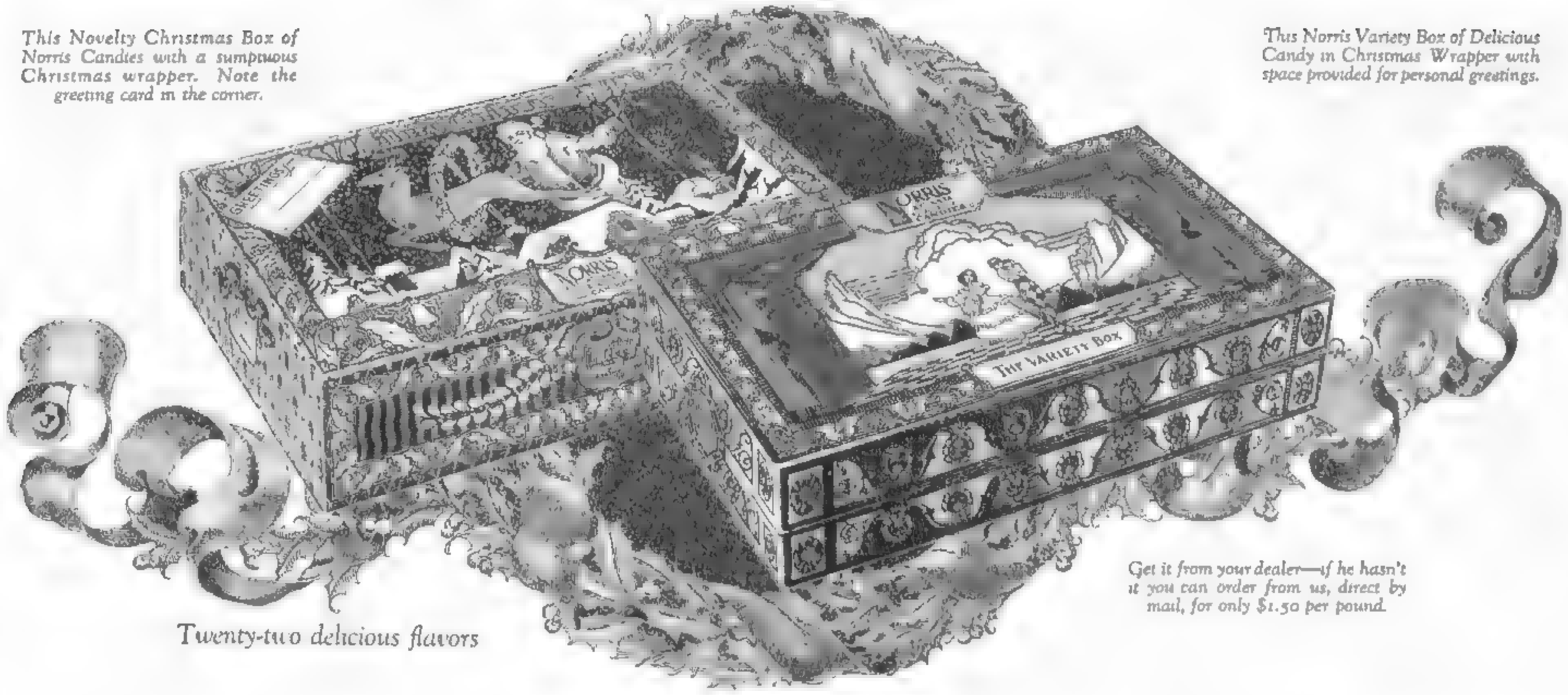
(Continued on Page 181)



A Floral Lady's Slipper, One of the Unique Floats in the June Flower Festival at Geneva, Switzerland

This Novelty Christmas Box of Norris Candies with a sumptuous Christmas wrapper. Note the greeting card in the corner.

This Norris Variety Box of Delicious Candy in Christmas Wrapper with space provided for personal greetings.



Twenty-two delicious flavors

Get it from your dealer—if he hasn't it you can order from us, direct by mail, for only $1.50 per pound.

CHRISTMAS CANDY wrapped ready for giving

ONE of the time-taking tasks of Christmas is wrapping up the gifts.

Think of the convenience of this exquisite candy gift-box, ready packed in a beautiful holly-decked Christmas wrapper! Notice that there is a convenient and appropriate gift card printed on the corner of the wrapper. All you have to do is to address and sign it. No bother to wrap or tie this exquisite gift package, either—it is all ready for you to present on Christmas morning.

The Norris Variety Gift Box, appealing in its wealth of beauty and resplendent with the shimmer of its gold and mauve and turquoise, delicious in its wonderful goodness, truly expresses the spirit of Yuletide cheer.

Whether in fact it's for the sheer quality of the candies themselves or for the beguiling beauty of their packet, here is the gift certain to tempt and to delight.

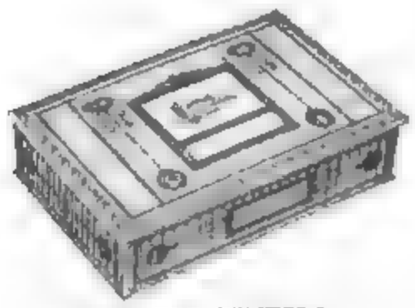
You will revel in the goodness of the **Variety Box**—twenty-two distinct varieties, each one a subtle contrast, each one in itself superlative of its kind. Here you will find in great profusion the use of almonds, Brazil nuts, pecans, walnuts, fruits, chocolate, butter, cream, velvety fondant, and other toothsome goodies that inspire the tongue to praise.

Your dealer can probably supply you, but if he hasn't the **Norris Variety Box** in stock, we offer you the privilege of ordering direct—for you really must have one of these wonderful Christmas packages either for a gift or for yourself. Use the coupon below. Your order will be promptly filled, postage prepaid, with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or your money refunded.

Order by the Dozen or Gross

Many people find in the **Norris Variety Box** just the kind of gift they have been seeking for groups of friends—just the kind of candy that big executives may choose for those whose efforts deserve an expression of real appreciation at Christmas time. In such instances it is well to order through your dealer by the dozen boxes or by the gross . . . . If your dealer hasn't the **Variety Box** order direct. Where else, indeed, could you find so impressive and pleasure-giving a gift at so slight a cost? $1.50 the pound, packed in 1, 2, 3 and 5 pound sizes.

NORRIS, INC., ATLANTA, GA.

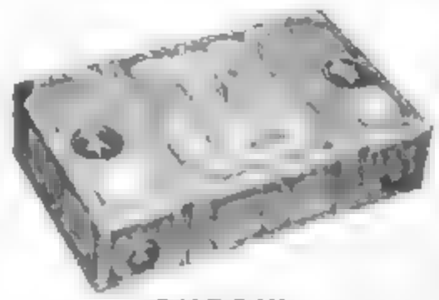


SELECTED CENTERS
(Assorted Chocolates)

An assortment including nut centers, nut caramels, nougats, almonds, sirrons, fruits, creams, etc. $1.25 the pound

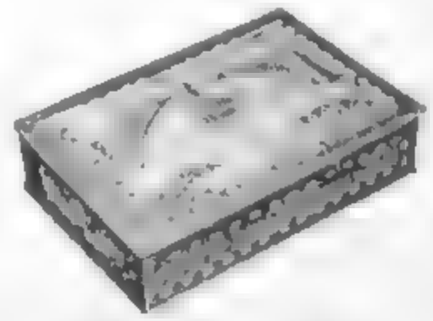
CHOCOLATE CREAM BRAZIL NUTS

Nuts imported direct and cracked freshly as used. Each nut individually entombed in fondant and coated with chocolate
$1.50 the pound.



GOLD BOX
(Assorted Chocolates)

A most attractive package containing an assortment of chocolates de luxe. The chocolate coating is without comparison.
$1.50 the pound



CHOCOLATE COVERED NUTS AND FRUITS

A very popular package, being an assortment of all nut and fruit centers. The fruit cordial pieces are protected with foil wrapping.
$1.50 the pound.

NORRIS, INC., ATLANTA, GA.

Enclosed find $ ... for ... Variety Boxes at $1.50 per pound. One, two, three and five pound sizes.

Name

Address

City State

Dealer's Name

On *One* Car Last Year; On *Twenty-Eight* Today

A year ago, the four-wheel brake question had largely resolved itself into an academic and specific discussion as to the soundest, safest, surest principle.

Today, in the light of the way the Lockheed Hydraulic principle has literally swept the industry, there is no mistaking the decision which engineers have made.

Less than a year ago, Lockheed Hydraulic Brakes had been adopted by a single motor car manufacturer.

Today, twenty-eight motor car manufacturers are answering all braking problems with Lockheed; and that number will grow greater.

Lockheed Hydraulic Brakes have so well demonstrated their superiority that engineers and manufacturers who heretofore could see no necessity for four brakes, are now lining up for Lockheed.

All engineers, and every student of engineering, accept as axiomatic the basic principle of Lockheed operation.

This principle is the 17th Century law of Pascal, fundamental in hydraulic practice:—The pressure exerted upon any portion of a fluid enclosed in a vessel is transmitted undiminished equally to all surfaces.

Lockheed utilizes a liquid compound to transmit to each of the four brakes, *equally and undiminished*, the pressure exerted at the foot pedal.

That means brake equalization, positive, permanent and automatic—precisely the same braking effect at each wheel—the one essential to safety and certainty with four-wheel brakes.

That is the big result of Lockheed Hydraulic Brakes so far as the operator of the car is concerned.

But the incidental results are of large importance to owner, engineer and manufacturer.

The Lockheed system is simplicity itself. It does not require lubrication; it does not require adjusting for equalization; it does not call for a complicated layout of equalizers, toggles, linkages and what-not; it does not set up rattles and squeaks as time goes on.

Today the public recognizes the superior efficiency of Lockheed Hydraulic Brakes. Today the motor car industry recognizes Lockheed as the one identity in the field of four-wheel brakes.

Much of your motoring safety and satisfaction depends, of course, upon brakes, and it is entirely possible that you have in mind to buy some one of the 28 cars which are now Lockheed equipped.

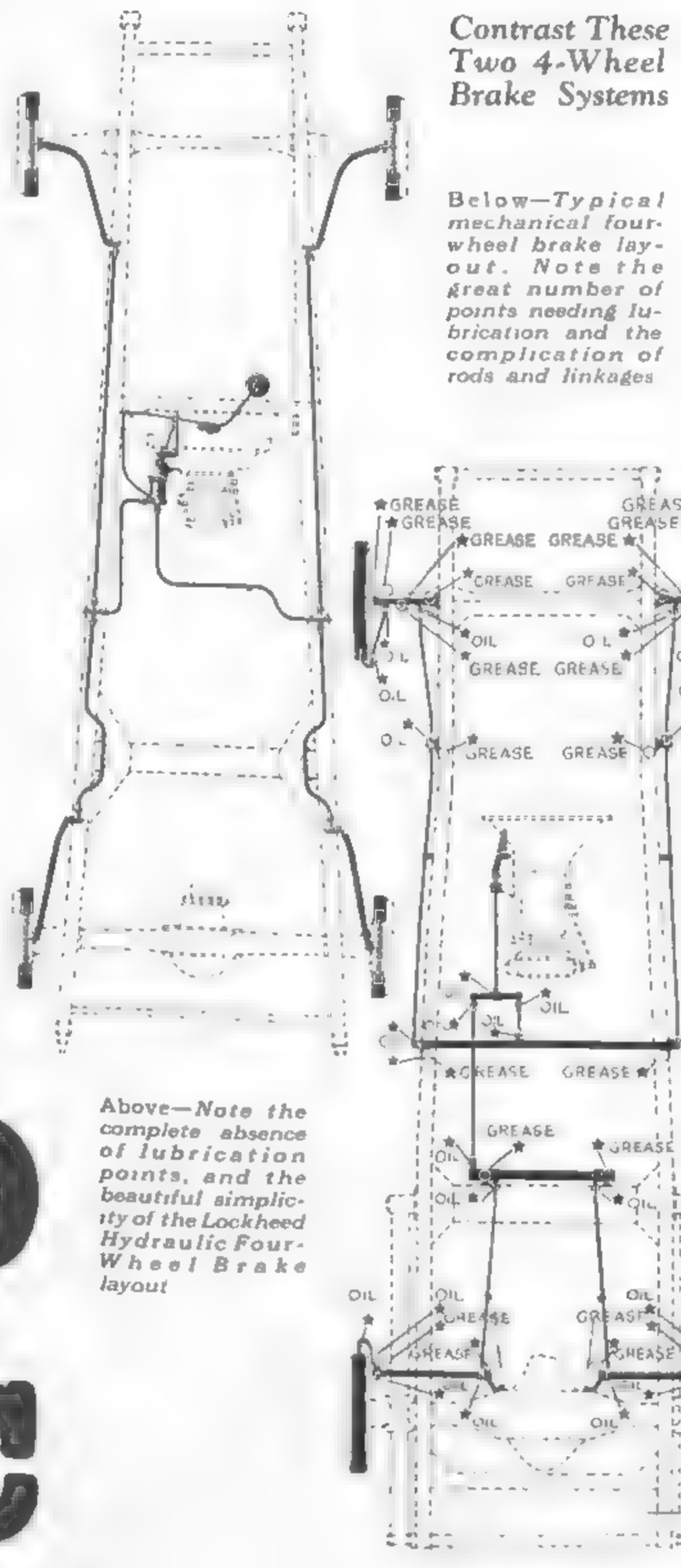
Whatever the car you prefer, be sure to ask the salesman whether it carries Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes; and if it does, be assured that it represents the final word in modern braking efficiency.

Hydraulic Brake Company, Detroit, Michigan

The Answer

LOCKHEED
Four Wheel Brakes
HYDRAULIC

Contrast These Two 4-Wheel Brake Systems



Below—*Typical mechanical four-wheel brake layout. Note the great number of points needing lubrication and the complication of rods and linkages*

Above—*Note the complete absence of lubrication points, and the beautiful simplicity of the Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brake layout*

(Continued from Page 178)

If Cinderella knows the open sesame to the flower shop these days, Pollyanna often shyly drops in for a visit as well.

One afternoon a very plainly dressed little girl entered the spacious store of a floral firm catering to an exclusive clientele. Delivering up a quarter which had been tightly clenched in a small moist hand, she asked a salesman for the prettiest flower she could buy for her mother, who was ill at home.

The salesman, won by the earnest little face, showed the child one pretty posy after another with as serious interest in her likes and desires as he could have granted a Park Avenue customer with a monthly account running well into three figures. He soared way beyond the class of the twenty-five cents the little one had presented to him. Her eyes danced when he displayed a giant yellow chrysanthemum. A few seconds later the gorgeous bloom was hers, packed with crinkly tissue in a white glazed box on which was embossed in golden letters the firm name—a box which itself cost almost as much as the amount she had tendered.

Two weeks later the mother of that small girl came into the shop and opened an account, giving a name which often appears in the society columns. The little girl, it seems, had eluded her nurse to make the purchase at the florist's. Since that time her mother has been a consistent buyer of flowers at this particular shop and the florist has been more than repaid for not selling but giving of the largess of sentiment on that November afternoon.

The florist plays the rôle of peacemaker every day in the week.

Over the telephone there came to the florist from a young benedict an order for flowers for his wife. The florist suggested the variety of roses of which this young matron was fond; the man assented, and over the wire there could be detected a slight break in his voice as he added, "Send them to her at her mother's house. She's there at present."

The Peace Makers

The florist shook his head sympathetically as he picked out a dozen of the finest roses in stock for the lovely, willful young woman in question. Less than a year ago he had made her bridal bouquet; further back, he remembered the rare variety of orchids he had obtained for her coming-out party, for he had been the family florist for years.

Daily for more than a week the florist spoke the husband's cause in the language of the choicest blooms, anxiously hoping for success. Then one morning the husband telephoned, apparently not attempting to restrain the surging glad note in his voice as he revealed that his wife had returned to him. And the florist was glad too.

The traveling salesman came into the flower shop in a terrible hurry—he was leaving for Chicago that morning. To the florist he confided, as will many men in love, that he had been coming along splendidly with the lady of his dreams, but unfortunately last night they had quarreled; much against his will he was leaving town today, but a man's work is his work, you know. Now he wanted a different assortment of flowers for the lady each day, and he handed over a series of notes, one for inclosure with each box, and to be sent absolutely in the order designated. He admitted that he'd sat up most of the night composing these vastly important selling talks. With the florist's aid he expected them to get across—so that all might be well on his return.

The classic request of the famous blue-coat messenger service of course continues to be, "Could you send a boy quick? We have no one to mind the baby." But the woman who at the last minute telephoned a rush order for a corsage of sweet peas, "and have the boy get my dress from the cleaner's," found a florist just as obliging.

No Card Inclosed

It was on one recent autumn morning that a man in a quandary called his florist. Over the wire came his problem: A woman friend in a far-distant city had just undergone an eye operation; he wanted to send his message of sympathy immediately. But he did not want to send flowers, poignant reminders of a beauty from which his friend was shut off. The florist thought a minute. That afternoon, to the bedside of a woman in a hospital six hundred miles away there came a basket of the choicest fruits.

Many busy people have acquired the habit of telephoning the florist and letting him do the rest. The majority of these customers furnish the flower shop with a supply of their personal cards, which are kept on file, to be inclosed with their flower orders. For others the florist writes the name on a card, with possibly a desired message. There are some who are not content to say it with flowers, but add lengthy wordy effusions. It is not unusual for an order taker to resort to shorthand in order to get down the veritable letters that will be given over the telephone—the longest often being for inclosure with an inexpensive order.

Many gift boxes are sent out without a card inclosed, according to the customer's instructions. In most cases the recipient evidently knows whom the flowers are from, but often a telephone inquiry comes to the florist:

"I just received a box from you, but there was no card"—the feminine voice conveying an implication of the florist's carelessness.

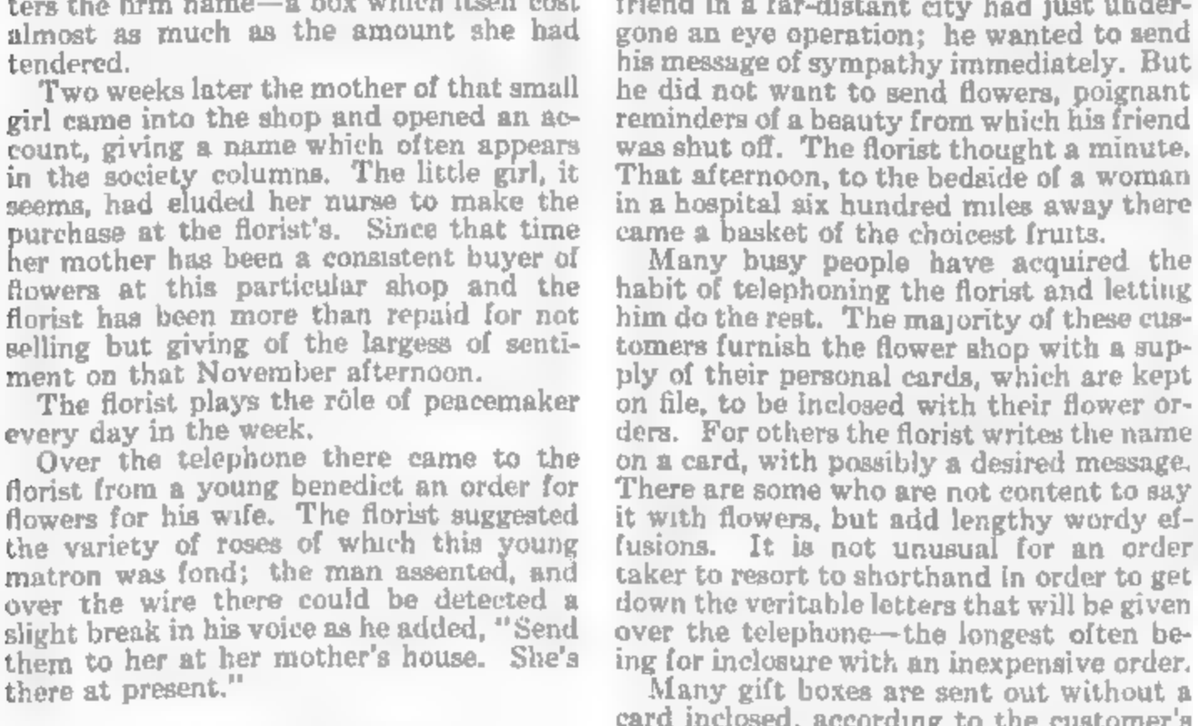
Looking up the order, it is found to be marked, "No card." So the florist replies, "No card was to be sent, madam."

"But you must tell me who the flowers are from," insists the voice petulantly.

"I'm sorry; it was a cash order, and I do not know," is the florist's invariable polite response.

Who supplies Manhattan, the greatest flower buyer in the world? Where do all the blooms come from?

Principally, they are grown in Long Island, in New Jersey and in Connecticut. An army of experienced cutters descends upon the greenhouses every afternoon, taking its daily harvest. Later the blooms are packed with the requisite care demanded by the various sorts; roses in paper bundles are crowded into wooden boxes, with



Springtime Near Haarlem, in the Netherlands—a Wave of Color as Far as the Eye Can See and a Fragrance of Millions of Blossoms That Hangs Everywhere Over the Fields

The New York Times—and light

"GETTING the news" is not the problem over which newspapers puzzle most. The hardest thing the publisher does is to get that news to you before its market value has been lost. Often it means the manufacture and delivery of hundreds of thousands of copies in the hours between darkness and dawn. A highly keyed crew must give their best to do it, and work every minute under artificial light

On less than a moment's notice, they may have to "make it over." Murder, fire, or presidential utterance happening ten minutes before quitting time must be in the paper. Alibis don't go. It must be out on time. About all that the editor can think of is: "Get it to the machines!"

There are linotypes, monotypes, saws, metal pots, steam tables, rows of hulking presses. No factory works under greater pressure. Few do finer work. The New York Times uses Cooper Hewitt Work-Light. So do the Chicago Tribune, Detroit News, Cleveland Plain Dealer, Cincinnati Post and many others

Plants of all kinds use Work-Light because it does definite things that ordinary light does not do and is not expected to do. Light that "keeps eyes wide open" more than pays for itself wherever it is installed. Ask for the Work-Light booklet. Cooper Hewitt Electric Company, 125 River Street, Hoboken, N. J.

Picture shows a corner of the handsome new composing room of the New York Times Every worker in it enjoys the advantages that only an adequate Work Light installation can supply. No glare, no deep shadows, no fatiguing red rays to complicate their work

COOPER HEWITT

Work-Light

Cold Weather Coming—!
This means a large demand for
RADIO PACK
The Hot Water Bag Without Hot Water
IT'S a tremendous repeater with universal appeal. Heats itself,—stays hot all night without attention. Mr G. C. Lea of Sandusky made $26 the first day. Collect large commissions in advance, RADIO PACK sells on sight. It is the marvel of the age. We want a Representative in your section. Write for selling plan at once—today—now!
RADIO PACK CO., Inc
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An Ideal Gift
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REMINDER
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Telephone Stand
Stand in solid brass. Pad printed in rich brown on India paper with gold edges. Packed in Special Christmas Box if Desired
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Manufacturers of the Standard Calendar
Jersey City New Jersey

Make him happy this Christmas
With a
Valley Battery Charger
Your radio fan will appreciate a Valley Battery Charger as a Christmas gift. It is just what he needs to keep his radio storage batteries fully charged so that he need never miss a program
The Valley Battery Charger will completely recharge any radio battery overnight. Plugs into light socket like a fan or other household necessity. Just as easy to operate. Takes about a dime's worth of current for a full charge.
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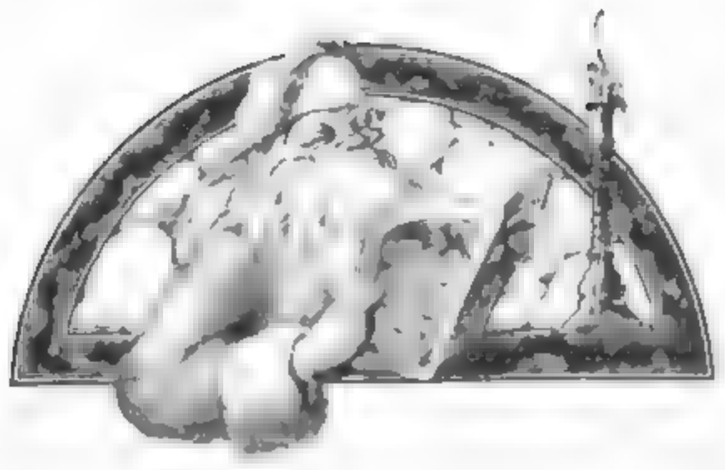

For You—For Your Friends

The gift that keeps coming—coming the whole year through;
The gift that keeps giving—giving something always new.

That comes very nearly being the ideal Christmas gift, doesn't it?—one which lasts all year and brings continuous entertainment, inspiration and help. What is this gift? That's the easiest question you ever asked. The answer is a year's subscription for

The Saturday Evening Post
The All-Year Gift

And how much does it cost? Only $2. (Foreign $6.) And for this two dollars, the friend whom you choose especially to delight will receive more thrills and laughs and "solid stuff" than he can manage on all the Thursday evenings in 1925—a Christmas-to-Christmas pleasure.

Then, to each of your friends whom you so remember, we will mail an exceptionally beautiful gift announcement card, *over your name*. It will be sent to arrive in the Christmas mail, entirely without charge to you.

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For any woman—*The Ladies' Home Journal*
12 issues $1 (Foreign $2.50)

For any man—*The Country Gentleman*
52 issues $1 (Foreign $2.50)

From these three publications you can select sure-to-please presents for all your Christmas list. Mail your order at once to

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Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

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JOLIET MACARONI CO. • • Joliet, Ill.

cracked ice scattered between the packages; orchids are packed in tissue; the gardenias and camellias, very fragile, are carefully tucked away in cotton to prevent bruising

Early in the morning—at four or five o'clock, according to the distance of the grower from New York—the caravans of flower-laden trucks get under way, to converge upon the ferry entrances to Manhattan Island. Their destination is the wholesale cut-flower market, which is located in a small area extending from Eighteenth Street to Twenty-eighth Street, adjacent to Sixth Avenue. Here the commission men open for business at six o'clock, and for the next few hours greet the stream of buyers from the retail establishments, who wander past counters piled high with blooms and make their daily selections. It goes without saying that the buyer's job is a most responsible one—peculiarly so in this case, because he is investing money in perishable stock. But no matter how carefully he purchases, there will be a margin of unsold stock.

What becomes of the blooms that linger in the retailer's vases beyond their time? Is there a tremendous waste, due to unsold flowers? Strange to say, the waste is usually not so great as would appear at first glance.

There is a large use for the open flowers. Roses are an example. They are cut in bud and, according to variety, will last from several days to a week. The rose which remains unsold till its petals open into full bloom is not sent out in gift boxes; but it is just what is wanted for the funeral piece, because it is at its largest and makes its best showing. So it is funeral work that takes care of the open flowers to some extent. Those that are not used in this way are rarely thrown out; instead, they are given away—to workers for religious and charitable organizations, who pay calls regularly to receive flowers; and sometimes these still pretty blooms that have lost their first freshness are sent to hospitals.

The Passing of an Old Favorite

A few years ago if you had asked "What is the ultimate gift in flowers?" the reply would undoubtedly have been, "American Beauties." They were the ne plus ultra, the acme of luxury. There were other beautiful roses, but for the sporty spender nothing else satisfied—"American Beauties, and tie a red ribbon around 'em!"

But Mr. Manhattan doesn't demand this variety of rose today. The occasional calls for it are nine times out of ten not from a regular flower buyer, but from the man who is still swayed by the legend, the man who for once in a blue moon would plunge lavishly. And he will be surprised, probably, by discovering that no American Beauties are to be seen among the array of roses at the flower shop where he inquires, even though it may be in a wealthy neighborhood, because this rose is no longer in demand by those who can afford it. In the metropolitan area of New York you will rarely find half a dozen shops with a vase of American Beauties on display. Some days only two or three dozen of these blooms come into the cut-flower market—to supply entire Manhattan.

There is still some demand for the old-fashioned bouquet, which was originated in former days by florists who did not have the splendid long-stemmed flowers of today, and therefore arranged these solid clusters of blooms inclosed in lace paper. These bouquets are expensive because many flowers are required and because they are very tedious to make, as much time being consumed as it takes to make ten or twelve of the modern corsages.

Women buy more flowers than men do today. But men are better customers because they buy more quickly.

Miss Gloria, vastly patronizing, sweeps into the flower shop. She runs riot amid a bewildering array of blooms, seeking to gratify her desire for whatever she fancies represents luxury.

"Oh, I don't want those!" She turns up her nose at some lovely spring flowers—and the florist mentally hazards that she once lived in a small town and had them growing in the back yard. Finally she selects a fifteen-dollar spray of orchids and pins it on her coat.

"The violets you sent me the other day weren't at all nice," she remembers to complain with the air of one who will not be imposed upon.

"It's too early for them now," the florist explains apologetically; "they're never so good in mild weather."

True enough, but Miss Gloria didn't know, not really being a violet lover. That was why she wanted them—because they were out of season!

The Florists of Fiction

It must be pointed out here that the women to whom charge accounts at the florists are so prodigally extended must not be confused with the Florabelles of fiction referred to earlier in this article. The legend of Florabelle ran that she had to decide with a firm and practical mind concerning a situation over which she had no control. Admirers foisted so much gorgeousness in blooms upon her, she felt obliged to go in league with the florists. In case of an order they notified the young lady by telephone instead of by the box of blooms, and the amount invested minus the florist's profit was credited to her. In case the admirer personally selected his offering and saw it on its way she would turn the box back immediately it reached her door, and with the flowers back in their containers the next few minutes, ready for sale again, no one was ever the wiser.

Many a fiction writer has picturesquely sketched this young woman into his novel of life as it is lived in New York, and this beautiful but worldly-wise young lady has tripped across many a page of the magazines. But the florists disavow Florabelle. No one knows where she came from. It can safely be asserted that flower shops today are conducted on much higher business standards than this interesting myth would imply. But aside from the ethics of the thing, how would it be possible for any young lady to make such an arrangement when there is a florist in nearly every block and she could not dictate to her admirer from which shop he should purchase? In addition, the spender who bestows flowers lavishly upon fair lady friends has his own florist. And, as a matter of common sense, no florist would jeopardize the continued business of that account to accommodate any young lady. Analysis shows the scheme impractical. The initiate, even though he might be skeptical of the florist's business integrity, will decide that in these days when gold digging has been reduced to such a fine art, such a game would not be worth the trouble.

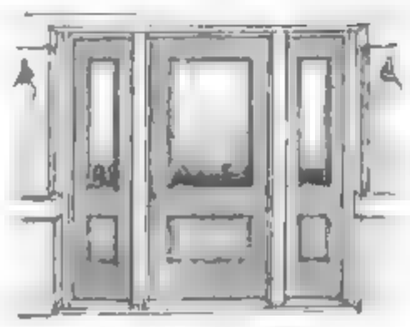
In the past there has been some amount of graft paid out by less scrupulous flower shops, as well as by butchers and bakers. This was known as the butler graft. A butler who would throw to the flower shop a great deal of patronage and who would order flowers far in excess of what were really needed for table decoration would put in his appearance monthly and demand a commission, under the threat of transferring the account elsewhere. If a merchant will become a party to it, such petty graft will often be carried on when the management of vast affluent households is virtually intrusted to servants. Reputable flower shops, and other shops as well, are nowadays refusing to take part in such practices.

The great peak seasons of the florist business are Christmas and Easter, when months of normal business are crowded into days.

The Christmas rush is the less overwhelming of the two holiday times for the florists, because the people have been educated to shop early and they carry this lesson into their purchases in the flower shops. They are far more willing to have early deliveries. Then, too, unless Christmas falls in the latter part of the week, it offers the interim of Sunday for a breathing space for the florist. But in all Holy Week there is no breathing space.

Easter week! What the World Series is to a pitcher, what election time is to a newspaper, that Easter week is to the florist. A grim time of labor and fatigue to the

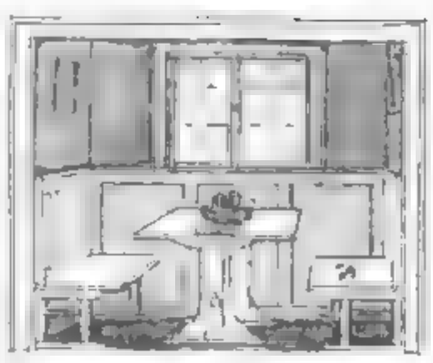
(Continued on Page 185)



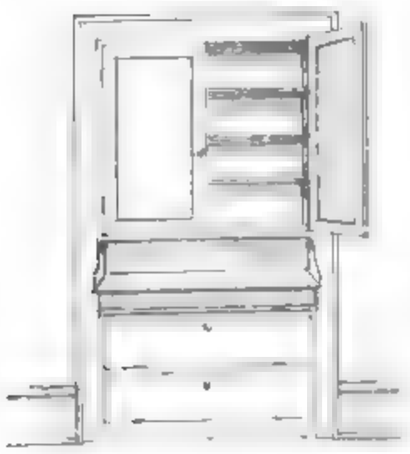
Morgan Entrance M63

Main Floor Plan

Morgan Plan Suggestion No. 1A



Morgan Breakfast Nook M501



Morgan Linen Case M575

Morgan Wedgewood Door M721

Many things you miss when you are content with mere "Woodwork"

There isn't anything too good for your home, especially when the best costs no more. Surely you will not let a little carelessness spoil those rooms you have so eagerly planned—so often visualized in your mind's eye. Select woodwork of *known* quality.

If you want your entrance to be architecturally charming, yet sturdy against the elements, *there is a way*. If you want your doors to be rich in beauty, enhanced by the tracery of artistic wood, yet built to hang true for many years, *there is a way*. If you want your china closets, cupboards, cabinets, breakfast nook, trimmings, etc., to be in complete harmony, to be built like fine furniture, to have the most charming finishes in stain, paint or enamels, *there is a way*.

It is to keep in mind that woodwork is a fixture; that it cannot be changed or made over or discarded like an unsatisfactory rug or chair. It is to specify MORGAN-QUALITY—to insist, firmly, upon having the Morgan mark, like this, MORGAN, on each piece.

If you do this, happy results are bound to follow. Your entrance, your stairway, your bookcases, your china closets and cabinets, the doors and trimming, your breakfast nook, all will have the stamp of quality—the touch of architectural harmony—and you will have something that will serve you and satisfy you for years.

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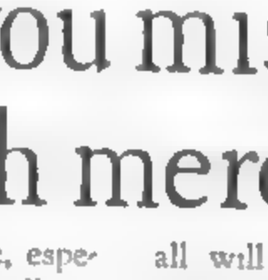
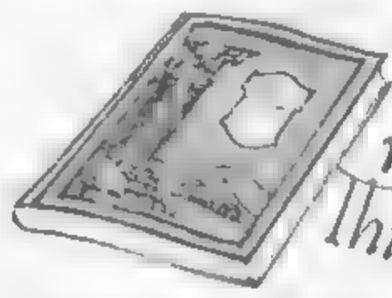


We invite you to investigate Morgan-Quality Products. See your local Morgan dealer. He will gladly help you. Also, let us suggest that you get a copy of our famous book, "Building with Assurance," now owned by thousands of home lovers. It is described at the right.



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The little device on the left (6" x 6" x 3" ...) takes the place of "B" batteries. $35 (without tube). Its companion is a Timmons Talker, the remarkably beautiful cabinet type loud speaker with horn concealed; noted for its superior tone purity and volume. ...

Timmons Talkers and B-Liminators

The B-Liminator, patented May 27, 1924, has its own alternating rectifier which replaces all B batteries by eliminating alternating current through your 110 volt, 60 cycle light socket.

THERE is no name that has more rapidly crowded to the front rank of the radio industry than the name Timmons. The Timmons products illustrated are now established as two of the most important examples of the tremendous progress made by radio.

Present or prospective radio set owners cannot afford to be unfamiliar with the new receiving satisfaction made possible by these two remarkable products. They are sold by good radio dealers most everywhere.

No reputable radio jobber or dealer can profitably fail to consider the important influence of these two products on radio sales now and in 1925.

Timmons quality also ... a most ... for the ... with real ... the ... of ... speaker at a ... price. ...

Descriptive printed matter and details may be had by any responsible person upon request

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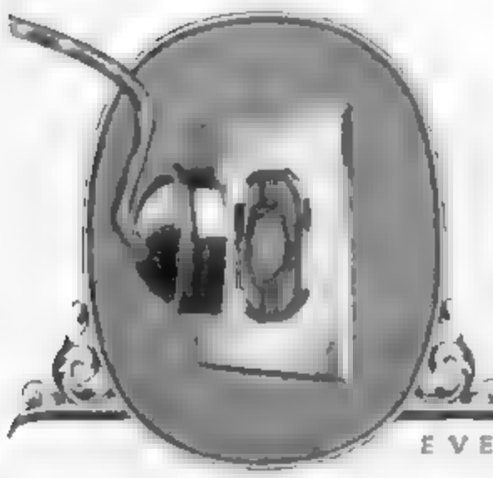

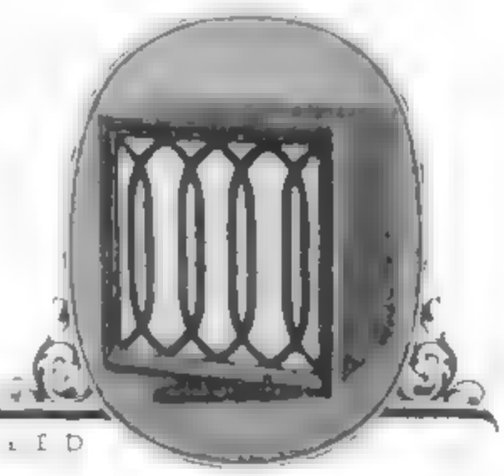

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are the ones your boys and girls will spend on this new combined swing, trapeze and flying rings; healthy, happy, contented hours, playing at home—building muscle, developing good lungs correctly.

The Busy-Kiddie TRADE MARK

is ideal for boys and girls, 3 to 14 years old. Sturdy—will hold 500 pounds; will last a lifetime; quickly put up in any doorway—easily moved—fully adjustable—can't mar or scratch your woodwork.

New FREE illustrated book, "The Doorway Gym," shows simple, interesting exercises; tells youngsters how to amuse their muscles. Write today, make your children happy and healthy.

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Nothing will be more appreciated as evidence of your thoughtfulness than one of these fine Correct PLATINESE WATCH CHAINS. They look and wear like stylish high priced platinum chains. Will Not Tarnish. Two styles—one for coat lapel, another across the vest. Order either or both. Send—this timely Christmas delivery anywhere. Money back if not satisfied. Send price with order or pay postman.

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(Continued from Page 182)

breaking point for everyone associated with the handling of flowers, from grower to salesman and delivery boy.

In the flower shop men and women clerks are on their feet constantly for twelve hours of waiting on customers, then working half the night in preparation for a busier day on the morrow. Two days of work crowded into each one, as the crescendo of business nears with the approach of Good Friday. If a flower shop employe gets away for a few hours of sleep on Good Friday night he counts himself fortunate. He has had a little rest in preparation for his biggest day—the day seemingly without end, which commences at seven o'clock Holy Saturday morning and continues without a break until from four to six o'clock Easter Sunday afternoon.

After the last belated customers have gone their way on Saturday evening, the preparation and packing of orders continues throughout the night. Men who started making corsages at ten o'clock are still mechanically making corsages when the dawn of Easter Sunday appears. If they are very lucky then they may be able to snatch an hour's rest on their wooden workbenches. Unceasing labor at top speed is demanded—of youths and men who have had only one hot meal a day for several days past; whose fingers are sore with the constant pricking of thorns and numbed by the constant handling of flower stems taken from cold water; who are chilled by the dampness and low temperature maintained for the preservation of blooms and plants; who are groggy from lack of sleep.

All over New York at every flower shop, large and small, you will find the same feverish panorama in the hours which usher in Easter. It is the great inside drama which each year must be enacted to prepare New York for that spectacle which she herself in turn gives, the pageantry of Eastertide. The parade on the Avenue with the church bells ringing their hallelujahs, the services at chapel, church and cathedral before flower-decked altars—no florist may see this gorgeous parade, no florist may be one of those who make up the huge congregations; but he has done his part to provide the beauty of it all.

There is no Easter or Christmas celebration for the florist. He is excluded from taking part in any of the joys of the chief holidays of the Christian world, and accepts this as a matter of course. But he rather envies those who can listen to the hosannas of choirs on Easter Sunday morning. And if he is a family man he would give a great deal to see his youngsters hanging up their stockings on Christmas Eve, and not have to delegate all the duties of Santa Claus to his wife.

Mother's Day

Now to consider the profit side of these peak days. That the florist must coin money at these times is the belief of the average person who pays holiday prices. But, strange to say, the profit is often actually not in proportion to the volume of business done; at times, owing to various conditions, the percentage of profit is even less than in normal business times. For one reason, the florist pays the grower higher prices. Is the grower profiteering? The only reply to this is that if the grower did not get high prices at these times of excessive demand he could not make enough to keep up his greenhouses and supply flowers at a moderate price the year around. In addition to paying higher prices the florist faces excessive overhead costs that mount up in the course of taking care of the added business. He must make adequate compensation to his regular employes; also extra help must be hired, which is often incompetent and usually wasteful. There are deliveries which require the employment of dozens of boys, besides the delivery cars which the florist has—especially at Easter, when thousands of exquisite corsages must all be delivered at practically the same time. The corsage for milady cannot arrive too early, but it must surely be there by a goodly margin before the church bells ring. Congested traffic conditions in New York make it impractical to load an automobile with boxes the last of which could not be delivered until hours after the first had reached its destination.

In the minds of many Mother's Day has proved a bonanza for the florists. To some extent this is true, as the addition of any day to be marked with flower giving is bound to help the florist. But the day has had one large handicap—the fact that it originated with an idea that embraced only one particular flower, the carnation. The custom was to wear a white carnation if one's mother were dead, or a colored carnation if she were living; to this was added, shortly after, the custom of sending one's mother carnations as a remembrance of the day. A beautiful custom, surely, and an idea to be commended, but impracticable in its carrying out.

The overwhelming demand for carnations upon this one day had the inevitable result—the skyrocketing of prices, the law of supply and demand being immutable. As a result, the florist was given a black eye because of the persistent charge that he was profiteering in the name of sentiment. This charge was certainly undeserved; it is a fact beyond dispute that on this day the florist paid the grower, through the commission men who handle his product, more than the ordinary retail price for carnations. But consider also the grower's side. In order to be able to supply an unprecedented demand for a single day, he had to grow vast numbers of carnations, and those that could not be forced to flower for that day mostly remained unsold. The public had to pay enough to cover the loss on these. To combat this unwarranted charge of profiteering, the florists have resorted to education of the public in this regard.

Transatlantic Flowergrams

On the eve of Mother's Day last spring a man came into a large flower shop, inquiring, "How much are your carnations?" The tone of his question informed the florist that his prospective customer was prepared to cry "Profiteer!"

"We have no carnations, sir."

"No carnations?" The man was visibly taken aback. "Why, I thought—I wanted a dozen sent to my mother. Are you sold out?" He seized upon this as the probable explanation.

"No," responded the florist; "we refuse to carry them at this time because of the high prices caused by the excessive demand. We do not wish our customers to purchase them with the feeling that they are being robbed. But does your mother like carnations especially?"

"Well—I ——"

"It is my experience that a majority of women don't, judging from the moderate demand throughout the year. It's the sentiment you want to express, isn't it? The remembrance of mother? Then why don't you send her a beautiful box of assorted spring flowers? In this case I can give you full value for your money. Or perhaps your mother has a preference for roses?"

The sale of a five-dollar box of flowers was quickly made; and the man left that shop feeling more kindly toward the florist than he had upon entering.

Of course not all florists take such a radical stand to the extent of handling no carnations whatever at this time; some fear that they have customers who will not be satisfied with anything else, and must have these blooms for that reason; others see only the profit involved and are too short-sighted to realize how much harm the profiteering charge may do them and the business as a whole.

If prohibition has changed the character of the florist industry the advent of the flowergram has revolutionized it.

When Cyrus W. Field laid his mighty cable under the sea he probably did not stop to think that some day it would be the means of transporting to some young lady taking her summer vacation in Lucerne the news that her young man in Forest Hills, Long Island, was still thinking of her, as told by the rose. Such strain is, however, laid upon the cables nowadays. Along with the international-trade communications and world news, flutter the heartbeats of young men in collegiate trousers. The code is not hard to decipher. Strange how we all knew it when we wished our way through daisy fields in June and how in spite of flowergrams there is nothing new under the sun. The code—it is simple. The language of flowers.

In a Fifth Avenue shop one day last May an ex-soldier ordered Mother's Day flowers sent to a town in France.

"That was the French home where I was billeted for eight months during the war. I'd do that if it was my last cent. She was a wonderful old lady."

In the drab cemetery of a North Dakota town the neglected graves of a certain old couple whose kin had wandered far afield

So Easy Now, to Know that You Can Play

BY measuring your natural musical ability, this famous, free, new Holton Talent-Test tells you how easy it may be for you to win success on this easiest-to-learn of all saxophones.

In just a few interesting minutes any unsuspected gift is brought to view. You determine, to your own satisfaction, how near you really are to new and endless hours of pleasure, social eminence, and even increased income if you choose. Thousands have done so. In fairness to yourself, accept this opportunity.

Your request for copy of this booklet brings you Appointment Card entitling you to the Talent-Test in the privacy of any Holton dealer's studio, or in your own home, with the aid of our copyrighted phonograph record, on which the Talent-Test is recorded.

FREE BOOK—tells how test is given.

FRANK HOLTON & CO.
Elkhorn, Wis.

America's Greatest Band Instrument

Holton New Revelation SAXOPHONE

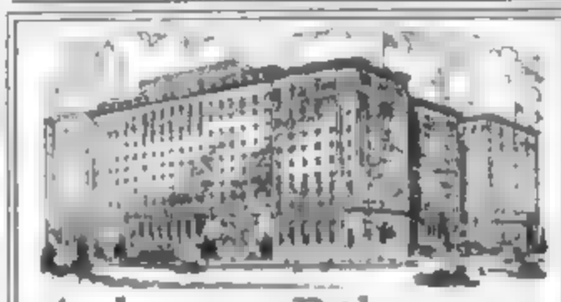
Frank Holton & Co., Elkhorn, Wis. ©
Without obligation, I want to determine my talent for the easy-to-learn Holton New Revelation Saxophone. (Check if interested in any other instrument).

Cornet ( ) Trombone ( ) Baritone ( ) Trumpet ( )

Name_____

Street Address_____

Town_____ State_____



Atlanta Biltmore

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Where Traditional Hospitality Is Kept Ever Flowering.

Flawless Bowman Service. Perfect cuisine—extremely moderate prices.

600 handsome outside rooms, with bath, single $3.50, $4 and $5; double $5.50, $6, $7 and $8.

Write for illustrated booklet P.

Atlanta Biltmore Hotel Company
HOLLAND B. JUDKINS
Vice Pres.—Manager

MEND YOUR TOP WITH

STiK-TiTE

TOP PATCH STRIPS

The gum side sticks instantly and permanently to open or enclosed auto tops. Goods match your top and side curtain material. Mends all holes. Nine years tested and approved. Carry for safety. Repairs tubes and radiator hose in emergencies. Outfits 25c and 50c. Long strip across bows 75c, at dealer's; or postpaid from 313 Main St., Cincinnati.

THE CINCINNATI AUTO SPECIALTY CO.

Clark's Around the World and Mediterranean Cruises

Jan. 20 and Jan. 31, 1925, 122 days $1250 up; 62 days $600 up. Summer Cruise (Norway, Spain, Italy), July 1, 53 days $550 up. Specially chartered new oil-fuel Cunarders, inclusive rates. Specify program desired.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

MISS OUIDA PETIT
of West Virginia is wearing The Girls' Club smile. She knows!

The Money Women Dream Of!

DO you like to *ask for money?* To explain to husband or father or brother what you want to buy? Most of us *don't.*

We want our own money: money that comes easily; money it doesn't "hurt" to spend; money for pretty and useful things, too.

Have you felt this way? Have you dreamed of $10.00 or $25.00 extra a week? Or even more?

There's a way you can earn it. A pleasant way, original with The Girls' Club! No upsetting of your home! No interference with your position downtown. No fees to pay! No training necessary!

From $5 to $200 a Month

TOO good to be true? Not a bit of it! The Girls' Club way of earning money is "the woman's way." Fifteen thousand women are profiting by it right now.

Come join us! There's plenty of room and plenty of money *for you.* We'll send you full details about our plan, as soon as we receive from you the coupon below. And let me whisper that you'll be glad, about January 1, *if you send it today.*

THE MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
325 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how I can make money by your plan.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

bloomed suddenly bright with flowers—because of a few words spoken by a business man in a shop on a busy street in New York.

When Wilbur Wright died, in 1912, flowers were sent all the way from New York to Dayton, Ohio—a fifteen-hour trip by train. The distance was seven hundred miles. When Lenine died in Russia, in January, 1924, flowers for his funeral were ordered in New York. The distance was around five thousand miles; but distance had ceased to be a factor. Transit of the order could be made in twenty-four hours.

Three thousand florists, banded together as members of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, make possible the delivery of flowers all over the civilized world by wire. As a matter of course, each member has put up a cash bond as a guaranty of responsibility. He is bound in honor to fill all flowergrams received, with as scrupulous care as he expects will be given the telegraph orders which he in turn sends out. Complaints in regard to flowergram service are, as a matter of fact, comparatively few; and in the rare instances when a customer expresses dissatisfaction, whatever adjustment is possible is made.

So vast has this phase of the industry become that the florists have established their own clearing house to handle the collection of the millions of dollars' worth of flower orders filled by telegram. To this clearing house, which is located in Detroit, each florist reports every flowergram which he has filled, the lists of incoming telegraph orders being sent in every ten days. These are credited to the florists filling the orders, and charged to the florists from whom the orders were relayed. Clearance of accounts is made monthly. A florist whose incoming orders exceed those he has sent out receives a check for the difference from the clearing house; if his outgoing orders are the greater he sends a check to balance his account. In this manner the sending out of thousands of individual statements is eliminated.

We are apt to think of the florist's as an essentially modern industry, with its background of a vast acreage of greenhouses, its extensive use of refrigeration, its universal service with flowergrams. In these respects it is modern, but the use of flowers—indeed, some of our present floral customs—goes back to ancient times. The Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans all were familiar with floral decorations. Flowers still showing form and color were found in the opening of the tomb of King Tutenkhamun. The rose was the Romans' favorite flower, and it is said that Nero spent vast sums on these blooms.

There has been much talk, often in disparagement, of America in comparison with the beauty-loving countries of the Old World. Yet does one usually see flowers on the restaurant tables in Continental Europe? And in France and Spain the use of artificial flowers for funeral pieces is widespread, in contrast with the soft beautiful sprays with no funereal look, furnished by the modern American florist. Possibly there is no beauty like unto the beauty of the Riviera, with its miles upon miles of narcissus, violets, roses and jasmine. Millions of tons of fragrant beauty there—but only for what purpose? Perfume. In America we do not sacrifice the beautiful for our perfume; we derive much of it synthetically from coal-tar products.

Americans do buy sentiment to a much vaster extent than their European neighbors, Americans do give up their dollars for beauty, as attested by their annual expenditure for flowers. But before we take too much pride in this it must be stated that we spend more than three times as much for artificial beauty and artificial fragrance—that is to say, for cosmetics and perfumes.

The florist believes that this ratio will change. It remains to be seen how successful he will become in selling sentiment and its side line of accessories to Americans.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

WESTON
On the Plug means dependability *in* it!

75¢ EVERYWHERE

The *general appearance* of the Weston Instant-Change Radio Plug has been imitated—but experienced radio fans judge by *results.* Weston *results, service, handiness, popularity,* have inspired Weston imitations.

The Weston is the original automatic radio plug that you can change from one set of cord tips to another, complete, *in less than 5 seconds.* "Positive" connection plainly marked.

All radio dealers and most musical instrument dealers carry it. Make sure you get the *Weston.*

Send for booklet. It will interest you.

Weston Electrical Instrument Co.
Radio Dept. Newark, N. J.

WESTON
Electrical Indicating Instrument Authorities Since 1888

STANDARD—The World Over

For Christmas—
Ask Him For One!

On Christmas morning, when the curtains are pulled aside and the tree in all its splendor is disclosed to the happy, expectant children, be sure that among their gifts they will find a Hohner Harmonica.

There's nothing like good music for Christmas; and there's nothing like a Hohner for good music. Get a Hohner Harmonica today—50¢ up—and ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 195, New York City.

If you want a musical treat ask to hear Victor Record 19421, by Borrah Minevitch.

HOHNER HARMONICAS

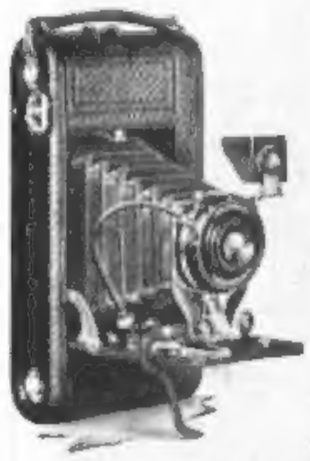
Hotel Syracuse

HASTINGS—REAL GLASS WINDOWS
For All Model Fords

HASTINGS MFG. COMPANY
Box 16 Hastings, Mich.

Give one of these Ansco Cameras for fun at Christmas and all through the year

(Remember this is merely a printed reproduction of the real photograph.)



The Semi-Automatic winds its own film. Priced at $30 with R. R. lens, $40 with F. 7.5

Make him really proud on Christmas morning with a Semi-Automatic

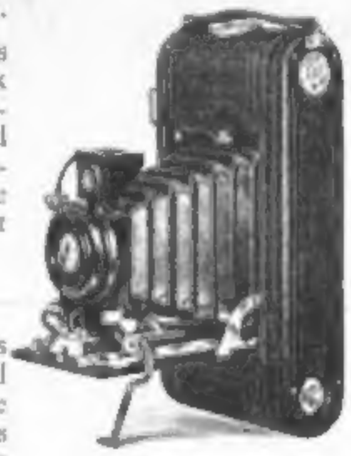
HERE'S a *man's gift:* one of the finest, newest and most original cameras ever made. The Semi-Automatic winds its own film by pressing down the lever conveniently located near your left thumb when you hold the camera in position.

Of course, "he" would be proud to own this "motor-camera" that takes six pictures in quick succession if you wish without losing your subject while you turn the camera around to wind it by hand. So now you just *enjoy* picture-taking! Semi-Automatics are equipped with the choice of two lenses which prices this camera at $30 and $40. It takes pictures size 2½ x 4¼.

The de luxe Automatic

The $75 Automatic is one of the most famous cameras in the world. The motor is connected with the shutter release so that when one picture is taken the next exposure automatically winds into place. Now you will have no blanks and no double exposures. Takes pictures 2½ x 4¼.

This new invention is as startling an improvement in cameras as the self-starter was in automobiles. It is a self-winding picture-taker that takes six pictures in six seconds if you wish.



This Ansco camera automatically winds its own film which is as great an aid to picture-taking as the repeater was to sportsmen. Price $75.

Give your boy a real roll-film camera for $1.00

The Dollar Ansco uses regular roll film, and it takes pictures 1⅝ x 2½, which make dandy enlargements.

THE Dollar Ansco is the best buy in the world and when you see the crisp, clear pictures it pulls, you'll want to buy one for yourself to fill in for one of your finer cameras if it's forgotten on a snow-fight or walk. Besides, it's little and it's economical.

The Dollar Ansco is strongly built inside and out, uses regular roll-film just like expensive folding cameras and takes fine pictures size 1⅝ x 2½ that make dandy enlargements.

That coupon above will bring it to you immediately if your dealer is all sold out of them.

Complete catalog of Ansco cameras free on request.

So—now—it's easy to get good pictures

ANSCO

CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM

DO your Christmas shopping on this page and you'll avoid a lot of trouble and annoyance. Splendid cameras that will exactly suit eight different kinds of people are shown here. You know, yourself, that picture-taking adds a world of new fun to every group of grown-ups or children, provided, of course, that you *get good pictures.*

With Ansco cameras and Speedex Film you are bound to get good pictures.

If the dealer nearest you, who sells good cameras and film, doesn't have what you want, send off this coupon immediately correctly filled in and we will rush your order to you.

ANSCO PHOTOPRODUCTS, INC.
Binghamton, N. Y.

Please send me the items checked. I enclose $.....

- ☐ One No. 1A Ready-Set camera. Price $13.50
- ☐ One Automatic camera. Price $75.00
- ☐ One Dollar Ansco. Price $1.00
- ☐ One No. 1 Ready-Set camera. Price $25.00
- ☐ One Vest Pocket camera. Price $12.50
- ☐ One Semi-Automatic camera, with Rapid Rectilinear lens. Price $30.00
- ☐ With F.7.5 Anastigmat lens. Price $40.00
- ☐ One Juniorette camera. Price $10.50

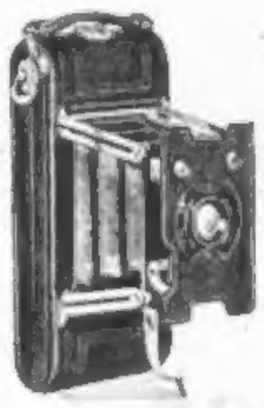
Name.....

Address.....

.....

S. E. P. 12-13

The newest kind of cameras called "Ready-Sets" particularly please women



The $25 Ready-Set comes with a handsome suede case, and takes pictures 2¼x3¼.

THE $25 No. 1 Ready-Set is a fool-proof camera made especially for people who aren't quite sure they set the shutter just right and focus correctly to get good, clear pictures. On this marvelous new camera you have no focusing to do and no shutter complications, either.

It's all as easy as using a box camera. Just set for snapshots and shoot. And when you set for time exposures, the lens opening automatically becomes smaller. So with the Ready-Set you are sure of getting just the pictures you want when you feel like taking pictures.

This beautifully made camera is an ideal gift for women, so use the coupon above if your dealer is out of them.

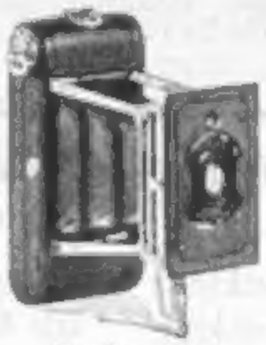
The $13.50 Ready-Set is a good-looking camera that takes pictures 2½ x 4¼.

A fine $13.50 Camera that's a Ready-Set!

WE knew there would be lots of folks who would want a Ready-Set in a "popular edition" as it were, so here it is for $13.50. It is similar to the $25 one, only it is not so expensively made. Good, clear pictures can be taken successfully on almost any kind of day.

It has an excellent single lens, and an automatic two-way finder, and is just the most popular kind of camera you could ask for.

The $12.50 Vest-Pocket that all men like



The Vest-Pocket Ansco takes pictures 1⅝ x 2½. Price $12.50.

IT'S the handiest kind of camera and is so light you hardly know it's in your pocket. Besides, it's so constructed that when you pull it open it is *all the way open.*

The Vest-Pocket Ansco is a fixed-focus camera, equipped with a new, fine anastigmat lens and special shutter that makes it possible to get good, clear pictures under various kinds of weather conditions.

You have lots more fun if you've a camera—so give him this for Christmas.

(Remember these are merely printed reproductions of the real photographs.)

Give a New Juniorette

The 1925 Juniorette costs only $10.50. It is a brand new model especially equipped to make picture-taking easy for you. With this camera you have no focusing or time adjustments to bother about—it has a fixed focus and only two speed adjustments, one for snap shots and one for time exposures. So it's easy to get good pictures even if you don't know anything about cameras. Picture size 2¼ x 3¼.

Note: Because of its good looks, the quality of its pictures, its low price and the fact that it is sure to please, the new Juniorette is an ideal gift for Christmas. If your dealer can't supply you use the coupon.

With this new *Ex Toe*

—silk socks wear 3 to 4 times longer!

New way to knit toes—perfected by Holeproof—does it. You save 60% to 75%

Here's welcome news for men who like to wear good hosiery.

No longer throw away socks with the legs still good, but with toes hopelessly worn through or uncomfortably mended.

A big improvement has been made. It gives you 3 to 4 times greater wear—in hosiery of real style, handsome appearance, snug-fitting neatness. And so saves you 60% to 75% on hosiery expense. Five hundred tests gave us those figures!

Clever, new reinforcing across and over top of toes. Multiplies strength 3 to 4 times! The Ex Toe.

Where 90% of socks have worn out

It's another Holeproof achievement—called the Holeproof Ex Toe. Clever reinforcement, by a new knitting method, right at the toe. That's where 90% of socks have worn out. You can't possibly feel it. Can't even *see* it unless you look very closely. When you do find it, though, you know the socks will give at least *tripled* wear!

At regular prices!

There has been no advance in price because of this Ex-Toe improvement. You get all the style, all the durability in every part, for which the name Holeproof stands. Expert workmanship, careful inspections, the use of highest-quality silks and other yarns account for *that.*

Go to any good store selling men's hosiery, and ask for Holeproof Ex Toe. Silk—75c and $1.00; also in other materials. Wear one pair and you'll have a brand new idea of hosiery economy.

A box of Ex-Toe hose for him—and one Christmas gift problem is solved.

MADAM: If your men-folks miss seeing this piece of news, call their attention to it. Better yet, buy a pair of Holeproof Ex-Toe Hosiery for them!

Holeproof Hosiery

—with the new long wear *Holeproof Ex* Toe

(Parents pending)

DEALERS:
If you haven't Holeproof Ex-Toe styles in stock, get in touch with us immediately! Wire, phone, write.

Holeproof Hosiery Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin :: Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ont.

© H. H. Co.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

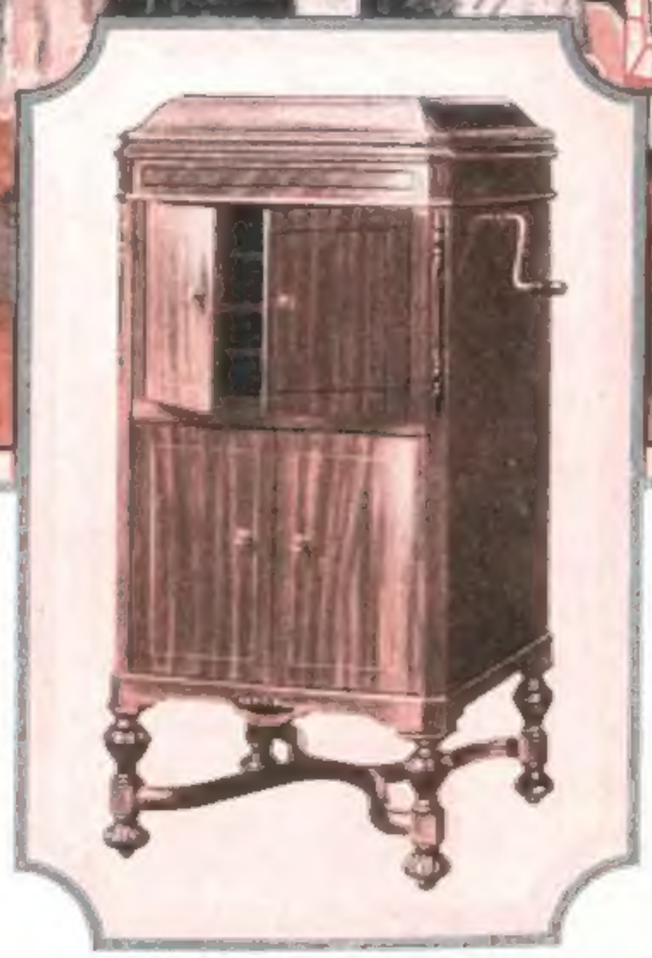
Salad Fork Individual — *Ice Cream Fork* — *Orange or Grape Fruit Spoon* — *Cold Meat Fork*

WITHOUT, bright winter sky. Within, glow of hearth . . . gayness of holly and mistletoe . . . laughter . . . and "1847 Rogers Bros." in keeping with life's happiest moments! Naturally this finest silverplate is selected for gifts at holidays, weddings and anniversaries. Constantly it graces well-set tables everywhere. For more than three-quarters of a century the most fastidious hostesses have appreciated its beauty and durability. To-day, as always, it represents the peak of good taste! Your dealer has "1847 Rogers Bros." in a number of patterns (the Anniversary is illustrated) and in a variety of pieces to encourage correct table setting.

For further illustrations of the Anniversary and other patterns, write for folder Z-90.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.



Victrola No. 360
Walnut, $235; electric, $275
Other styles $25 to $1500

The finest gift of all!

The gift that keeps on giving—that keeps on giving something new. For no matter what kind of music you may want or when you may want it, a Victrola Instrument and Victor Records give you every kind of music—better.

The most brilliant opera house in the world can offer no such great company of artists as that shown above, but every Victor Record made is made by an artist of distinction in some particular field. From the great music of the world to the most alluring dance or the trickiest bit of jazz—the names that everybody knows, the names that really count—are found on Victor Records. Let the nearest dealer show you. Victrolas are listed from $25 up—and any one of them will play any of the nine thousand Victor Records.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks

TRADE MARK
Victrola
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.
Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal